BOMANCE OF THE CHARTER OAK



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### **ROMANCE**

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OF THE

## CHARTER OAK

A Picture of Colonial Times

By WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

Author of Pride of Lexington, Rachel's Fate, The Pioneer, The Shamrock Gone West, Poor Millionaire, &c.

**NEW EDITION** 

NEW YORK
O'SHEA & COMPANY
10 BARCLAY STREET

ROMANCE

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# CHARTER

A Picture of Colonial Times

#### By WILLIAM SETON, LLD.

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#### Romance of the Charter Oak,

in the Evening Post of April 12th, 1871, from the pen of Mr. Thompson its Literary Editor.

The long neglected field of romance to be found in the colonial history of America has been lately worked anew and with profit by Mr. Wm. Seton, who has woven an interesting plot around the memorable episode in Connecticut annals of the rescue of the charter from the clutches of Sir Edmond Andros, in 1687.

Mr. Seton reproduces the social life of that early period in a manner at once vivid and *vraisemblant*, and it is abundantly evident that he has carefully studied not only the legislation and political events, but the domestic architecture, the costume, furniture, popular amusements and habitudes of the time.

A very stately figure moves through the story in the person of Goffe, the regicide, who was so long concealed in different hiding places in New England from the pursuit of of the restored Stuarts, and whose sudden reappearance to repel a foray of Indians at Deerfield is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott. The regicide is in old age when introduced to us by Mr. Seton, and takes no important part in the action of the story, but he is still threatened with the vengeance of the throne, then filled by James II, and the risk of his discovery lends additional interest to the fortunes of his lovely daughter, Lydia Goffe, the heroine of Mr. Seton's volume.

country, to make insurrection, and subvert the government."

Palfrey, in his History of New England, Vol. III., page 579, likewise speaks of this conspiracy:-"The author of a piece which I read in the British State Paper Office, 'Reflections on a pamphlet lately come abroad, entitled. Reasons for the Confirmation of the Charters belonging to the Several Colonies of New England,' declares that 'the subversion of kingly government and the re-establishment of their commonwealth in New England was long contrived before they knew anything of the Prince of Orange's arrival or design,' etc. Also, 'that such was their design to rend themselves from the crown of England, will appear from the free and open confession of some well known in that conspiracy, who have since declared by witnesses of undeniable truth, now here in England, that the design of seizing upon Sir Edmund Andros, and subverting kingly government in New England, had been long contrived and resolved on, and was to have been

done the beginning of January, 1688, and that those concerned in the late revolution were to have acted the like parts, at which time was no account of the Prince of Orange's intention of coming into England known in that land.'

In giving the burial-places of the Reverends Hooker and Stone, we have not been quite correct. While many of the early settlers of Hartford were interred near the first meeting-house, these ministers were buried in a plot bought in 1640, of Richard Olmsted, which was situated about a hundred yards south of the green, and on the west side of Main street.

W. S.

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#### CHAPTER I.

It was a January evening in the year 1687. The ground was covered with snow, which had been falling steadily for two days, accompanied by a gale from the north-east, so piercing that no living creature could stand against it, and the deer and the wolves had sought refuge in the densest thickets. The open landscape seemed to be covered with great white billows, while in front of the cabin where Lydia Goffe and Prudence Garlic dwelt, there was such a huge drift that the entrance to it was quite blocked up. This humble abode stood not far from the right bank of the Connecticut river, but just now the stream was thickly frozen and so hidden beneath the snow that you would not have discovered it except for the air-holes through which, here and there, the blue water peeped out. Around the house eight acres had been cleared and reduced to cultivation, while, as a protection against wild animals, the whole was enclosed by a fence of cedar posts, placed side by side, and ten feet high. Beyond the stockade lay the primeval forest, stretching for miles and miles, a dismal wilderness, from which strange, unearthly sounds seemed to issue, and it is no wonder that Lydia Goffe and her companion believed it to be the haunt of evil spirits.

At the hour when our story opens, the tempest had come to an end, and in the west a strip of blue sky, which was growing every moment larger and larger, showed that the weather would be clear and bitterly cold. The sun was not far from the horizon, and Lydia, seated by one of the windows, was watching a flock of snow-birds hopping about outside, picking up a handful of crumbs she had thrown them. Presently a gust of wind struck the house, making it tremble so, that she half believed it was going to rise and blow away.

But the old logs remained firm in their places. Not so the little birds, however, who unable to resist the might of the blast, were sent whirling off, dear knows where.

"Poor things!" she said, "how different is their lot from that of the robins and sparrows which visit us in spring. They now are singing merrily in some warm nook at the South. But 'tis the will of Providence. All cannot be happy alike."

Lydia was entering her twentieth year. Tall and

gracefully formed, she was at the same time blest with perfect health, and her shape bordering on embonpoint, was rather that of a Hebe than of a Sylph. She wore a homespun gown of a snuff color, which fell low enough partly to conceal, vet not entirely, a neat ankle, and foot wrapped in moccasin. Her nose was of the Grecian type, her forehead low, and she had a chin marked with a deep dimple; while her hazel eyes possessed a strange witchery that irresistilly drew you towards her. Lydia's whole expression was that of a joyful being, one who preferred to look on the bright side of things, but who at the same time might love the turmoil of the world and whose soul was full of ambition. The few freckles which marked her face, did not detract from her beauty, they were rather beauty spots which served to set off the exquisite whiteness of her skin, while over her shoulders fell a profusion of auburn curls reaching to her waist. The cabin where her home had been since childhood, (save a few months in the year 1680), was situated about thirty miles north of Hartford, in the colony of Connecticut, from which place it was separated by an unbroken wilderness, with the exception of a dozen houses forming the village of Windsor, some twenty miles below them. It was a small, yet comfortable abode. In no part of the walls was a cranny to be found,

and the roof thatched with the tough native grass, kept out every drop of rain. Communicating with the south end was a shed full of dry oak and hickory, split and ready for the fireplace, also a wooden mortar used for pounding corn, a couple of axes, a churn, and one or two other articles of household use. From this shed, you passed by another door into a barn, filled with straw and corn stalks, barely sufficient to last the half dozen sheep, and the horse and cow, through the winter. The life which Lydia led, was a very monotonous one, and although during childhood she had been contented enough, now that she was grown up her thoughts would often stray beyond the forest, which on every side bounded her vision, and it required all her natural cheerfulness, and no small degree of filial love, to bear her exile from the world, as patiently as she did.

Perhaps nothing contributed more to her happiness than being constantly employed. Every hour of the day, she was looking for something to keep her busy. She could bake corn bread even better than goodwife Garlic, and she could churn and spin. Indeed, nearly every thing she wore was of her own making. Moreover, she was a fair scholar, at least for those days, when books were not so easily obtained as now.

On the shelf, standing between the chimney and

the window, was a well-fingered Bible, with many a dog leaf in it, while lying open on her lap was a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. This work had only lately appeared, yet she had already read it twice. But Lydia was far from being alone in her admiration of it. Throughout New England it was highly prized, and soon came to be next in circulation to the Holy Scripture. The only person, she and Goody Garlic had, to cultivate the clearing and assist them in taking care of the stock and poultry, was an Indian lad, belonging to the once powerful, but now vanquished and scattered tribe of Pequots.

They had named him Christian, and a very good fellow he proved himself. Occasionally he might steal off to shoot a deer or spear a salmon, but on the whole they found him industrious and the goodwife declared, he was as honest and truth-telling, as many she had known who did nothing but fast and exhort.

They had no neighbors, and their only visitor was a man called Simon Adams, a short, thick set individual, with beard covering nearly his whole face, and whom before long we shall introduce to the reader. In the settlements he was known as Mad Adams. Of a roving disposition, he used to travel from place to place, earning a livelihood in all sorts of ways, now chopping wood, now hunt-

ing wolves to obtain the twenty shillings reward offered for their ears. On his right cheek was an ugly scar-the mark of an arrow wound received during the war with King Philip, in which struggle he had fought bravely, and he was one of the few survivors of the massacre at Bloody Brook. Lydia and he were great friends, he never came to the cabin without bringing her a present of some kind, and it was at his last visit he had given her the Pilgrim's Progress. From him she obtained news of what was going on in the settlements, and as he was fond of talking, she had learnt more than she might from ten other people. They perfectly agreed in their dislike of monarchical government, and he never looked so pleased as when he heard her expressing republican ideas. But Lydia's political opinions need not surprise us, when we learn that her father was one of those who had signed the death warrant of Charles J. William Goffe was a son of the reverend Stephen Goffe, rector of Stanmar, Sussex. He had married the daughter of Edward Whaley, whose wife was a sister of Sir George Middleton, and who belonged to a family of great antiquity. Like his father-inlaw, Goffe had early distinguished himself in the civil war, had become a Colonel of Foot and commanded Cromwell's regiment, at the battle of

Dunbar. He afterwards rose to the rank of General, and was created a member of Cromwell's House of Lords. At Oliver's death he remained faithful to the interests of the Protectorate and signed the order proclaiming Richard as his successor. Possessed of great disinterestedness and courage, and gifted with a comprehensive intellect, he was a man whom England could ill afford to lose. But the active part he had taken in the rebellion was an unpardonable offence, and when Charles II. mounted the throne it was necessary for him and Whaley to flee to America, where they arrived in July, 1660. The people of Boston, headed by old Governor Endicott, accorded them a hearty welcome, and during the first few months which they spent in that City they made no attempt at concealment, but walked freely about the streets where even the children knew them, and would say to one another as they passed:

"There, look, those are two of Cromwell's men."

Lydia's parent became especially liked on account of his religious turn of mind. He never absented himself from meeting on the Sabbath, and edified every body by his prayers and exhortations. But at length intelligence arrived from England which caused him and Colonel Whaley to believe they were not safe remaining where they were.

The Act of Indemnity had not included them,

and some persons, among whom were several leading men of the city, began to question whether the magistrates were not bound to have them arrested. In order, therefore, to insure their own safety, as well as not to bring trouble upon those who had shown them so much kindness, the regicides, on the 26th of February, 1661, departed for New Haven, which they reached after a fortnight's great suffering, for the weather was very severe. In New Haven they were welcomed by the Reverend Mr. Davenport and the citizens, who believed they had performed a righteous act in passing sentence of death on King Charles. But word of a proclamation for their arrest soon arrived, and then many worthy people grew timorous. In order, therefore, to free the Townsfolk from cause of anxiety, they fled a second time. But where they went to remained for years a mystery. Thomas Kellond and Thomas Kirk, zealous young royalists, were commissioned to scour the country in search of them. They offered rewards, hired Indians to assist in the pursuit, but no trace could be obtained of the fugitives. As we are only interested in Lydia's parent, let us say, that after several hairbreadth escapes (having at one time been hidden under a bridge when his pursuers spurred over it), he came back in 1666 to the Reverend Mr. Davenport's abode, where, for ten months he remained safely concealed, and

whence he kept up a correspondence with his wife in England. This estimable woman wrote to him under an assumed name, and he used to address her as Mother Goldsmith. Some of Mrs. Goffe's letters are exceedingly beautiful. In one of them she says: "Let us console ourselves with this, though we may never meet in this world again, yet I hope, through Grace, we shall meet in Heaven." She did, however, enjoy the happiness of seeing him once more, for she came to America in the autumn of 1667, and passed a twelvementh with him, under the good minister's roof. At the end of that time she died giving birth to a daughter, who was named Lydia. Soon after this bereavement, Goffe was again obliged to flee; his host's zeal in behalf of the Commonwealth having excited the suspicions of those who were friendly to King James, and it having become whispered about that the dwelling might be searched. A year after this a man arrived one night at Mr. Davenport's, bringing tidings of the fugitive, and saying it was the wish of Colonel Goffe that his child should be brought to him. The messenger was Simon Adams. Accordingly, at day break the next morning little Lydia, half smothered in blankets, and in the arms of Prudence Garlic, a faithful domestic in the clergyman's family, set out for the wilderness. The nurse was mounted on a pillion, behind Adams.

and, although the journey was tiresome, the weather proved fine, and they reached their destination at the end of the third day after leaving New Haven. How Adams had fallen in with the regicide we will now briefly narrate.

It happened one day when he was out hunting wolves that he came to a rock, close by the bank of the Connecticut river, in which there was a cave. The mouth was partly concealed by laurel bushes and ivv, but his practised eye told him that these were often brushed aside, perhaps by Indians, or some wild animal whose den it was. While he was cautiously examining the entrance, he was startled by the sound of a human voice, and in another moment an emaciated being emerged from the dark recess. In his distress, Colonel Goffe revealed to him who he was, and when Simon had heard his story through, he vowed that he would neither betray him nor let him remain longer in such a wretched spot, with nothing to eat but roots and berries. "'Tis a special Providence," said he, "which has brought me here. One who has served so well the cause of liberty was not to be left for bears and wolves to devour." Then, after giving the regicide the small supply of bread and bacon he had provided himself with for his hunting tour, he hastened to Hartford, and soon returned with a couple of axes and a horse laden with provisions. Not many weeks elapsed before a log cabin was erected about half a mile higher up the river than where the cave-was, and, after the hardships he had undergone, its mud plastered walls and thatched roof seemed like a Palace to Colonel Goffe; and it is by one of its windows that his daughter is seated, this January evening, twenty years afterwards, gazing out upon the bleak landscape and wondering how long before Adams would come to see them again. The regicide is now advanced in years, and a great sufferer from rheumatism, so that, of late, he has been of no assistance in taking care of the homestead. But the young Pequot, whom Adams had induced to enter their service, was, as we have already said, tolerably industrious, and under his management the few acres which had been cleared vielded enough to supply their wants, and, all things considered, the old soldier had little to complain of. He had never been disturbed in his retreat. Indeed, so confident had he at one time become that the search for him was abandoned, that he ventured to show himself in Hartford. This was in the spring of 1680, seven years before our story opens. Adams had secured a home for him there in the family of a Sea Captain named Bull, whose wife received little Lydia, then thirteen years of age, with a kindness which few accord to those not of their own flesh and blood. But in spite of the precaution taken, the presence of the regicide, (who had assumed the name of Cooke), became whispered about, and news of it soon reached Sir Edmund Andros, then Governor of New York. In less than a month the latter wrote as follows to the Governor of Connecticut.

"To Governor Leete and the Assistants:

Honorable Sirs:—Being informed by depositions here taken upon oath that Colonel Goffe hath been, and is still, kept and concealed by Captain Joseph Bull in the Town of Hartford, under the name of Mr. Cooke, the said Goffe and Colonel Whaley, (who is since dead in your parts), having been pursued as traitors—that I may not be wanting in my duty, do hereby give you the above information, no ways doubting of your loyalty in every respect,

I remain, Honorable sirs,

Your affectionate neighbor, and humble servant,

"New York, May 18, 1680. E. Andros.

To this communication Governor Leete replied as follows:

HARTFORD, June 11, 1680.

Honorable Sir — Although we must acknowledge our engagement unto your honor for giving us information of what had been offered to yourself respecting His Majesty's service, we should have taken it well had your honor been pleased to have given us an account of the names of the informers, (which vet we desire you would be pleased to do speedily), and we doubt not but to give you sufficient satisfaction to clear it up, that we are much abused by these false reports concerning the good people of this place. For the present, we know not how to acknowledge any thanks to the informers, who (by the effect) seem to have acted under gross mistakes, (possibly) to delude your honor, and cast reproach upon ourselves of this place; for that we being upon a solemn occasion together when we received your letter, and

information therein, we forthwith dispatched a special warrant to our Constable and Marshal to make a diligent search after the person mentioned, who, being upon oath, returned they had with all care and diligence made the said search, but could find no such person as was mentioned, nor any stranger that in the least could be suspected to be any such person. After the search, our people were amazed that any such thing could be suspected at Hartford. But the Father of Lies is our enemy, and doth instigate his instruments to malign this poor colony; but we tope the Father of Lights will vindicate us in His due time; and we pray your honor's neighborly charity in the mean space, with due witness bearing against all that endeavor to abuse with false news and stories; as is done by ourselves in such cases. Otherwise enough of such matter had not been wanting against neighbors to raise bad blood, by ill persons, betwixt such as desire to maintain good correspondence with our professed friends, that are nearly situated to us in this wilderness. We have nought to add but our respects to your honor and that we are,

Honorable sir, your affectionate friends and humble servants.

The Governor and Assistants present,

Per their order signed,

JOHN ALLYN, Secretary. \_

These for the Honorable SIR EDMUND ANDROS, Knight and Governor of His Royal Highness' Territories in America, etc. \*

Here the matter might have ended, and Colonel Goffe have dwelt peacefully in his new home, had not the watchful Simon Adams discovered a plot to carry him off and deliver him into the hands of Andros. To avert such a fate, the regicide once more fled into the wilderness, accompanied by his daughter who had refused to remain in Hartford without him, and by the ever faithful Prudence Garlic. Since their return to the log house, Colonel Goffe

<sup>\*</sup> For above see Colonial Records of Connecticut, by J. Hammond Trumbull.

had devoted a great deal of his time to Lydia's education, storing her mind with a knowledge of history, especially that of England. But it surprised him to see the little interest she took in the affairs of the old world, where his own hopes and affections centered, and she had more than once declared that it was here in America the Commonwealth would live again. The state of the country at this period (1686-87), was well calculated to excite interest. James II. had not long since mounted the throne, and the people of New England were very depressed. Only a few ignoble spirits, were rejoicing at what they conceived to be a favorable opportunity for promoting their own schemes. Conspicuous among these were Joseph Dudley and Edward Randolph. The former was the son of Thomas Dudley, who had been Governor of Massachusetts in 1634, and had proved himself an honest, high-minded man. Unfortunately, he died when Joseph was but five years of age, and too soon, therefore, to exert any influence over him. In the spring of the year preceding the one when our tale commences, a frigate had arrived in Bost in harbor, bearing Edward Randolph, whom the king had entrusted with commissions for functionaries of a new government over New England. It was to consist of a president, deputy president, and sixteen counsellors. Dulley had been ap-

pointed the president. Two days afterwards Randolph had written to the Governor and magistrates of Connecticut, informing them that he held a writ of quo-warranto against the colony. "His Majesty," he wrote, "intends to bring all New England under one government, and nothing is now remaining on your part but to think of an humble submission and a dutiful resignation of your charter, which, if you are so hardy as to offer to defend at law, whilst you are contending for a shadow, you will, in the first place, lose all that part of your Colony from the Connecticut to New York, and have it arrested to that government, a thing you are certainly informed of already; and nothing will prevent, but your obviating so general a calamity to all New England by an humble submission. Sirs, bless not yourselves with vain expectations of advantage and spinning out of time by my delay. I will engage, though the weather be warm, the writ will keep sound and as good as when first landed."

This letter had been shortly followed by another, and a confidential one, from President Dudley to the Governor, urging Connecticut to seek a union with Massachusetts rather than with New York. But to this, Connecticut had paid no heed, preferring to remain independent. Since then Randolph, who was by nature a tale-bearer, had written

to England that Dudley was becoming partial to the Puritans, and that only himself and one other member of the new government belonged to the Established Church.

Such being the state of affairs when Lydia had last heard from the settlements, we may easily understand her anxiety to get further news, and how she longed for Adams to arrive. After the gust of wind had blown the flock of snow birds away, she turned her eyes in the direction of the forest, which, even at noontime, presented in the winter season a dark, forbidding aspect; but it appeared doubly so, now that the sun was down and night approaching. While she was thus gazing towards the west, she suddenly heard a voice calling out for a spade.

"That sounds like Adams," she exclaimed, jumping up.

"Yes," said Mother Garlic, wiping her hands on her apron; "he's not been here in a good while; it must be he."

In another moment the goodwife had opened the door. But lo! she could see nothing except the high bank of snow, which rose before her like a marble wall. As she was staring at it, wondering what to do, she heard a strange, puffing sound, and presently there appeared through the drift a pair of hands, then two arms, and in another moment

Adams, looking as if he were Santa Claus himself, stood before her.

"If ever I was glad to get here," he exclaimed, gasping and stamping his feet, "'tis this evening. Why, the snow has been above my knees the whole way from Hartford. But the worst drift of all is right in front of your door. Where's Christian? why isn't he at work clearing it away and making a path, where Miss Lydia might walk up and down and take some exercise? Tut! this fashion of getting to barns by passing through sheds won't do. It'll take all the color out of our young folks' cheeks afore another generation. Christian, Christian!"

But the Pequot had little relish for such kind of labor, and during the past two hours, that is, since the storm had ceased and the blue sky told him the morrow would be fine, he had been perched upon a heap of corn stalks fastening on a new set of arrow-heads, for he was determined to enjoy a day's Moose hunting. He heard Simon calling, however, and presently his broad face appeared all in a grin. But whether it was pleasure at seeing his old friend or the ludicrous aspect the latter presented, which caused his mirth, we cannot tell. Certain it is, however, that Adams was the only person ever could make him laugh, and at this moment the new comer presented, indeed, a comic appearance—his shaggy beard covered with icicles, and his pulpy

nose, usually red as a beet, now white as wax, for it was frostbitten.

"You out of breath," exclaimed the lad. "Ha! no wise, me glide on top snow, you, like deer, push straight through."

For an instant Simon frowned, but the truth of the Indian's words made him only angry with himself for not having made use of snow shoes. He was on the point of answering when Lydia seized his arm and pulled him towards the fire.

"Now dry yourself," she said, "and give me the news."

"Humph! I've enough to tell, Miss," replied the honest fellow, rubbing his proboscis with a handful of snow; "but I must get supper first. O, dear, how my nose begins to prick."

"Well, is it good news or bad?" not thinking, in her impatience, aught about his suffering.

"Bad, and I'm glad!"

Here she let go his arm and gazed at him in wonder. She knew him too well, however, to believe he wished the colonies ill; what then could he mean?

"How's the colonel?" he asked, after giving a groan and shutting, for a moment, his twinkling eyes.

"Father's rheumatism is about the same; he'll be delighted to see you; and since you won't tell me what has taken place in the settlements, go up stairs and tell him."

But instead of pulling off his deer skin coat and doing as she suggested, he began to stare at her.

"You're just a mite paler," he said, presently, "than when I was here last. The long winter has kept you too much in-doors. To-morrow I'll clear a good piece of snow away and then you can take your regular walk. I have great plans laid out, Miss Lydia, and I don't want you to fall sick and die. You must live, and a long time too."

While he was speaking, his fingers kept tearing the icicles out of his beard, Christian continued to grin, and Mother Garlic stamped her foot. The dame felt vexed both at Adams and Lydia. The latter, in her opinion, cared a great deal too much about the gossip from Hartford, and during the last five minutes had kept their visitor standing on the edge of the hearth, until now there was a puddle of water at his feet, instead of helping get ready the supper.

"Come, child," she exclaimed, "have an eye to the corn cake; it'll be dark afore we can cook enough for him to eat. Come, to work."

"Well, indeed, I have an uncommon appetite, and I'm glad you know it," said Adams, turning his eyes on the goodwife; at the same time he began pulling off his coat. Lydia helped him get his

arms out of the sleeves, then hung it up on a peg. As she did so she remarked that the pockets seemed well stuffed.

"Humph!" said Simon, "wouldn't I be a queer fellow not to bring any thing with me when I come? I only see you three or four times a year. When you were a babe I brought you to this spot, and I'm not going to let you grow into a weed if I can help it. This is a lonesome home for any body, especially for a lass such as you. I only wish I had brought you more books."

"Do not pity me, Adams; I might go off and not be as happy as I am here, even if duty to my father did not keep me."

"True!" ejaculated Mother Garlie, who, while she was busy taking the cups and saucers out of the cupboard, still had her ears wide open; "Ah, Simon! I fear you're a tempter; talking about having great plans laid out! Child, beware of what he says. Beyond these woods is the world, the flesh, and the devil."

"Indeed! ha! I guess you feel as I do when I have eaten my fill, that nobody else can be hungry. You had your fun once on a time, and now you want this girl to stay here until her pretty face 'll be all wrinkled. Although Miss Goffe is too good to complain, I know she longs to see what you call the world, the flesh, and the devil. A thousand

pities she left Hartford to come back to this wilderness seven years ago! Mrs. Bull would have taken as good care of her as if she had been her own child."

These words brought a blush to Lydia's cheek, for he was speaking exactly the truth. Although, as before remarked, she was of a happy disposition, there were times when she could not help chaffing in this cage of a home, and her thoughts of late had more than once soared beyond the pines which surrounded the clearing; while Adam's visits, and his accounts of what was going on in the Colonies had awakned an ambition she had not been conscious of before. But now let us see what she is pulling out of the honest fellow's pocket. First came a paper of tobacco.

"Oh! won't father be glad to get this," she exclaimed, "and what a nice pipe too, so different from the corn-cob one he has been using. Really, Adams, 'twas very kind in you to think of him."

He nodded, then turned and gave Prudence a triumphant look. "And what is this?" thrusting her hand in again and producing a pack of cards. She stared at them a moment, for they were the first she had ever seen; then looked inquiringly at the goodwife.

"Beware, beware child!" cried the latter, with a slight shriek, "touch not what the church forbids.

Drop those poisonous things as you value your soul's salvation."

"Then they're not the first you've seen!" growled Adams. "If these pieces of pasteboard with strange devices are meant for any unholy amusement, I cannot accept them," said Lydia, restoring them to the pocket; "the church knows what is best."

"Well, do as you like," said Adams; "they'll be a gift for the Colonel. He's as good a christian as Increase Mather, yet I'm sure he won't scream and make a fuss when he sees them." But his frown quickly disappeared, as Lydia produced gift number three, which seemed to puzzle her full as much as the cards; this was a jew's-harp.

"Well, that you won't refuse, nor Goody Garlic either," he exclaimed; "'twill mellow her crabbed spirit and make the prayers flow from her mouth, like sap out of a young maple when it's first tapped."

"Oh, how you talk," said the girl, looking reproachfully at him.

"I mean, that that 'ere article is for making music, and music comes nearer to what I conceive heaven's delights to be than anything else Why, when I used to go to meeting (I say used to go for I ain't been often of late) I never felt a mite of religion till they had struck up a psalm. Now, Miss Goffe, I see you're laughing; 'taint right, I'm a great sinner, I know, and it'll take a deal of

music to carry me through to Zion; but don't laugh, if all were like yourself meeting houses wouldn't be needed. But to come back to the subject of card playing, I really cannot see how it is sinful. Why ain't I as good a judge about it as Increase Mather, who blows such a loud horn!"

Lydia did not reply, as he seemed inclined to be disrespectful in speaking of the clergy. Presently he took the jew's-harp from her and began playing upon it with such skill that in less than a minute dame Garlic's head, then her whole body, was swaying from side to side, while one of her fingers beat time on the bottom of a plate. Perceiving the effect which the melody produced, he continued to play harder and harder, and would perhaps have kept on for half an hour, had he not heard the Colonel calling him. At once he took the instrument from his lips, returned it to Lydia, then drawing from his pocket the pack of cards, hastened up the stair-case.

He found the old soldier abed, and a good deal altered since the last time he had seen him. His face was thinner, while so much hair had fallen out that the crown of his head was quite bald. But his eye shone as bright and his voice sounded as cheery as ever. After a hearty shake of the hand, Adams drew up a bench and sat down close by the bed.

"I thought you might be here soon," said the Colonel; "but I didn't expect you right after such a storm. Why, it snowed all to-day and all yester day, and only stopped a couple of hours ago."

"And cleared up awful cold," said Simon, feeling his nose, which was regaining a little of its natural color. "Well, I had snug quarters in Hartford and jolly fun at the Bunch of Grapes tavern, which you must know, sir, I've got a license to keep, but suddenly I began thinking of you and Miss Lydia; queer notions came into my head. Wolves had broken through the stockade and eaten you up—you were burnt out—provisions had failed—you were starving. In fact I grew so nervous that without waiting for the weather to clear, I started off to see how you were."

"It was very kind, Simon, very kind. But you've got frost-bitten. Be sure now and keep away from the fire."

"Yes, I wasn't aware of it till I reached the house. Lord how it does prick! It feels as if somebody was making a pincushion of my nose."

After giving a groan, for the pain was really sharp, he produced the pack of cards.

"Here, sir, is something I brought your daughter, hoping to please, but that crotchetty nurse told her not to touch them as they'd poison her soul, therefore I concluded to make 'em a present to you, who no doubt have overcome your ancient scruples and yet say full as many prayers as ever."

"Well, I'm not quite as particular about some things as I was once upon a time"—here the Colonel smiled—" but let me see what you have."

Adams unrolled the paper and showed him its contents.

"Why, no, I don't believe there is any harm in these," said the Colonel. "The people of New England go too far in their religious notions. However, that is better perhaps than going to the other extreme, as I've known many do in Europe, and having no scruples about anything,"

He now took the cards and placed them for safe-keeping under his pillow; we say for safe-keeping, as he knew the goodwife would not hesitate to destroy them if she found them within her reach when she came to sweep next morning. Having done this he asked Simon to begin and tell the news. He felt especially anxious to hear what had occurred in England. At once Adams commenced, and Colonel Goffe listened with the deepest interest.

"I half believe," he exclaimed, when the tavern keeper had finished, "that Lydia is right. The King will force the best people in the Mother Country to come over here; yes, she has often declared her faith in the commonwealth living again in America. Now, one of my chief reasons for wishing these colonies justly treated, is to prevent that restless craving for independence, which, you say, is beginning to show itself. Let them as far as possible manage their own affairs, yet never cut adrift from England. But, Adams, you ought to hear Lydia talking on this subject. Oh, how enthusiastic she becomes!"

"She and I have often spoken about it, sir; she has a broad mind, a great soul."

"Dear child!" pursued the Colonel, "anywhere else but in this lonely forest, she'd make a mark, I'm sure of it."

"True as Gospel!" muttered Adams, folding his arms and staring at the floor.

During the next few minutes he did not speak another word, but seemed to be meditating deeply on something. The room was growing dark. "God grant," he exclaimed, suddenly looking up, "that my plans may succeed!"

"Pray what are they, Adams?"

"Never mind, sir-by and by-here she comes."

Lydia appeared just then at the top of the staircase, carrying in one hand a flipding (a hollow dish filled with hog's grease, with a twisted rag in it, which being lighted, served for a candle,) and in the other a tray with a bowl of milk and some slices of toast.

"Now, Adams!" she exclaimed, smiling, "go

down, supper is ready; you and nurse can talk politics together."

- "But ain't you coming too, Miss?"
- "No, I'll remain with father."

"Nay, child," said the Colonel, "place those things near me so that I may reach them, and go have a chat yourself with Simon; it's not often you have the opportunity. I'll eat alone this evening."

Glad of the permission, she put the tray on the bench near the bed, then withdrew to the lower floor, followed by Adams. No sooner did the latter catch a glimpse of the table than he strode swiftly up to it, then for at least a minute, stood perfectly still, his face as grave as a judge. He was saying grace.

"Glad you ain't give up praying altogether," remarked the goodwife when he had finished.

"I never feel so pious as just before a hearty meal," said Adams, taking his seat. "Grace is the sincerest prayer I make. The very smell of victuals stirs my spirit more than a sermon."

Certainly he could not complain of the repast spread before him. It was the best the cabin could afford. On a large wooden platter were slices of fried venison, then came a dish of boiled Indian meal, a jug of maple syrup, a cold pumpkin pie, corn cake and a pitcher of milk; but there was neither tea nor coffee—the former not coming into

use until 1750, the latter not before 1770. The plates were of pewter, and there was no table cloth. Lydia immediately filled the bowl to the brim with milk, then helped him to the largest slice of meat.

"Thanks!" he exclaimed, snatching up his fork, "but don't mind me, eat yourself; and make haste, for when I begin the news your appetite'll vanish."

"How so?" she inquired, taking a seat next to him.

"Bad news isn't good for it," speaking with difficulty, as his mouth was already full. This was all he said for ten minutes and until he had swallowed his second bowl of milk and devoured three-quarters of the pie, to the no small grief of Christian, who was very fond of it.

In the meanwhile Lydia partook of a little herself, ther waited as patiently as she could until he was ready.

"But although the news is bad," he said at length, drawing his sleeve across his mouth and smacking his lips, "as I told you at first, I'm not sorry. No matter how overcast the sky may be, there's always sunshine above the clouds. A tempest purifies the air. Freedom springs from oppression. We need a despot here to rouse the people; and when they do rise—then, by Jehovah!

no more Dudleys, no more Randolphs, no more Androses will ever trouble them again."

As he spoke he brought his sledge-hammer fist down upon the table with a thump which made every cup and dish rattle, so that Mother Garlic and Lydia believed they were falling to pieces. The girl could not but think what a terrible fellow he must be when in a passion, and wondered if that were not the reason they called him Mad Adams; while the dame hastened to fill his bowl for the fourth time in hopes of calming him. But he pushed it away, nearly overturning it, and Prudence then placed herself on the opposite side of the able, for she was beginning to be afraid.

When his excitement had subsided a little, he brought the cup back again, then raising it to his lips took a long draught, after which he began seriously to give the news.

"We've lately," said he, turning to Lydia who stood at his elbow, "had a change of rulers. Dudley is no longer president."

Here another pause during which he emptied the bowl, then went on: "You must know, Miss, that towards the end of December, a frigate called the Kingfisher arrived at Boston, bearing Sir Edmund Andros who had been sent to take his place. Now, this Andros is the same who was Governor of Manhadoes just after the Duke of York recovered that

Province from the Dutch. It was he who wanted to encroach upon the domain of Connecticut, and if it hadn't been for the bold stand which Captain Bull and his hundred followers made behind the ramparts of Saybrook fort, he might have succeeded in his impudent claim. And he is the same, too, who wrote to Governor Leete in 1680, informing him that your father was concealed in Hartford. O how I hate him! But now the wolf is again upon us; we must not fall asleep. One of his first acts has been to create Dudley a Judge of the Superior Court, and he has brought over from England a new flag, which bears a red cross on a white ground."

"A cross, did you say!" exclaimed Lydia and Mother Garlic simultaneously.

"Yes, a red cross on a white ground, and in the centre there is a crown wrought in gold with the letters J. R. Still if that were all, much as I dislike anything which smacks of Popery, I would not call it much. But he is sternly carrying out the policy of His Royal Master towards Massachusetts, and if that Plantation is humbled, woe to the others, for she is our guiding-star."

"True!" exclaimed Lydia, "God bless Massachusetts."

"Then, again, he intends to allow no taxes to be collected except by himself; and he also vows that

he'll crush out the religion of the Pilgrims. Why, on the very day he landed he began searching for a meeting-house which might accommodate his half-popish followers."

"Shocking! Adams-shocking!"

"Oh, Miss, sinner though I be, and although I have some peculiar notions of my own in regard to church matters, I'll fight to the death for the faith of my parents who came over in the May Flower."

"Well, Simon, tell me how have the people borne all this?"

"They are begining to show their teeth. Increase Mather, who is no coward, told Sir Edmund to his face that he should not use one of our meeting-houses."\*

"But suppose Andros persists, what then?"

"Ha! what then! didn't I say, that the news made me rejoice? Why, then, a fire will be lit which King James will never quench. These colonies will become free and independent."

"Too good almost to hope for, and yet I believe it is coming."

As Lydia spoke she clasped her hands.

"But all isn't told yet," pursued Adams, who evidently took a fierce delight in narrating the wrongs which were being perpetrated. "The new Governor has forbidden town meetings. But, worst of all, or rather in my view of things best of all,

\*Palfrey. Hist. N. E., vol. iii., p. 521.

he has announced that owners of land must apply to him to have their titles confirmed. This is the opening wedge whereby he intends to deprive many of their property in order to give it to his retainers. I feel sure, also, he'll not be long in demanding of Connecticut to surrender her charter, just as Randolph did."

"He'll never get it," said Lydia, her eyes flashing and her countenance so full of enthusiasm that Adams stopped a moment to admire her.

"But I hope he'll try."

"But he'll never get it, Simon."

"If all were like you, perhaps not." Then dropping his voice too low for her to hear: "Would," he said, "that the Captain could lay eyes on her. Yes, I must try. I'll leave no stone unturned to bring it about. Charity Crabtree's letter may help me."

"But does Andros give no reason for declaring void all titles to land?" inquired Lydia; "is his method open robbery, the right of might?"

For a moment Adams rubbed his forehead as if trying to recollect something. "Oh no, Miss, although his scheme is founded on a wickedness, it still has a shadow of reason." Here he again rubbed his forehead, and stammered: "You see, the highest Tribunal in England having declared the Charter of Massehussetts void, then, according to

English law, every right and privilege founded upon the Charter, falls with it. Now among those rights was that of conveying land, and that right failing, the title of the assigns fails also. Hence it follows that every acre in Massachusetts belongs at this moment to King James II., by hereditary and official descent from Henry VII., the original Christian owner."

While he was speaking, Prudence had kept her grey eyes fixed upon him, and when he was through she burst into a laugh. "An ingenious explanation," she said; "pray is there not somebody in the settlements whose words you learn by rote? from the hurried way you spoke, you seemed afraid of trusting your memory."

Adams scowled at her a moment, then shrugging his shoulders went on: "Now what is done in one Plantation will be done in all, until our necks, tired of bending, the day of glory shall arrive. The hunter will abandon the deer track, the farmer leave his plough, and there will be such a stirring of New England's spirit as will make many call it a fire from heaven.'

"And so it will be, Adams. Is not the hand of Providence visible in our short history? The ocean didn't swallow up the May Flower; nor did the cold winters and the savages prevent those who came here to serve Christ from spreading further and further into the wilderness. King James can not crush those whom the Almighty protects."

"Oh, Miss Goffe!" exclaimed Simon, "a thousand pities there is no meeting-house close by where you might exhort. Why, do you know, you stir the very marrow in my bones, and draw the frost from my nose so that it doesn't prick any more."

"Hypocrite,!" muttered the goodwife, "if she exhorted an hour, she'd not pull them cards out of your pocket."

He was meditating a reply to these stinging words when Lydia heard her father call, and off she ran without waiting to hear what he said.

"You may abuse me as much as you like, dame Garlie," he exclaimed, "but it shan't change my opinion; she is a wonderfully gifted body, and I don't think it right for her to remain always in this desolate spot; nor shall she if I can prevent it."

"Then you'd take the child away from her aged parent, would you? You know Colonel Goffe dare not show himself in the settlements; he tried it some years ago and had to flee."

"Well, in the first place," returned Adams, "she is not a child, just look at her! Why I've been to many a husking party and never yet seen a maiden so lovely. What an armful she'd make!' At these words Prudence gave a scream, but without minding her he went on: "It wouldn't take a

week to kiss her freckles away—now don't fly at me for saying this"—the goodwife had suddenly placed her hand on the broomstick. "Then again," he continued, "think what service she might do the country; why, a person of her spirit would be worth a dozen Train-Bands. And if she went to the settlements mighn't you accompany her, while I staid and took care of the Colonel? Where would be the danger with you at her side? Now don't look bewildered. The fact is, both you and the old gentleman forget that she is now a woman."

Here he paused, and for the next five minutes neither of them opened their lips. He had indeed confused the dame by this novel proposition, and at first she hardly knew whether to scold or not. Little by little, however, a light seemed to dawn upon her; it was as if she were awakening from a dream.

"Yes," thought Prudence, "'tis a good many years since Lydia's childhood; never has she seen any one but myself, Christian, her father and Simon, except during her brief sojourn in Hartford, when she was entering her teens. Is this just? Ought she, even for the sake of a parent, to continue hidden from the world?"

While these thoughts occurred to her, Adams rose, and lighting his pipe stood with his back to the fire, apparently as deeply absorbed as herself. At length Prudence also left her seat and began washing up the dishes.

"I didn't come here to-day," he resumed, after allowing her time to think over what he had been saying, "without bringing you a present as well as Miss Lydia. And I believe you'll like it better than a jew's-harp; unless I am much mistaken it is a missive from a long forgotten friend—look!" here he drew from his pocket a crumpled letter, while the old maid without ceasing to wipe the plate, slyly turned her eyes towards him as if she only half believed what he said. In an instant her heart was throbbing violently.

"I don't ask you to read it aloud, albeit my curiosity would be much gratified if you did; here—take it."

Now considering that the paper he held towards her was unsealed, his language was not a little provoking, for she knew he was quite capable of having already pried into its contents. She did not, however, accuse him of this, but with a trembling hand adjusted her specs—then, as she opened it, said:

"You might have let me have it before."

"Then my 'wittles' wouldn't have tasted so good," he replied, winking at Christian, who had just awakened from a doze. "Your whole mind

would not have been given to broiling the venison steaks."

This remark passed unnoticed, the dame being too intent on the persual of the letter. As she proceeded her countenance gradually softened, and by the time she got to the end, Lydia, who had returned from her father's room, saw the change and declared her nurse had grown younger.

"What is that!" exclaimed the girl, placing the tray on the table; then going up and peeping over her shoulder: "Some riddle he's been giving you to solve? I hope he's brought a good budget of them."

"No, no, child," replied the goodwife, wiping her eyes; "'tis a letter from an old friend, one whom I used to know in New Haven when I was a servant in Mr. Davenport's family. She says she's often wondered what had become of me, for you must know, Lydia, that I slipped off in the night-time with you in my arms, without telling a soul where I was going; and now it seems she's heard I'm among the living and wants me to pay her a visit. Her home at present is in Hartford. Truly Adams"—here Prudence turned towards the latter with an expression of the deepest gratitude—"you were a good fellow for stumbling on Charity Crabtree."

"How affectionately she writes, doesn't she?" said the tavern keeper with a grin.

"Then, just as I suspected, you did read this before giving it to me," exclaimed the dame, trying hard to appear vexed.

"I did not, but your friend, with whom I am on intimate terms, read it aloud before putting it into my hands."

"Well, tell me now," continued the goodwife, "how came Charity to discover that you knew me?"

"Ah! how? Well, I've told you already that I have a pet scheme which, sooner or later, I hope to carry out; and one day while I was talking to her about it, I happened to mention your name. O, you should have seen her start! It appears she had long given you up for dead, and when, after further conversation, she became convinced you were the same Prudence Garlic she had known once upon a time, and when I added that you were not more than a day's journey from where she was sitting, she at once got pen and ink and wrote you that letter."

"But I hope you didn't tell her any thing about—"

"Oh, of course not. Although I'm a great talker, no words of mine shall ever betray the Colonel. I did indeed mention Miss Lydia, but I said she was your niece."

Here the goodwife clasped her hands, and cried out, "Oh, what a fib to tell!" then asked how long since the letter had been written, for there was no date to it.

"No longer ago than yesterday. It's doubtful, however, if I'd have brought it so soon on account of the storm, if I hadn't got uneasy about you all. Queer notions came into my head, and so I started off at once. Of course you mean to go? and you'll take Miss Lydia too.-I insist upon that,—she's expected as well as yourself."

Here Lydia gazed inquiringly at Mother Garlic, who was sorely puzzled what to reply.

"It might do the dear child no harm; nay, I'm willing to believe the change would be beneficial," answered the dame, in a tone slow and measured, "provided she kept in her heart the same devotion to Christ which she has here, and fell not into the snares that would be spread for her destruction. Child, would you like to visit the settlements?"

"Oh, exceedingly," replied Lydia; "but father! who'd take care of him?"

"Leave that to me," said Adams; "I'm going up stairs again, presently, and I'll broach the subject, and so sure am I he'll grant my request that you may consider yourself henceforward Goody Garlie's niece, or, if you please, her daughter—

there's such a resemblance between you." Here he laughed, and glanced towards the old maid.

"Now, don't speak thus," returned the latter.

"If you mean to make fun of my wrinkles, remember that Lydia's own fair skin will not be as it is now forty years hence, if the Almighty spares her to reach that age."

These words were uttered with so much feeling that Adams was touched. "Well, well, forgive me," he exclaimed; "I know I'm a rough fellow, better fit to be with lumbermen and hunters than the like of you and Miss Lydia. Forgive me, and then I can go and play cards with a quiet spirit."

As he appeared sincere she let him shake her hand, but as he was doing it she determined to warn him once more against the sinful amusement. She wished also to tell him that she had scruples about the girl's taking a false name.

He must have guessed what was on her tongue, for suddenly he drew back with a grin, and in another moment was darting up the stair-case. Presently Christian stretched out his arms and gave a yawn, then rose and went out to take a look at the stock and see if any wolves were prowling around; for after such a snow storm some of them might mount upon a drift and get inside the stockade. While he was thus employed, Prudence and Lydia finished washing and putting by the supper-things,

after which they sat down near the fire and there, needle in hand, began chatting about society in a way neither of them had ever done before. At length, so unmindful did the goodwife become of all her own precepts, that she suddenly found herself describing a rollicking husking party in New Haven in the years long gone by, where a saucy youth had kissed her twice on each cheek. She had just let slip this fact when she stopped, bit her lip, and refused to go on with her story, although Lydia pressed her hard.

"The world's vanities," thought Mother Garlic, "will come soon enough when once the dear child leaves this cabin. Happily the laws are strict and forbid kissing, as well as ribbons, laces and silver ornaments, and it will take the devil some time to throw his net around her, if he ever does, which Christ forbid."

## CHAPTER II.

MOTHER GARLIC saw nothing more of Adams that evening, for he remained with Colonel Goffe playing eards till long after she and Lydia had gone to to bed. Before retiring, however, she stood a moment listening at her master's door, and when she discovered what he was doing fell on her knees

and prayed the Lord to forgive him. It shocked her beyond measure to see one whom she esteemed so highly, thus led astray; and although Simon had given her a great deal of pleasure in bringing the letter from Charity Crabtree, she still could not forget that he had likewise introduced forbidden things into the house, and for more than an hour she lay awake on her couch, groaning over it. And when she opened her eyes again, after a fitful slumber, it was the first thing entered her mind. "I'll take care of the child at any rate," she said, as she bustled about the fireplace next morning, with nobody to help her, for Lydia had remained awake even longer than herself, thinking of the probable visit to Hartford, and consequently was rather late rising. "No doubt," she continued, "it'll do the child good to see a little of the world; I'll do my best to keep her innocent. The like of Adams would soon make her worthy of the stocks and the ducking-stool. If he's wicked enough to play cards, he's wicked enough to drink, and then, dear knows to what extent he may be in Satan's power."

The object of her vituperation was at this very moment hard at work shovelling the snow away from the door. The sun had just risen and the air, even for January, was bitterly cold. Nevertheless, he seemed to enjoy it, and when, now and then, he

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stopped to rub his hands, he would glance up at the blue sky and grin.

"If I succeed," said he, "in my plans, I'll willingly do a fortnight's fasting. Ah! how delightful if I can only bring it about. Just think of it, all living together in a civilized place! This is not a fit home for a man of Colonel Goffe's age, broken by rheumatism, nor for a sweet blossom like Miss Lydia. No, she mustn't be let grow into an old maid, which she certainly will if she remains here." Presently his look changed to a frown: "But it's too bad to think she must cut off those lovely curls; yet if Increase Mather sees her, what can prevent it? And Israel Barebones, the Ruling Elder, he too, will insist on having them clipped. 1 don't believe Captain Joe would object to 'em if he were only let alone; but he has such scruples about everything which isn't approved by the ministers of the gospel, who are the very deuce for meddling. I've told him a hundred times that we're just as good as they are, and that we ought to do our own preaching. But because I hold such an opinion, folks call me mad, and I guess it's partly the reason why they've taken from me the title of 'Mr.' Bah! what a queer world this is!"

While he was thus soliloquizing, his shovel kept plunging into the snow, scattering it at such a rate that one might have supposed he was working for

a wager; but he always worked with energy when he worked at all, and he had made up his mind not only to remove the drift, but also to clear a space in front of the house where Lydia might take some exercise. He believed fresh air was better for the health than anything else; and we know he had a special reason for wishing the girl to preserve hers. Let dame Garlic say what she would, Adams was a kind-hearted being. It is true he drank ale and cider pretty freely, was fond of cards, and now and then would utter a profane word; but remember he had from boyhood led a roving life, and never until lately had he chosen a home. While he was thus employed, laying the foundation of a voracious appetite, the door suddenly opened and the old maid peeped out. There was a sternness in her expression which he had never noticed before, while at the same time her eyes showed that she was excited. Now Adams was quick-witted, and guessed at once that she was bent on giving him a lecture, and if he wished to escape it he must, without losing a moment, turn her thoughts on some other subject. So straightening up his back he bade her good morning, and inquired if she had had any dreams during the night. He knew this was an awe-inspiring subject; and sure enough, just as he had hoped, she forgot all about the exhortation, and opening the door a little wider, replied in a solemn voice: "Yes, I did have one."

"Then tell it to me, and I'll shovel all the harder while I listen. Isn't there something in it about Charity Crabtree?—who, by the way, writes down all her dreams."

"As I do mine; but in this one there was nought about my friend."

"Well, I'd give anything to see the book where they're recorded; women's dreams are so much more touching than men's! Hard world, goodwife, ch? if it weren't for the women folk."

But although during the next five minutes he said more sweet things of the female sex than we care to repeat, he failed in inducing the old maid to tell anything further about her vision; not that she disliked being questioned on the subject—she rather liked it, and used daily to read to Lydia a page or so out of a certain fly-blown manuscript which was kept on the top shelf of the cupboard—but she considered Adams not the kind of person to appreciate the wonderful things which flitted through her brain during sleep.

"Perhaps," he continued, as she was about shutting the door, "perhaps you think I'm not serious. Well, if you do you're mistaken; I believe that during sleep spirits good and bad whisper in our ears and sometimes foretell the future.

I've heard that Increase Mather holds the same belief, though it's not on that account I hold it. However, if you prefer keeping your dream secret, I'll not complain. Allow me to be more frank and tell you mine."

The goodwife at once thrust her head further out, and turning her left ear towards him, bade him begin.

"I dreamt," said he, with an inward chuckle, "that this log cabin was abandoned, and that you and the Colonel and Miss Lydia were living in Hartford—where you must know I have at last concluded to settle down—the girl married to one of the best of men, and yourself provided with a comfortable home for the rest of your days. Now that's the whole of my dream—what do you think of it?"

For a moment after he had finished speaking she watched him narrowly, as if to satisfy herself he was not making fun of her. But his rugged face did not betray the least sign of a smile, nor did his black eyes twinkle as much as usual. He certainly appeared sincere. Then clasping her hands she murmured, "Amen!" and closed the door. "'Twas something like my own dream," she muttered, as she began preparing the breakfast. "I wonder it never occurred to the Colonel nor me that the girl shouldn't stay any longer in these

dismal woods. Indeed, I hardly believe there would be any danger if he were to leave it himself. The spies who once discovered him in Hartford probably think he's dead. But if the worst came to the worst and they were to find him again, this spot would always be a refuge. Oh, if my dream could come true!"

In a few minutes the pot of potatoes hanging over the fire began to boil, and as she stood in front of the blazing logs, she fancied she saw strange things in the embers. There, peeping up at her from beneath the forestick, was the face of Charity Crabtree, such as she had known it in her younger days. She did not reflect that time must have altered it and carved more than one wrinkle on her friend's brow. She was still gazing at the fire when Lydia made her appearance, blushing to discover the table already set and the morning meal almost ready; for she was by nature an early bird and had seen the sun rise oftener than Goody Garlic. Soon Adams entered, stamping the snow off his feet and blowing his fingers.

"I knew the Colonel wouldn't object," he exclaimed, addressing Lydia. "I made the matter so plain to him that he hadn't a word to say. Yes"—here his face broke into a grin—"you are to visit the settlements."

"Indeed!" said the girl. "Well, the pleasure of

going there will certainly be great; but who will take care of father? It will not do to leave him alone with Christian."

"Never mind that; my scheme is working to perfection. A bird's nest isn't built in an hour. Trust me, I can see my way clear to the end."

In a few minutes the Pequot entered, then tak ing their places at the table they offered a short grace and sat down. Adams alone remained standing, and the figure which he presented was most comic, as with face turned slightly upward, he gave his eyes a downward slant on the jug of milk. When at length he finished his prayer, he followed their example and showed by his ravenous appetite that his morning's work in the snow had been severe.

"'Twould take a good deal to keep me in wittles'," he said, after he had emptied his second bowl of milk.

"Well, there's plenty, go on," replied Lydia, handing him another venison steak.

"I can't refuse, Miss"—drawing a long breath—
"while there's room the spirit's willing; I consider a hearty meal a kind of prayer, and experience teaches me that appetite's the corner-stone of cheerfulness. I don't believe the Lord likes a sour face."

They remained at table longer than usual, listen-

ing to Simon, who was anxious that the girl should obtain as much knowledge, as possible of the pleasant lives which people led in the settlements; and his words, as we may imagine, did not lessen her impatience to see the world, while the revelations which her nurse had made, the evening before, of her own youthful frolics, prevented the latter from finding fault with the expressions of delight which every now and then escaped her. When the meal was over, Christian went into the barn, where he supplied the stock with water and fodder enough to last till evening; after which, fastening on his snow shoes and taking a quiver full of arrows and his best hickory bow, he set off for the forest. He intended to make this a holiday, and Lydia, as she saw him vault over the stockade, declared that she was not going to be pent up herself such lovely weather. The sky was never so blue, the wind had died away, and she resolved to spend as many hours as possible walking in the cleared space which Adams had made in front of the house. Goody Garlie highly approved of her determination, and having wrapped her up in two thick cloaks bade her go enjoy herself. As for Simon, he felt as happy as a cricket, and kept running back and forth between the Colonel and Lydia, chatting and leaving behind him on the staircase a stream of melted snow, which sorely tried the

temper of the old maid. In a whole month Lydia had not laughed as much as to-day, and so swiftly did the hours pass that breakfast and dinner appeared like one meal. Then came the afternoon, which Simon spent in making a snow man, and even Prudence, who usually kept her countenance under control, could not help smiling when she looked at it; and when at length the sun touched the tops of the cedars at the west, it was difficult for them to realize that evening had come again. Just as they were sitting down to supper the Pequot returned, dragging after him the hind quarter of a moose. This was all he had been able to bring home, and he told them that if they wanted the rest of the carcase Adams must help him get it. Accordingly, after satisfying their appetites, they started off in search of it, and walked briskly, too, for there was danger of the wolves reaching the prize first. They were fortunate enough to find it untouched, and that night it was hung up in the woodshed, much to the satisfaction of Goody Garlic, who had begun to fear their supply of meat would run short.

The week which followed Adams' arrival was a very happy one. The snow rapidly melted, and the sound of the water trickling down the side of the cabin was sweet music in Lydia's ear. Stumps which had been buried for weeks became visible

again; while the pines and the cedar trees exhaled a balmy odor, such as we perceive when spring is approaching. Yet this was only the January thaw. Cold weather had still to come. As Adams has already informed us, Colonel Goffe had consented to let his daughter visit the settlements, and it was agreed that Prudence and Lydia, under the care of Christian, should set out for Hartford as soon as the trail along the river bank would be fit to travel upon; and judging from all signs, this would be in a very few days.

Of packing there was little to do—a sheep-skin bag would suffice to hold their scanty ward-robe, and this the Indian might carry on his shoulders, while the women rode Jack, the same old horse which so many years before had brought them here from New Haven. Only once after giving his consent did the Colonel appear to regret it; and on that occasion he spoke to Adams of the danger of travelling in midwinter, and hinted that they ought to postpone their visit until April. But the tavern keeper stoutly opposed any delay.

"The thirty miles," said he, "can be easily accomplished, Christian knows the road; in fact, who but a blind man could miss it, since it follows the Connecticut the whole distance. Then again think, sir, how important that your daughter should make the most of her blossom days and not miss

any chance of getting a husband. Once under Charity Crabtree's hospitable roof, she will meet many God-fearing men, and I doubt not before the next chestnuts are ripe, she'll not be called Lydia Goffe any more. I see my words bring tears to to your eyes, sir, but you know how time slips away. It won't stand still; she can't afford to wait."

Here the regicide bowed his head, and, although it was a sore trial, once more gave his full consent to the journey. If she went, would she come back?—what might happen during her absence? Many such thoughts rushed upon him, and it was a hard struggle to say she might go.

"if my scheme succeeds you won't be here long yourself. Ha! you look surprised; well, I shan't explain; but you know I'm a keen fellow, and you can put faith in me."

"Yes, yes, Adams, I believe whatever you do will be for the best."

"Well, then, sir, I repeat you may soon leave this place; I want you to be where you can enjoy life and get frequent news from England. That I know you would like above all things. Wherever I bring you, it will be among friends."

At last the evening before the day of departure arrived, and everything was bustle in the cabin. Simon, who was going to remain and take care of the Colonel, was being initiated by Prudence into the mysteries of housekeeping, and she was giving him the lesson in the most thorough manner. The cupboard was examined from top to bottom; cups, saucers, platters, pitchers counted; the flipding, and the grease to fill it, shown him; and then, with uplifted finger, she cautioned him about sweeping the floor after every meal, even though he were the only person at table.

"And on the afternoon of the seventh day," she continued, "be sure and scrub. But when the sun is down stop work, for then the Sabbath begins; remember the Bible says, 'the evening and the morning were the first day.' Let things be kept clean and neat, and don't let me return and find all topsy-turvy. I know the men folks hate to have their rooms put in order, and Colonel Goffe doesn't differ in this respect from the rest of 'em, as I've often observed when I'd be putting his odds and ends to rights up stairs. But try, Adams, and be a glorious exception, and so may the Lord give you a blessing."

"And do take the best care of father," said Lydia; "indeed I almost think it wrong for me to leave him when he's so infirm. Don't forget to tuck the blankets under him every night, and sit up stairs as much as possible."

Here she turned away saying to herself, "Ought

I to go?" At the same time she felt a longing to be off; it was an irresistible impulse. Presently she heard her father calling, and at once hastened to his room.

"I wanted to tell you," he said, running his thin fingers through her curls, which were streaming over the pillow, "that you must leave me with a light heart. I give my full consent to this move; nay, I wish you to go."

"O father! thank you for saying this," she exclaimed, kissing him; "I would not have passed a single happy hour if you hadn't."

"Thirty miles, Lydia, is but a short distance. Why, in Cromwell's army I've ridden that before breaking fast. Then again I will be much comforted to think you are under the care of Prudence Garlic. She was long a domestic in the Rev. Mr. Davenport's family, and I know he would not have kept in his service any but a God-fearing person. Should it chance that you fall in with those whose conversation may not be edifying, boldly turn away from them. The country, however, is blessed with laws made conformable with Holy Scripture, and hence it is not likely there are many such persons to be found. But, whatever you do, hold your head erect; cast not your eyes upon the ground. Satan when he cometh to the attack is never repelled by humble, timid looks. Be brave and pray hard, and if you find a man who truly loves you, and whom you can esteem, by all means accept him, if he offers himself in marriage. You may confide to him who you are; keep no secrets from a husband. But until then—"

"Yes," exclaimed Lydia, smiling; "till then I am to be called Miss Garlic, and pass off for the goodwife's niece. Ah, what scruples she had on this point."

For an instant the regecide's brow contracted. "Does Prudence carry religion so far as that," he said, angrily, "when she knows what might happen if the world discovered your true name?"

"But her scruples, father, have been overcome; I told her I would not go unless I took another name." Here Lydia once more gave the old gentleman, a kiss, then went below to assist Mother Garlic set the table. As had been the case for a week past, the conversation at supper turned wholly on the coming visit to Hartford, and Adams, for the first time, hinted that the girl might have to cut off her tresses—he thought it best to prepare her for it by degrees.

"How so!" exclaimed Lydia, quite taken by surprise.

"Because the laws are very strict in regard to how we adorn our bodies, and as curls make the lassies so bewitching they are not approved of."

"Oh, in that case the child will not hesitate a moment," said Prudence, "and if you give her a pair of seissors she'll obey at once "—here the old nurse turned to look for her work-basket.

"Nay," cried the tavern keeper, "why be in such haste? Let her wear 'em as long as possible. They'll touch a man's heart quicker even than her hazel eyes, or her dimple chin. Let them do all the good they can before they're destroyed."

At these words Lydia blushed. To tell the truth, she loved her curls, and was not altogether pleased at the idea of losing them.

"I wish I was the captain," thought Adams, fixing his eyes upon the girl, for he fancied she had never looked so beautiful; "it isn't often brains and beauty come together."

When the meal was over, Lydia returned to her father's room, and advancing on tip-toe to the side of the bed, found he was asleep. Then softly, so as not to wake him, she fell on her knees and begged the Lord to spare her to get back. While she was praying, a wolf began to howl, and although it was a sound familiar to her ears since childhood, there was something about it this evening exceedingly mournful, and she could not help shuddering. Presently the old soldier awoke, and feeling her hand

on the coverlet patted it and told her he had been dreaming of her. She remained with him this evening till a later hour than was her custom-she could not bear to say "good-night;" on the morrow she was to go among strangers, and these hours at her father's side were precious. Perhaps she exaggerated the distance and the danger of the journey, yet her feelings were natural when we consider the lonely life she had thus far been leading. When, finally, she withdrew to her couch, she lay a long time awake listening to the wolf, and more than once the thought crossed her mind that she might never pass another night here. When, after a fitful slumber, she opened her eyes and saw the grey light of dawn stealing in through the little window at the foot of her bed, she rose and hastened to look out to see what kind of day it promised to be. The sky was without a cloud, and the morning star twinkled as it only does when it is extremely cold. Having gazed out a moment, she put on her gown, then crept softly down stairs so as not to awaken the goodwife, who was still snoring. The fire was soon kindled, and roaring up the chimney with sucl. a noise that one, at least, of the sleepers heard it, and in a few minutes Prudence appeared with a smile on her face and an approving nod, as much as to say: "Well done, child!" But when she discovered that neither Christian nor Adams had, as yet, made their appearance, she broke out into a violent tirade against the whole male sex. Her voice soon roused the lazy ones.

"We do all the drudgery," she cried, "and yet they pretend to be our betters and lord it over us just as our big rooster does over the hens. But he only crows and eats up the corn—does he ever lay an egg? not he! and when the chickens are hatched does he take care of them? not he! O fie on the men folks! Mind, Lydia, if any man ever asks you to be his wife make your bargain before the knot's tied. If you don't, he'll lay awake mornings while you're down cooking his breakfast. O fie on 'em!"—here she stamped her foot—"I don't mean to be irreverent to scripture, but it has always been my notion that if Adam was made first, Eve was just worth two of him."

"It's all very fine to talk that way," growled Simon, as he descended from the upper story; "but if it hadn't been for your side of the house we'd be living now in Paradise. Oh how the woman folk must love apples!"

Scarcely had these words passed his lips when down came a broomstick across his shoulders, then up it went till it touched the ceiling; then down again, swift and hard upon his right arm. In fact,

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he afterwards confessed it was the roughest usage he had received since King Philip's war.

"That'll cure your saucy tongue," cried Prudence, lifting her weapon for a third blow. But she was not quick enough—the tavern keeper was rushing towards the door and in another moment was safe outside. Just then Christian came sneaking down and went straight off to the barn where the stock were anxiously waiting for him. During the next half hour, Lydia and the goodwife busied themselves preparing breakfast, and they made all the haste they could, for the sun would soon be above the horizon. When it was ready, Lydia went to the door and blew a horn, then lingered a moment on the threshold enjoying the breeze from the west, which, although it was keen, made her feel almost as if she could fly. Never had the heavens appeared so gloriously blue, and the sparkling snow looked as if Winter had been scattering diamonds over the landscape.

"The nag is as full of the devil as a certain friend of mine," said Adams, presently walking up; "Jack has done nothing this morning but paw and neigh; I bet he's had a dream"

"Hush!" exclaimed Lydia, "you shall not tease nurse."

For a moment Simon grinned, then, without

waiting for the others, began his grace, after which he sat down, and for a quarter of an hour did not utter a word. The meal spread before him was certainly worthy of his undivided attention—the Indian cakes had never tasted better, and his hand was often stretched towards the jug of maple syrup. "I'd grow fat if I lived here," he sighed, unbuttoning his coat; "I'd like to eat one more griddle but I can't; it's not, however, for want of will."

"Well, I'm sure there's not another girl in Connecticut can make those cakes equal to Lydia," exclaimed Mother Garlic, proudly.

"Well, it was you taught me," said the girl.

"Her merits will soon be discovered when she gets to the settlements," pursued Adams; "but come, it's time to be moving. Don't be long clearing off these things and p tting them away; I want you to take an early start, and travel brisk, so as to reach Hartford afore dusk."

Here he rose, lit his pipe and walked out, turning round, however, before closing the door to say that he would have Jack saddled in a very little while. Christian followed him, and when they were in the barn Simon proceeded to give the youth some final instructions regarding the journey, and, for the second time, asked him if he would not take a rifle instead of his bow and arrows.

This the Pequot stubbornly refused to do. "I'm not afraid of wolves," said the youth; "if any of them come close enough I'll use my tomahawk."

Perceiving that further argument was useless he dropped the subject, and stood silently by till Christian had put the saddle on the horse, merely remarking that it was time to have a new girth, as the present one was dear knows how old. In the meanwhile the goodwife was busy stowing away her own and Lydia's effects in a sheepskin bag, and the reader may be sure she did not forget her dream-book, which she was determined Charity Crabtree should peruse, of course, on condition that the latter would show her hers. When she had finished packing, she gazed around to see if anything else required her attention, but she could discover nothing;—there was not a crumb on the floor—every saucer and platter had been put by in the cupboard, and the whole room showed the mark of woman's attention. "How different 'twill be to-morrow," she sighed, "and every day till I return, things will grow worse and worse; men folks love dirt and disorder."

At length she heard the nag approaching from the barn, and immediately calling out to Lydia, who was with her father, to make haste, the dame put on her cloak. In another moment the old gentleman, who had resolved, infirm as he was, to see them off, came slowly down the stair-case, leaning on his daughter's arm and looking like some ancient patriarch with his white beard and high, noble brow. In his right hand he held the pack of cards Simon had brought, and which had already afforded him a great deal of pleasure. No sooner did the dame catch sight of them than she groaned and rolled up her eyes. "Ought I," she asked herself, "to suffer the dear child's parent to go to damnation without a warning? no, no!"and as she pronounced the last word she advanced swiftly to the bottom of the steps. Colonel Goffe did not divine her purpose, nor did Lydia, who supposed she wanted to help him to a seat. Imagine therefore the astonishment of both, when Prudence with the impetuosity of a cat when she pounces on a mouse, seized the Colonel's hand, unbent his fingers and took away the cards. Never in all her life had the girl been so dumbfounded, and she looked anxiously at her father; but the latter controlled his temper after a brief struggle, in which his eyes flashed fury, and presently a smile broke out on his face. He knew that Mother Garlie was a religious fanatic, as he himself had been in former days, and where would be the use of quarrelling, now that they were about to separate, perhaps for months; so without uttering a word he advanced across the room, and

seating himself near the fire began to warm his hands. Such perfect composure astonished the old lady, who had not expected an easy victory; indeed if the truth must be told, she rather regretted his mildness, as it lessened her excuse for a parting exhortation. She felt herself suffering for the want of a vent-hole, through which her pent-up feelings might escape, and for half a minute after getting possession of the trophy, she could do nothing but bite her lip. Ought she to carry the sinful things away in her pocket, or destroy them at once? she chose the latter course.

Approaching the old gentleman she addressed him in a solemn tone: "Colonel Goffe, if you don't reach Zion 'twon't be because I didn't try to keep you on the straight path"—then, before he could even utter an exclamation, the pack was in the fire, twisting and turning into all sorts of shapes. Lydia, whose indignation could now hardly be restrained, flew to the corner where the tongs were kept, but Mother Garlic had placed them beyond her reach.

"Oh, sir!" continued the dame, "when you hear the last trumpet calling us to judgment you'll bless me for what I've done."

"Verily," he exclaimed, "you take great interest in my spiritual welfare."

"And should I not, sir? if we helped one an-

other in this sinful world more than we do—if when a pilgrim strays out of the road we followed him to bring him back, how many that are lost would be saved. But alas! the way is rough and tiresome, and we appear content if we can only get to Heaven ourselves. Oh, sir, think how much greater would be the bliss if we were all there together, none of those whom we have loved on earth missing."

This speech made such an impression on Lydia that she held her peace, while Colonel Goffe murmured "Amen!"

Here Adams entered. "Come, come!" he exclaimed, "the sun's up; it's not wise to delay, the trail my be slippery and you'll not be able to travel fast. Remember it's twenty miles to Windsor, but I don't want you to tarry there a moment; you must keep right on to Hartford, so as to reach it by nightfall."

He did not alarm them by any allusions to wild beasts—not on account of Lydia, who he knew was fearless, nor lest he might shake the nerves of Mother Garlic—but because he had a misgiving that the Colonel, even at this late hour, might forbid the journey.

The girl now gave her father an affectionate embrace, then went out and stood a moment patting the horse's mane. Presently she jumped

nimbly into the saddle, while Goody Garlic who had followed her to the threshold, remained timidly gazing at the pillion, for it was many years since she had ridden on one, and she felt little inclined to trust herself in what seemed such an insecure place. In the meanwhile Colonel Goffe beckoned to the tavern keeper, and whispered something in his ear.

In a moment the latter, with a fierce expression, strode up to the goodwife, and catching her by the waist lifted her without ceremony into the seat behind Lydia, muttering as he did so,

"I hope the wild beasts will devour you; the road is infested with them."

"Alas!" sighed Prudence, her hands tightly grasping the girl's frock, "I fear the largest of them remains behind in the fold; I shall pray for you, however."

Simon grew pale with rage, and he was on the point of openly upbraiding her for having destroyed the pack of cards, when Jack of his own accord started off and left him to get over his anger by pounding his fist against the door. Colonel Goffe paid no attention to him, but stood with moistened eyes watching the party until the forest hid them from view. He then returned to his place near the hearth, where he remained an

hour or more thinking of his daughter, and wondering when he would see her again.

But Adams at last disturbed his reverie by breaking out into a violent tirade against the laws of Connecticut, declaring that they were harsh and ungodly; and the foolish fellow was not satisfied until he had kicked Mother Garlic's broom into the wood-shed, where it lay for many days untouched—if indeed it was ever used again.

## CHAPTER III.

The party travelled briskly along the Indian trail, but it was not until they had gone five miles and more that the goodwife began to feel at her ease. Even then, whenever the path ran a little closer to the bank, she would tighten her grasp of Lydia's frock and hold her breath.

"There's no danger," the latter would exclaim, "and, besides, if we were to slide down on the river, the ice would not break, it is ever so thick."

"You should have been born a man," was the nurse's reply; "nothing unnerves you."

"Make good Indian," muttered Christian, opening his lips for the first time since, their departure.

Little by little, however, her timidity wore off, and they began to talk about the pleasure they

would have in Hartford. Once the conversation was interrupted by a flock of mallard that were feeding at the mouth of a brook, whose cold spring water, where it emptied into the Connecticut, had kept a small space unfrozen. The splashing and quacking which the birds made as they rose into the air, was enough to startle the goodwife, and even Jack pricked up his ears. But with this exception they pursued their way undisturbed; the Indian occasionally stopping to examine the track of some wild animal, and telling them if it was a bear or a moose. The forest was silent as death. Once a crow flew over them with a melancholy caw; at another time a bevy of partridges hopped down from a fallen oak and ran off into a thicket of hazel bushes; then a hare as white as the snow, leisurely crossed the path, and the creature looked so saucy that the Pequot could not help sending an arrow after it, which however, to Lydia's joy. missed the mark.

It was not until they had accomplished what they believed was half the journey that they made a halt; but in less than five minutes Christian urged them to remount—he seemed impatient, and turned his eyes anxiously toward the sun.

"What matters it if we don't arrive 'till dark," said Lydia, getting on the saddle; "a blind man couldn't miss the way, besides there's a full moon."

"It's only a whim of his," added Mother Garlie, whose courage had wonderfully revived since she had eaten a slice of bread and bacon. "Tut! there's no need of such haste." But without heeding either of them, Christian assisted the dame on the pillion, then shouldering again his bag, made Lydia a sign to follow.

"There's five hours of daylight yet," thought the latter as she jerked the reins, "but it's as well perhaps to humor him; he's afoot, and by the time we reach our destination will be more tired than we, and no doubt wants to get early to bed." In a few moments the goodwife was chatting again quite pleasantly, and Lydia listening with all the attention of one who had never seen anything of the world. They passed through the village of Windsor, bud.did not stop, although it would have given Prudence and the girl much pleasure to have tarried a little, and conversed with the people. After they had gone a couple of miles beyond the settlement, Mother Garlic, who seemed as if she would never tire of relating anecdotes of her early life, found her discourse suddenly interrupted by an accident, which might have proved serious, but which happily only caused them a short delay. They had come to a spot where the bank was very low, and where the river had overflowed and frozen upon the trail. Christian turned and cautioned

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Lydia to go gently; but it was too late, the horse was already in the middle of the danger, and his hind legs beginning to slip. The nurse screamed, and throwing her arms around the girl's waist, pulled her backward. Lydia implored her to let go; it was useless. She had barely time to stretch out her arms, when down they went. In an instant the Indian was by their side.

"Mercy on me!" cried the goodwife, rising to her feet, "I'll never get on that horrid pillion again."

"Let us thank God," said Lydia, "we are not hurt; in frosty weather bones are easily broken. Poor Jack, good Jack!" and she began stroking the creature's mane.

"The brute ought to be whipped for his clumsiness!" exclaimed the dame.

"No, you couldn't help it, could you?" said Lydia, still caressing the faithful, hard-working animal, who showed not the least disposition to get on its legs again.

Presently the Pequot shrugged his shoulders and informed them that the girth was broken. Here now was a predicament; it would be idle to ask Prudence to ride bareback, and if she performed the rest of the journey afoot, they would necessarily make slow progress. But she no sooner discovered what the difficulty was, than she

declared she would rather walk twice the distance than go a hundred paces further on Jack. Lydia, however, did not object to mounting without a saddle. Accordingly, after the horse had been led across the ice, she again got on him, and with the deerskin bag in front, went off as gaily as though nothing had happened. The Indian could not help smiling at such perfect composure, and as he walked along with the saddle over his shoulder, found it difficult to hide his contempt for Mother Garlic, who was now in the rear, but keeping as close as possible to the horse's heels, and muttering to herself: "I do believe there's a special Providence watching over the child. Within the last two years she's fallen in the river twice and got lost in the woods, and yet has always escaped unharmed."

Soon her nervousness returned, and every minute or two she would glance over her shoulder, as if she feared something were pursuing them.

"Be there many bears in these parts?" she asked. The Pequot did not answer.

"Yes," said Lydia, "the biggest of them, however, wouldn't harm you."

"Oh, dear!" continued Prudence, "I'd not trust one of 'em; and they can climb trees too!"

Christian now placed himself behind her, which somewhat revived her courage, and for the next three or four miles she did not speak a word about wild beasts. At length Lydia noticed Christian intently gazing at some object beyond the river.

"What see you?" she asked.

"Wolf," the lad replied.

Now in this there was nothing to cause alarm, for scarce a day passed that one of these animals was not heard howling in the vicinity of the cabin.

"Can we not go faster?" said the goodwife; "it'll be dark afore I see Charity Crabtree. Dear me! Lord protect us!" and once more she gazed behind her.

"Four, five, six!" counted Christian.

"Seven, eight, nine! why, how many there are!" exclaimed Lydia.

Here the Indian took another glance at the sun, then at Mother Garlic. Before they had advanced many paces further the number of wolves had greatly increased, until at length there could not have been less than a hundred, and all moving towards the river.

"Lord have mercy on us!" ejaculated the goodwife, who, since she had discovered what attracted the attention of her companions, had begun praying hard.

"Hush! no noise," said Christian; "that makes 'em more hungry."

"But I must pray!" she continued, clasping her hands; "and, Lydia dear, pray too!"

In a few minutes the wolves had reached the opposite bank and were beginning to cross, taking a direction which would bring them not far behind the travellers.

"Why can't we go faster?" exclaimed the dame, trying to run.

"Hush!" said Christian, at the same time making a sign to Lydia to urge on the horse.

When the leader of the pack was half-way across, it raised its head, sniffed the air, and sent up a savage howl. At once all the others followed its example, and the noise was so appalling that the goodwife stuffed her fingers in her ears.

"Only three miles more," said the Pequot, hoping to revive her courage, "and we can do that in an hour."

"In less," exclaimed Lydia, "if nurse will only get up behind me." But the dame shook her head—it had been hard enough to ride on the pillion; bare back was out of the question, even in the present crisis.

"We might think those were devils after us," the old lady cried. "A herd of swine was once possessed; why not these critters too?"

And certainly the unearthly yells were enough to make one believe that fiends were in pursuit. The

horse was now inclined to break into a trot, for he scented danger, and it was with difficulty that Lydia could restrain him. Before the next mile was accomplished the sun touched the horison—which for a moment was visible through a narrow opening in the forest—and all three instinctively turned their eyes towards it. It was as if they were taking a last look at a friend about to leave them. Down, down, went the sun; presently it was gone, and then the shadows began to creep round them apace.

"The demons are getting closer," said the good-wife, wringing her hands—she was now too terrified to gaze behind her. About a minute after she had spoken; one of the wolves made its appearance on their right; it was partly concealed by a fallen pine, and the arrow that was fired at it, glanced over the tree and then plunged harmlessly into the snow.

"What had we best do?" inquired Lydia, who from her elevated position was able to distinguish more approaching.

The Pequot did not answer; his own courage was severely tried. At length he halted and told them they must climb a tree. "And be quick!" he added, drawing his tomahawk. Scarcely had he grasped the weapon, when the horse wheeled violently round, and in spite of the efforts of its

brave young rider, dashed off into the forest. Lydia seized hold of the mane, and with her body bent as low as possible to avoid being torn from her seat by the branches, was in another moment racing for dear life, every wolf in the pack after her.

Christian waited just long enough to see the old maid safe up a cedar, then heedless of his own safety he hastened in the direction which the wild beasts had taken. Their howling guided his steps, and although it was dark he made fair speed. But as the sound grew fainter and fainter, his heart sank within him, for he knew there was very little hope. Indeed, had he stopped to reflect, he would have seen how useless it was to try and overtake the pack; and if he did, would it not only be to find the girl torn in pieces? At last, when he was about giving up the chase in despair, the report of a gun echoed through the forest. This was quickly followed by another, then there was a deep silence.

"She is saved!" he cried, dashing on with increased speed. "It's a special Providence! She is saved!" After advancing a quarter of a mile further, he stopped and gave a loud call, which was immediately answered by some one not a great distance off. Another hundred yards brought him to a clearing among the pines, where it was comparatively light, and there he saw a man kneeling

over a form which he felt certain was Lydia, while another stranger stood near, holding a couple of horses by the bridle. In a moment Christian was at the girl's side, and great was his joy to find that she was not only alive, but judging by the cheerful greeting she gave him, very little hurt. Lydia's delight at seeing him again can scarcely be described, and after expressing wonder at his own escape from death, she inquired after the goodwife. Then, when she heard he had pushed her up a tree, she could no longer restrain herself, and burst into such a hearty laugh that even the stolid Pequot was unable to keep a grave countenance. Presently, turning to the stranger:

"I pray you sir," she said, "do not mind my arm; 'tis only a scratch. My sleeve is badly torn, and that is the worst part of the accident."

"True, lady," he replied, "the wound is only skin deep. I fear more for your head, which, although I can find no cut upon it, must nevertheless have received a great jar. Do you know you were flighty for several minutes after you were thrown from the horse?"

"Indeed! well I trust I spoke no nonsense; now let me rise, I think I'm able to stand." With his assistance she got upon her feet, then told Christian that they must lose no time in rejoining Mother Garlic.

"I'd give a trifle to know her name," said the man in charge of the horses, and who, from the silence he had thus far preserved, was evidently a servant, "I'd give a trifle to know her name"—these words were spoken in a whisper to Christian.

"I never knew a body so brave," he continued, "and only that we discharged our pieces almost in the face of her steed, causing him to swerve, I do believe she'd have been on his back yet. Pray, who is she?"

"Lydia Garlic," answered the youth gruffly. No sooner did the other stranger hear this than he started, then putting his mouth close to Lydia's ear:

"You gave me another name," he whispered.

"Did I?" exclaimed the girl with a shudder, then lowering her voice, "God forgive me! Yes my head must have wandered, oh what have I done!"

"Well, be careful how you repeat it," he continued, still speaking in a whisper. "If any kin to the regicide, whom they were so many years trying to find, and who was once thought to be concealed in Hartford, keep well the secret, that is, if Goffe be still alive. Rest assured, however, that what escaped your lips in an unguarded moment, shall remain as deeply hidden in my breast as if you had never spoken it."

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For a little while Lydia was too overcome to utter a word. And well might she tremble; already she had placed the safety of her parent in the keeping of one, about whom she knew absolutely nothing. On which side might this stranger be? Perhaps he belonged to the King's party. While she was endeavoring to regain her self-possession, her rescuer turned to Christian and asked how far it was to Hartford. "We've had a long day's ride," he said, "and would like to reach the town as soon as possible."

"Three or four miles," replied the Indian; "we too are going there."

"Right glad am I to hear it," pursued the other; "then suppose we set off for the tree, up which it seems one of your party has taken refuge, and after that journey on in company.

"Yes, and let us make haste," exclaimed Lydia, "or Aunt Garlic will die of fright."

"But you surely cannot pretend to walk," said the stranger, addressing her, "we must make a litter, or place you on one of these steeds; mine, although spirited, is a very gentle animal."

"Thanks, sir; I have no broken bones, only a bruise here," replied Lydia, placing her hand on her forehead. "I would rather go afoot."

"Then at least take my arm. To this she

agreed, and with Christian leading the way, they directed their course towards the river.

Lydia would fain have made greater speed, but the gallant who had taken her under his charge, was so afraid lest she might be scratched by another branch, that they proceeded at what might be called a snail's pace.

"If this were England," thought Lydia, "I might take him for one of those courtiers my father has so often told me about, who will do anything for a lady, even die for her. Certainly there is a fascination in such manners; and yet we'd get along twice as fast if he'd only let me walk by myself."

Soon they reached the cedar, on whose stoutest limb the goodwife had been perched almost an hour, stiff with cold, yet praying fervently. When she caught sight of them she slid down the tree with the agility of a squirrel, and in a moment was clasping Lydia in her arms, squeezing her so tightly that the girl was half choked. Leaving them to tell each other what had happened since they separated, Christian set about looking for the bag which he knew must have fallen off Jack before he had taken many strides from the river bank. It was soon found. Then placing the saddle which he had been carrying, across one of the stranger's steeds, he bade Lydia and the goodwife follow him.

"And I'm to go with you," said Lydia's escort, again offering her his arm.

"Oh! yes, do!" exclaimed Prudence; "the wolves ain't so far off but what they may come back. I hope your gun is loaded? Go in front with Christian." To this, however, he demurred, and much to her chagrin walked on beside the girl. The nurse's ears were wide open, wider, perhaps, for its being night, which hindered her from seeing clearly what manner of man he was; and no sooner did she catch the few soft words which he spoke to Lydia than she placed herself on the other side of her charge, to the no small risk of her neck, for she was nearest the river and the path was hardly broad enough for three to walk abreast. They proceeded thus a short distance in silence, and the dame was beginning to think he was, after all, only some honest fellow out on a hunting tour, and whose conversation, if he had any, would not be disedifying, when she was suddenly roused by Christian waving his hand, and crying, "There's Hartford!"

Sure enough, straight ahead, a mile or so away, was a light—in a few minutes the forest came to an end, and they could distinguish many other lights which told them the town was not far off.

"And there's the moon," said the stranger, gently pressing Lydia's arm, "welcome, moon!"

It was just at its full, and as it rose above the hills east of the Connecticut, every object around became almost as distinct as if it had been day. A temptation now seized Lydia which she could not resist, and looking up, she stole a glance at her unknown companion. As she did so, their eyes met. There was on his face an expression of wonder and delight. During their progress in the dark, he had pictured her to himself as a plain country maid, with nothing about her to indicate that she was above the class who devote their lives to making butter and cheese. But here was a very different being from what he had imagined, one who might indeed be the daughter of Goffe the regicide, who belonged to a good family in England. Never had he beheld a countenance so full of sweetness as the one now turned towards him; at the same time, there was something in it more than beauty—there was character, greatness of soul. Her manner, perhaps, lacked diffidence-she did not hang her head, nor appear confused as he stared at her. But after all this might spring from a guileless spirit. No, had she been bashful he would not have liked her half as well.

"Child!" exclaimed the goodwife, seizing her wrist and examining the cut on her arm, "how did this happen? Why didn't you tell me about it; are you much hurt?"

"Oh, no," replied Lydia, trying to free herself from her nurse's grasp; "it's only a scratch." As she spoke her eyes were still fastened on the stranger, who had filled her with a most agreeable surprise. He was no common hunter of wolves, like Adams, but a tall, broad-shouldered man of perhaps two and twenty, with a profusion of dark hair, quite unlike the stiff, short-cropped locks of the former. His upper lip was hidden by a mustache, while the rest of his face was smooth-shaven, which increased his youthful appearance, and he had one of those open, genial countenances that disarm suspicion, and make friends everywhere; at the same time he looked as if he had a strong will, and a quick temper. While she was studying him she felt reassured that the important secret, which had so unwittingly escaped her, was safe in his keeping.

"Who can he be?" she thought, turning impatiently towards the good wife, who still held her by the wrist. The dame appeared troubled.

"God grant," she was muttering, "nothing the dear child has heard me tell of my early frolics has harmed her soul. Her trials have already begun; Satan doth often come in the guise of a hand-some youth."

Presently the goodwife fixed her eyes on Lydia's escort with a searching look. "Whoever he is,"

she continued, "one thing I'm sure of, he's not much given to exhortation—nor is he innocent of the world. Ah! Lydia, Lydia, beware!"

In the meanwhile they were rapidly approaching the settlement, and in half an hour reached the first house. Here the stranger halted, at the same time Lydia withdrew her arm from his.

"Fair lady," he said, doffing his hat, "there are in the course of our lives days which we never forget; for me this will be one of those days." Then, before she could prevent it, he had seized her hand and was pressing it to his lips.

Prudence was too thunderstruck to utter a word; Lydia, however, retained her presence of mind admirably, and instead of screaming or running away, as her nurse fully expected, she let him hold her hand as long as he pleased, and there was even a roguish smile on her face.

"What honey is to the Bee This is to me,"

he exclaimed, releasing her, and at the same time making a low obeisance.

"Alas! that we must separate; but all things have an end. Fair lady, adieu!"

"And our saddle," said Christian, "do not carry that off." The stranger laughed, and declared he had quite forgotten it was upon his horse.

"If you wish," said he, "I'll leave it at the

house where you're going to, if you'll tell me which that is."

The Indian, however, preferred taking the saddle himself, for he knew they could not be far from Charity Crabtree's. Accordingly, the servant gave it to him, then obeying a signal from his master, followed the latter rapidly down the single street, which at that time constituted the town of Hartford.

"Let us also make haste," said Christian; we've been long enough going thirty miles."

"Yes, nurse, don't stand gazing at the moon," added Lydia, gently pulling the dame's frock.
"What has disturbed you?"

"Our bodies," replied the goodwife, allowing herself to be drawn along, "have been sorely tried to-day, but our souls have been tried more severely still; I am convinced the forest we have passed through is the haunt of demons."

"Well, I have often heard unaccountable noises when I was out gathering wild flowers, or searching for bird's nests, and think what you say not improbable; but since leaving home, I'm sure we've met no devils."

At this the dame turned towards Lydia with a mournful shake of the head, but did not reply.

After going a few steps further the girl requested Christian to let her have her cloak out of the bag.

"Aye," said Prudence, "the night air is keen—wonder I didn't make you put it on as soon as I noticed your bare arm. That scratch may grow dangerous if frost gets into it. Alas! 'twas not your flesh so much as your spirit I was worried about."

The lad at once untied the bag and handed her a scarlet cloak, one of the many presents which Adams had made her.

"This is very becoming to you," pursued the goodwife; "but, child, beware of vanity. Let not strangers make your acquaintance too easily. A kiss is often the first step to damnation." Then, after a pause: "Child," she continued, "do not forget your assumed name. As you remarked yourself, a short time ago, when we first discussed the matter, and when I admit I had scruples about it. your parent's life depends on your keeping secret who you really are. These are troublous days; the spies of the King may not have given up all hope of finding him; and should any shrewd, ill disposed person discover you were the regicide's daughter, that slight clue might be enough, and 'twould not be long before he would be dragged from his hiding-place."

Lydia shuddered. "God knows," she said to herself, "what may happen! God knows! But, uo, he did not look as if he could betray me."

Presently the Indian asked if a certain house standing a little back from the street on their left, was not Miss Crabtree's.

"Yes," replied the dame, "my friend says in her letter that there's half an acre 'tween it and the road, and that there's a tall tree close by, so that must be it."

The dwelling towards which they now directed their steps was two stories high, with a garret, the second story projecting about a foot beyond the lower; while it had five dormer windows, and a peaked roof, which sloped down in the rear until it almost touched the ground. Along the south side of the house ran an immense stone chimney, which at this moment was belching forth into the clear night air a dense volume of smoke, while on the north side, and so close that it almost touched the building, stood a walnut tree, its topmost limbs stretching far over the roof.

"What a snug home this must be," thought Lydia, as they stopped in front of the door. Christian's knock did not have to be repeated; in a moment it opened, and a tall, gaunt female, her head crowned by a gigantic top-knot, and with a nose and chin projecting so far towards each other that they nearly met, appeared on the threshold. Prudence did not immediately recognize her friend;

but this was not strange, when we remember how many years had passed since they had separated.

"Be you Charity Crabtree?" she inquired, speaking slowly and with a tone of sadness.

"I be, and who on earth are you? but afore you answer come inside, it's a sharp night and you're shivering."

The travellers obeyed, and presently found themselves in a kind of passage way leading into the main room. The Pequot now threw down his load and gave a sigh of relief, while Miss Crabtree brought the lamp she was holding, so close to the good wife's face that she almost scorched her evelashes, then began narrowly scrutinizing her. "As I live," she exclaimed, "as I live, if you ain't my schoolmate, Prudence Garlic!--the companion of all my youthful frolies; but how you have changed!" Here her voice faltered, and the eyes of both filled with tears. "Aye!" she continued, "I ought to have been on the look-out for you; when Mad Adams says he'll do a thing, he keeps his word. No doubt he guided you here." Then without asking another question she set her light on the floor, and gave her friend such a hearty embrace that the latter was convinced she loved her as much as ever. After this demonstration, Miss Crabtree opened a second door, and conducted them into the principal apartment of the house, which occupied almost the

whole of the first story, and for comfort surpassed anything Lydia had ever dreamt of. Here she made them sit down on a bench close to a roaring fire, the back log of which was full six feet long, and whose glow lit up even the spider's web in the furthest corner, and rendered superfluous either lamp or candle. Having warmed her hands a moment. Prudence entered into conversation with her friend, who, like herself, had never married; but they spoke in undertones, so that neither the Pequot nor Lydia could distinctly make out what they said. At length, after Miss Crabtree had given her whole history as well as she could recollect it for the past twenty years, she stopped and waited for the goodwife to begin hers. But the latter shook her head.

"No," she whispered, "Do not ask me for mine; it must remain a secret; but upon my honor it shall be the only one I will ever keep from you."

Charity looked surprised, then with a frown said,

"It's real unkind, after I've told you everything about myself; I hate mysteries. Pray who is this girl you have brought with you."

"My niece Lydia, smart and God-fearing, and the longer you know her the better you'll like her; isn't she handsome!"

Miss Crabtree shrugged her shoulders and remained a minute or two with her eyes fastened on

the girl. Gradually the frown passed from her face, and she said to herself:

"Just what my nephew ought to have to make him happy." Then again addressing Prudence, "And you say she's smart?"

"Ha! she knows a deal more than I do. Her father has taught her everything, and she can converse about countries that lie ever so far on t'other side of the world. She has, I confess, an odd notion that afore long these Colonies will free themselves from England and become a great, independent Republic—and on this she and her father disagree. But you musn't mind her; 'twas Adams, no doubt, put it into her head."

"Good, good!" said Charity, rubbing her shrivelled hands; "your niece and my nephew Joe are of one mind. I do wish he were here; can't think what keeps him out so late. True, there's been a town-meeting, but that's over these four hours.

"I hope he will like my niece," whispered Mother Garlie.

"But her tresses must be first cut off," pursued Charity, raising her voice; "they're very pretty, but they're not approved by the church. Moreover, Increase Mather is expected afore a great while, and I want him to form a good opinion of the girl, a thing he'd certainly not do if she wore ringlets. And bless me, if she basn't got short sleeves! Worse and worse!" While she was speaking, the regicide's daughter had withdrawn her wounded arm a moment from beneath the cloak and was examining it.

"Pardon, said the goodwife, "'twas an accident tore that sleeve off. I haven't told you yet what happened on our journey hither."

"No, do tell! First, however, let me look at the girl's arm; there's blood upon it." But Lydia, who had overheard the last few words, drew her cloak over it again with an offended air.

"Peevish after her tiresome ride," said Miss Crabtree; "supper will be ready presently, and that will put her in a better humor. Do begin now, and tell your adventure."

Accordingly, Prudence cleared her throat and narrated how they had been attacked by wolves—how she herself had been obliged to climb a tree for safety, while her niece's horse, terrified by the savage beasts, had dashed off into the forest, carrying the girl with him. She likewise gave full credit to the Pequot for having so bravely rushed after Lydia. Finally, she told how her niece had been rescued by a couple of strangers just as the pack were closing round her; then dropping her voice, she proceeded to relate how the girl had permitted one of her deliverers—a handsome young

man—to entwine her arm in his, and how they had thus walked on together as far as the entrance to the town, "where," continued the goodwife, "he made so free as actually to kiss her hand." At this revelation Miss Crabtree's brow contracted.

"'Twas a bold, presuming act," continued the speaker.

"Verily it was," exclaimed her friend. "Although I did not always think so, I believe now a kiss is often the devil's entering wedge."

"Well, Charity dear, I am happy to say she's well grounded in religion, and this first attack of Satan may prove harmless. We were both embraced more than once at her age. How rosy cheeks do draw the men folks' lips!"

"True, and yet we still kept on the way of righteousness, didn't we? Let us hope 'twill be so in her case."

While they were thus conversing, Lydia amused herself examining the room, in which she found a great deal to interest her. What she most admired was its size, which appeared ample enough to contain the whole of her own little cabin. The windows were at least three feet high by two wide, and opened with hinges, while the glass was set in lead lines and diamond-shaped. Then, there was the spacious chimney with its enormous back log, which had been worked into its place with

handspikes. In fact, so deep was the fireplace that a couple of benches were fastened to the jambs, and behind the log there was space enough for pussy to lie without danger of scorching. In each corner of the chimney hung a flitch of bacon while along the joists overhead were strings of dried apples, pumpkins, bunches of catnip and the largest ears of corn, which were being kept for next season's planting. Pasted on the wall above the fireplace, so that while you warmed yourself you could not help noticing it, was a broad sheet of paper, dingy and fly-blown, yet in a tolerable state of preservation, considering the length of time it had been there, on which were written King Charles' twelve good rules:

"Profane no Divine Ordinance,
Touch no State Matters.
Urge no Healths.
Pick no Quarrels.
Encourage no Vice.
Repeat no Grievances.
Revial no Secrets.
Maintain no Ill Opinion.
Make no Comparisons.
Keep no Bad Company.
Make no Long Meals.
Lay no Wagers."

Just as Lydia had finished reading them the servant announced that supper was ready, and her appetite being keen, she did not lose a moment taking her place at the table. This piece of furniture, by the way, was the oddest thing in the whole house. It served a double purpose. When the girl had first entered, she had beheld it in the form of a large. round-backed chair; but now the back, which moved on hinges, was turned over and the chair altered into a table.

"Begin, child," said Mother Garlic, placing a whole griddle of Indian cakes upon her plate; "begin, you've fasted and suffered much to-day, and need refreshment."

Lydia threw off her cloak, and after saying a short grace, began the meal, while Miss Crabtree stood behind her a moment, gazing at her bare arm, then turning to her friend:

"You're right," she whispered, "I can tell by its whiteness that she's been used to wearing long sleeves."

During the next quarter of an hour, griddle after griddle passed from the hearth to the table, and two pitchers of milk, half a jar of grape sweetmeats, a cold pumpkin pie, and a loaf of bread disappeared, before their appetites were appeased. They then resumed their places on the bench in front of the fire, and Charity again expressed her wonder that her nephew (whose name, by the way, was Joseph Wadsworth,) did not come home.

"He never stays long at the tavern," she said;
"I can't think what keeps him out so late I know

you'll like him," here she turned to Prudence, "he's so God-fearing, so kind to me, his poor old aunt. I've been keeping house for him now seven years, and during all that time not a cross word has passed between us."

"And you say he holds the same opinion as my niece, in regard to the future of the colonies?" remarked Goody Garlie, anxious that Lydia should be favorably disposed towards the man under whose roof she was going to sojourn.

"Yes, 'tis on his mind day and night, in fact—" here she brought her mouth close to her friend's ear—"'tis doing him harm; he's not as cheerful and fond of society as I could wish."

Lydia who was now in better mood than before supper, drew close to Miss Crabtree and began listening attentively to every word which dropped from her lips.

"Kind and God-fearing," she said, repeating to herself the old aunt's words, "and a patriot!"

At this moment a gust of wind made the outer doorshake, and as the girl heard it her heart throbbed, for she fancied it might be the nephew entering. She longed to lay eyes on him, especially since she had learnt that his faith in the future of their native land was the same as her own. She hoped too that he might prove to be the captivating stranger whom she had met in the forest; and yet

this was scarcely probable, as the latter had asked Christian how far it was to Hartford, and an inhabitant of the town would hardly have been so ignorant of his whereabouts. Another hour passed, still Wadsworth did not arrive, and Prudence and Charity continued their conversation in a voice always loud enough for the girl to hear, and she was able to learn a great deal concerning the master of the house. At length, out of one of the corners of the room came the sound of a person snoring, and turning round, Lydia saw the Pequot curled up on the floor like a hedge hog, fast asleep. Goody Garlic also gazed over her shoulder and smiled, then gave a yawn.

"Aye," exclaimed Miss Crabtree, "I shouldn't have kept you up so late, 'tis ten o'clock and past."

Then looking to see what had become of the servant maid, she spied that hard-working creature ensconsed in the quaint piece of furniture, which had once more assumed its chair form. Like Christian the drudge was sound askeep. But one good pinch on her fat arm made her open her eyes and cry "Oh!" then emphasizing her words with a stamp of the foot, and a second pinch, Miss Crabtree bade her rise and show the Indian the way to the garret. Not many minutes after, Prudence and Lydia were following Miss Crabtree up the staircase, the latter accompanied by an enor

mous cat, which had abandoned its snug quarters behind the back log, rather than let its mistress go out of sight for ever so short a time.

"I myself," remarked Charity, "shall presently go below again and await my nephew; no rest for me until he comes. I'll keep a good fire burning, and as the chimney passes through your room the heat from it will take the edge off the frost."

On reaching the second story they turned to the left and entered a spacious chamber, into which the moonbeams were streaming. Part of the furniture consisted of an oaken chest, which their hostess informed them had been brought over from England by the first of the Wadsworth family who had emigrated.

"And I once heard my brother-in-law say," she added, "that his father told him it was a century old then."

Close by the chest was a chair whose sides and back were full three inches thick, and which looked as if it was intended to last forever.

"I never like to sit in that chair," continued Miss Crabtree; "but perhaps I'm foolish."

"Why, is it broken or what?" asked Prudence.

"Broken! not in the least; you couldn't crack it if you let it drop from the top of the house. But you must know, so many have died in it. There's my nephew's father, and his grandfather, and although I never heard tell, yet I wouldn't wonder if his great-grandfather had breathed his last in it too. It runs in the family to go off unexpected, and they were looking as strong as you or I a minute afore."

When Lydia heard this she felt inclined to ask the old maid to hush, and not talk of such awful things at that hour, but Charity's stern expression made her hesitate, and so she said nothing.

Next to the wall, and with the chimney running between, were a couple of feather beds, with a rusty horse shoe dangling at the head of each.

"Those," pursued Charity, lowering her voice to a whisper, "are meant to keep off witches, so let 'em be."

The old maid next called their attention to a row of pegs along the whitewashed wall, on which they might hang their gowns, and also showed them a Bible lying on a table in the middle of the room.

Then before bidding them good night, she went out a moment and returned, carrying a pair of shoes with very peaked toes, which was the fashion at that period, and had been ever since Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, had worn them thus in order to conceal an excrescence on one of his feet.

"You mustn't use moccasins any more," she said, addressing Lydia; "to-morrow, put these

on—they may be a mite too big, but I guess you'll manage to keep 'em from slipping off."

The girl frowned an instant, but wisely concluding that she had better not quarrel with the old maid for such a trifle, promised to do as she was bid. Miss Crabtree now wished them both pleasant dreams, and closing the door withdrew to the apartment below, where let us leave her seated in front of the fire, listening to the wind howling and beating against the windows as if it were trying to force a way in. The noise of the blast, however, did not shake her nerves; she was only anxious about Wadsworth, and with a jug of cider, and a plate of walnuts at her elbow, she whiled away the hours pleasantly enough, wondering what on earth could keep her nephew out so late. It was nearly midnight, and he had never done this before

## CHAPTER IV.

NEXT morning, Lydia was awakened by the ringing of a bell in the street. The sound seemed to pass the house twice; and between the first and the second time, she heard Miss Crabtree's footsteps descending the staircase. Goody Garlic, however, continued to snore; and as the dim light

which crept in through the dormer window showed that day was only just breaking, Lydia did not wake her, and having no household duties to perform, determined to remain a while longer herself in her comfortable bed. Presently her thoughts flew to her home in the forest, and she prayed God to keep her father safe during her absence. Fond as she was of poor Jack, she almost wished he might not have succeeded in escaping from the wolves, for if the old gentleman were to see the nag arrive alone and without a saddle, it would give him a shock from which he might never recover. Soon, a loud roaring in the chimney warned her that the fire was lit, and after listening to it a few minutes she got up, unable to bear the idea of others being at work, and herself doing nothing. While she was putting on her gown, Prudence opened her eyes, and with a yawn, exclaimed:

"We're guests, child, and can take things easy; pray lie still until you're called."

This remonstrance proved of no avail; Lydia was too thoroughly aroused to think of getting into bed again, and the chilly atmosphere of the room only hastened her movements. When she appeared below, her hostess greeted her with a warmth which almost took the breath away from the servant maid, who had always associated her mistress with from s and pinches, and the drudge

could scarcely believe her eyes. The smile of Charity Crabtree was a thing not soon to be forgotten. With Lydia's right hand grasped in both of hers, the dame's nose and chin for a moment parted company -the broad mouth opened wider and wider, until you saw nothing but a set of jagged teeth while her to; -knot moved backwards and forwards, as if it were trying to say, "How d'ye do." What especially pleased the old maid, was to find the girl in long sleeves, for Lydia had put on another dress, and accordingly she dismissed to a future occasion, the lecture which she had intended giving, on the sinfulness of wearing curls. Perhaps, if Charity's heart could have been laid bare to mortal eye, it would have been discovered, that her horror of long hair was pretty evenly balanced, in Lydia's case, by a desire that her nephew should see his young guest before she was deprived of these ornaments.

"Yes," she said to herself, "they may be sinful yet they do increase her charms. If she's on half what Prudence makes her out to be, Joe much marry her; she's exactly what he needs to make him happy." Then patting the girl's shoulder, she inquired if she had passed a pleasant night, adding that it had been the coldest of the season, and that five of her chickens had frozen to death on the roost.

"Oh, how could I have been otherwise than comfortable," returned Lydia, "buried so deep in feathers. I doubt if I'd have opened my eyes near as soon as I did, if a bell in the street hadn't roused me."

"Humph! I'm sorry you were disturbed, Miss; and yet I think you'll agree, that the law which was passed at town meeting, some years ago, and which ordaineth that every morning, about daybreak, the watch shall ring a bell all the way from Wyllys' Hill to the other end of the town, was a good one."

Lydia smiled, then asked how many obeyed the law.

"How many? well, a quarter of an hour after you hear it, there's not a dwelling in Hartford but what has a light burning. If not, then one shilling and sixpence forfeit to him who finds out the lazy body, and sixpence to the town."

Lydia having now sufficiently warmed her hands at the fire, offered to assist in the household duties. But Miss Crabtree, while gratified by such evidence of an industrious spirit, shook her head and bade her go sit on one of the benches in the chimney, adding that her visit was to be a complete holiday. Accordingly Lydia withdrew to the cozy nook, towards which the dame's finger was pointing, and resting her feet on the end of the back log, peered into the sooty cavern over her head. Presently

she uttered an exclamation of wonder. Deep in the chimney appeared a bright object, which at first, she thought was a spark; but it did not move, what could it be?

"A chimney like this," thought Lydia, "is the very place for a witch to hide in; might not that be her eye winking at me?"

"My nephew," said Charity, just as a puff of smoke hid the bright object from view, "is exceedingly fond of sitting where you are; and often he'll not open his lips the whole evening, but keep gazing at the stars, then at the burning coals, thinking dear knows of what—a strange, strange man! yet he's more than good, he's perfection itself."

Lydia laughed a moment at her folly in having mistaken a star for a witch's eye, then asked at what hour Mr. Wadsworth had come home.

"Past midnight, Miss Garlic, that's why he's late this morning; Joe is usually down afore me. In fact, he's the only man I ever knew that was willing to help along, and not leave every thing to the women folks."

Lydia smiled; this remark put her in mind of what Prudence had said, the morning when Adams had been so tardy making his appearance.

"But besides being an early riser, and a most kind-hearted fellow, he's a genius. He can, when he devotes himself to his farm, plough

more land in a day than any other man in Hartford; he can shoe a horse; drill the lads into soldiers; and he can exhort. But, what's better yet, at a pinch he can bake bread." These last words were spoken with intense energy. "Then, too, he's a scholar. Why, Miss, you ain't the half this house yet. There's a room in it, where there's nothing but books; and to tell the truth, that's the only place I'm not allowed to penetrate. I did get in once, however, a few weeks ago, and succeeded in dusting and putting things almost to rights, when Joe arrived with his friend Adams, and caught me. 'Twas the only time I ever saw my nephew vexed. He said nothing, however, except that it would take him a month to find his pens and scaling wax. But when I opened a drawer, and showed 'em to him all nicely stowed away in a pasteboard box, he had to laugh. Isn't it queer how men hate tidiness! Even my Joe, with all his good qualities, would stay a hundred years in that room, without having it swept and put in order."

While she was talking, Miss Crabtree's eyes were fixed on an Indian cake, placed amongst the embers, and which seemed to be almost baked. Suddenly she smoothed her apron down, and whispered; "He's coming." At that moment Lydia heard footsteps on the staircase, and leaving her

seat, hastened to place herself beside the old maid. The master of the house descended briskly, rubbing his hands as if he felt the keen air of the upper story, and when he reached the bottom of the steps, was about advancing towards the fireplace, when he caught sight of the girl, and halted. He was of medium height, perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years of age, with broad shoulders, and a thin, care-worn face, which now, as Lydia surveyed him, bore a look of astonishment not unmingled with displeasure. His heavy evebrows lowered over eyes full of dark fire, which seemed yet darker from the uncommon depth at which they were set in his head. His features were harsh. But while the girl's eyes were fastened on him they changed, and became softened by a look of melancholy. He wore a moustache and a pointed beard, and except for his hair, which was trimmed evenly in front, after the fashion of the Paritans, and covered more than half his forehead like a skull cap, while behind it fell in thick clusters, he might have been considered handsome. To give it this shape a cap, and sometimes a large bowl was used, and every lock which in front fell below the rim, was clipped off by the scissors.

"A very different person from the lively stranger who saved me from the welves," thought Lydia, as she steadily returned Wadsworth [1,32]. Nover-

theless she recognized in him no ordinary mortal, one whose spirit would be content to follow along the beaten ways of life. Pride—ambition—restlessness, daring; all these were stamped upon his countenance. Close at his heels followed a dog with shaggy, yellow hair, and which belonged to the Shepherd's breed. The creature stopped an instant when its master did, then wagging its tail rushed forward and buried its head in the folds of Lydia's dress. The girl smiled, and stroked its back, which act of kindness seemed to drive the dog wild with delight, and jumping upon its hind legs it placed its paws against her breast, then gave a succession of sharp, joyous barks. Miss Crabtree looked on, evidently not at all pleased, and presently seizing the brute by the ear, she pulled it down, then introduced Lydia to her nephew, telling him that the girl was the niece of her friend, Prudence Garlic, who, with his consent had been invited to pass a short while with them. Lydia immediately offered her hand, and there was something so simple and frank in her manner, that Wadsworth's sternness for a moment relaxed, and stretching out his own, he gave hers a cordial shake, to the great delight of his aunt, who could scarcely believe her senses. At the same time he asked if she were fond of dogs.

"Very, sir," responded Lydia."

"Well, Miss, they're wonderful company. Miles Standish is called my shadow; wherever I go he goes."

Here his aunt's top-knot gave a sudden jerk, and her brows knit, for be it known the dog and she were not on the best of terms. When her back was turned, Miles had too often stolen choice morsels from the table, and had no respect for her cat. But especially did she dislike him, from a rooted conviction, that her nephew would never take to himself a wife, so long as this shadow kept him company.

"A comely maiden lawfully joined in wedlock," she muttered, turning away, "would be far better to have with you than a dumb brute."

Wadsworth now advanced the strange opinion that Miles had a soul.

"O fie!" said Charity, again facing him, "don't talk in such a way afore your guests."

"Well, how do you know the dog has not?" said Lydia; "many things are true, which books do not teach."

No sooner had she uttered these words, than Wadsworth's countenance brightened; you might have thought he had made some great discovery. Here was indeed a young woman different from any he had ever met before, one who did not follow in the beaten track, and whom he might—yes,

whom he might get to love and—. But no, that never could be; there was an obstacle in his way, which although created by himself, he was powerless to remove, without incurring the wrath of the Almighty; and the feeling with which, at this moment, he viewed Lydia, was only a passing weakness. Presently his strong will came to the rescue, and the harsh look again clouded his visage. But Charity was satisfied with the progress already made; better slow than not at all, and slapping him on the back; "That's right, Joe," she exclaimed, "be your old self again."

Presently Goody Garlie made her appearance, and although Wadsworth gave her a rather distant welcome, he assured her that as a friend of his aunt, nothing would be left undone to make her visit to Hartford as pleasant as possible.

The servant now placed a griddle of cakes upon the table, and Miles Standish's nose was immediately pointed towards them; while so eager was his gaze that Lydia took one of them in her fingers, and holding it high in the air made the dog jump and catch it. Wadsworth smiled, but Charity bit her lip and clutched her apron, as if she were going to tear it off—it seemed too bad this new comer should make so free, and take such a liking for the hateful beast. Her displeasure was about breaking forth in words, when

Wadsworth taking the Bible from a shelf, tapped it with his knuckle and gave the signal for prayers. At once she folded her arms and bowed her head; the others followed her example, and for the next five minutes nothing was heard but her nephew's deep and solemn voice. At the end of that time, Miles grew impatient; one mouthful had only whetted his appetite, and he began thumping his tail on the floor and whining. Lydia could not resist this appeal; so slyly taking another cake from the platter, she let it drop between his jaws, which came together with a sound very like the click of a steel-trap. Miss Crabtree shuddered; what would her nephew think of such conduct? Could he pass it over unnoticed? Impossible! Fancy then her astonishment, when pressently he closed the book, and took his seat at the table as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"Alas!" she sighed, "the girl has odd ways. It may be the devil has got into her; if so, he must be got cut, or she'll never do for Joe's wife. But Joe! what has come over him, that he is so lenient?"

Prudence was hardly less astonished than her friend, at the girl's behavior. At home Lydia had always conducted herself properly, and the dame could only account for this sudden change, by supposing that she had not yet recovered from the

excitement of the perilous journey down the river. During the meal which followed, Miss Crabtree kept her eyes pretty busy, watching first Lydia, then her nephew, who did not eat quite so much as usual. He seemed anxious that his young guest should taste of everything; and his attentions resulted in forming about her plate a semi-circle of cakes, maple syrup, honey, sweetmeats, etc.

"Curls are wonderful things for touching a man's heart," thought the aunt. "Perhaps I was wrong to judge hastily; she may after all be a God-fearing maiden."

Whether or no she was right in supposing that her nephew was growing bewitched by Lydia's tresses, certain it is that his own locks did not inspire the girl with any corresponding admiration. Mad Adams had always worn his in the same homely style; but then he was born an ugly fellow, whereas Wadsworth was a man of naturally fine presence, whom the stern spirit of the age seemed bent on deforming. The meal was nearly finished before Miss Crabtree spoke.

"Joe," she said, "when you came home last night, I was so drowsy I forgot to ask what had kept you out so late. Any thing gone wrong with the train-band to require your presence, or were you visiting some neighbors?"

"No, aunt," he replied, "there are never any

brawls among my soldiers; and as for visiting, you know I'm not given to that." Here the goodwoman shook her head and sighed. "But if you wish I'll tell what detained me. About eight o'clock I dropped in at the 'Bunch of Grapes,' to learn whether our friend Adams had got back yet from his mysterious expedition. I call it mysterious, for nobody but myself and you know his errand, and even I am ignorant of the direction he took. Well, as we were conversing about him, two strangers entered; one, who was much younger than the other, wore the King's uniform concealed under a deer-skin coat, and had a very commanding air. His companion, an ill-looking fellow, I judged to be his servant. After whispering a word to the person who keeps the Ordinary during Simon's absence, the younger of the two left, without, to my surprise, so much as taking a glass of wine, although he looked cold. After he had gone, several of the town folks began to nod and wink at each other, and presently the stranger who remained, was invited to try some of the old rum for which our tavern is famous. At first he refused, but being pressed, consented that the company should drink his health. Well, you know, aunt, the first step is always the difficult one; after that, all comes easy enough. No sooner had he emptied his goblet than he invited us to drink with him;

we accepted, and in a few minutes the tongue of the unknown was loosed, and he began talking of things which he had better have kept secret. We discovered that he had only left Boston a few days ago, where, he said, Sir Edmund Andros was ruling with a high hand. At this, one of the company declared the new Governor would live to rue it; whereat the stranger grew profane, and said he hoped the King would look after Connecticut ere long. This remark led to a sharp retort from one of my train-band, and a brawl seemed imminent. but I stepped between, and put a stop to the difficulty. You see my object was to let the fellow talk on and give us as much information as possible, for we have had no news from Boston since last month. Believing that I was on his side, the stranger finished his drink, then went on telling us that our Charter would soon be taken away, and closed by expressing a hope that the regicide Goffe would yet be found and brought to the gallows."

At these words Lydia turned deadly pale, but the old maids did not notice her; they were looking at Wadsworth.

"I now asked him," pursued the speaker, "what had brought him to Hartford, but he would not answer, nor could he be induced to reveal anything further regarding himself; and I came away, con-

vinced that some evil was brewing. 'Tis time for us to be on the alert.'

"May the Lord spare poor Connecticut!" exclaimed Charity.

"Amen," responded Goody Garlic.

"Well, for my part," continued Wadsworth, "I hope she may feel the heel of the oppressor. The people will then open their eyes and see their destiny!"

These words struck Lydia as being almost the same which Adams had used when he had first announced the arrival of Andros, and she felt convinced that it was her host who had moulded his opinions and infused into him so much patriotism. Her heart throbbed, too, to think of what she might witness if she remained long enough in Hartford; at the same time she could not rid herself of a vague sense of dread—the stranger who had kissed her hand, was no doubt the same who had entered the tavern for a moment while Wadsworth was there. Could she trust him?

"His face haunts me," she said to herself; "I almost wish we had not met. But he will not divulge my secret; oh no, he will not!"

Just then the door flew open, and all out of breath, as if he had been running hard, appeared Simon Adams. No sooner did he behold Lydia and the goodwife, than he threw up his hands and

stood as if rooted to the threshold, without uttering a syllable. Presently recovering his breath, and advancing towards them:

"The Lord be praised!" he exclaimed; "the Lord be praised!"

Wadsworth, who had not yet heard of his guests' adventure with the wolves, was of course puzzled by such conduct, and ordered him to explain himself. The honest fellow nodded, and having shaken hands with Prudence and the girl, went on to relate how, towards the middle of the past night, old Jack had returned home without his saddle and looking as if some witch had been riding him.

"I wouldn't have told your father a word about it," he said, addressing Lydia; "but the horse neighed so loud that the old gentleman awoke, and by the light of the moon saw the animal pawing at the stable door. Oh dear! but it almost killed him; and I felt awful bad, too, for I guessed something dreadful had happened. Well, at once I put the nag in the stable, then taking my rifle, and plenty of powder and bullets, started off on your trail. I hardly thought Indians had attacked you, for they've been quite peaceable of late. I guessed it was wolves."

"Right," interrupted the goodwife, "and only a merciful Providence saved us."

"Well, I've been running and hallooing the

whole thirty miles down the river, and if ever there was a tired man, I'm one. But the Lord be thanked, you're both safe and sound, and under the best roof in Connecticut."

"You did, indeed, have an adventure," said Wadsworth; "if the savages had carried you off, Adams would have pursued them until he dropped dead. He's the truest of friends. But, pray Miss," turning towards Lydia, "give me some account of what happened to you and your aunt."

Here Charity nudged her friend with her elbow.

"There's not much to relate, sir," responded Lydia, slightly blushing; "we were attacked by wolves, as Simon supposed, and while aunt climbed a tree for safety, I was carried off by my horse, and would have been overtaken and devoured by the wild beasts, had not two strangers suddenly appeared and discharged their guns at the pack, thus saving my life. But the flash and the noise caused Jack to swerve, and I fell to the ground, without, however, sustaining any great injury. These strangers afterwards accompanied us as far as the town."

"Indeed! Well, mayhap, these were the same I saw at the 'Bunch of Grapes;' in which case I forgive that impudent varlet much that he said about New England." Here Wadsworth rose and lit his pipe, while Adams took the seat which he had left, and began devouring the remains of the

breakfast with a voracity quite peculiar to himself, and in five minutes all that was on the table had disappeared.

"I hope you will not return to the log cabin with a fresh pack of cards in your pocket," exclaimed Mother Garlic, whose soul was ever ready to warn other souls, and who thought this a favorable opportunity to lecture the Publican.

"It is a pity Mr. Wadsworth cannot teach you a little godliness." This remark was answered by a mute but expressive appeal. The dame, however, saw her advantage; she was not going to be softened by Adams' rolling eyes, and she was about following up her attack when Lydia pulled her sleeve.

"Why, nurse," whispered the girl, "ought father to be deprived of the only amusement he can enjoy until we return? Do let Simon bring him another pack. I will not believe that what my parent does is sinful."

At these words the goodwife pushed back her chair an inch or two and clasped her hands. Could she believe her ears? was this the same Lydia who had so lately refused the tavern keeper's sinful gift? who but Beelzebub could have wrought such a change? Alas! she was not able to understand the powerful influence which the heart, even in matters of religion, exerts over us,

and how much the girl's scruples had been overcome by love for her father.

Lydia, on her part, realized as she had never done before, that the way to Zion is often made by foolish mortals, rougher and more tortuous than God intended it to be, and she gazed at Wadsworth, hoping that he would say something to excuse Adams. Presently the former took his pipe from his mouth, and after blowing a wreath of smoke towards the beams overhead:

"I'm sure," said he, "that my friend and companion in many an Indian fight would not jeopardize his salvation by doing what the church, speaking through the civil law, has forbidden. He would no more play cards than hang himself."

At these words the culprit's ears tingled while his eyes fastened on his empty platter. He was evidently much embarrassed. Prudence, on the contrary, sat erect in her chair; her head was thrown slightly back——she looked the very picture of triumph.

"Adams," she exclaimed, in a jubilant voice, and pointing at him her long, bony fore-finger, "I've got you in a corner now; confess that you're a sinner."

The poor fellow surveyed her an instant with such a supplicating expression, that Miss Crabtree had to laugh. But Lydia's eyes flashed. She

wadsworth as strict on the subject of amusements as her nurse. Had his mind, so strong and original, bowed down before the bigotry of the age? For the next minute there was silence. The good wife was meditating whether she had better push matters to extremes, and thus, perhaps, bring about a reformation in Simon's conduct, while the latter was racking his brains to discover some way of getting out of the scrape. For once Lydia's boldness forsook her; she hesitated to tell her host what she thought. At length, as if he had read what was passing through her mind, Wadsworth took his pipe from his mouth and in a solemn voice:

"We must," said he, "obey the laws, which the Church approves, or else—eternal damnation" and the emphasis placed on the last two words sent a shudder through every person in the room.

Simon now jumped up from his seat and was hastening towards the door when Prudence stopped him.

"Mr. Wadsworth," she exclaimed, "I want you to ask this stray sheep, whether or no he brought a pack of cards to my house a few days ago."

Wadsworth stared at her a moment, then turning to his friend and lowering his shaggy eyebrows:

"Did you?" he said.

"Not one word of truth in the whole story," responded Adams; "and you know captain, I wouldn't tell a falsehood."

"Then let me hear no more about it," continued Wadsworth impatiently, for he regretted to think that either Simon or his guest must be telling a lie.

Here the matter dropped, but the expression on Goody Garlic's face as the tavern-keeper continued his way to the door, was indescribable; it was now his turn to look triumphant.

"Oh, Simon, Simon!" she muttered, "what joy you have given Beelzebub, this day."

Adams remained outside only a few minutes, then thrust in his head and beckoned to Wadsworth, who immediately joined him in front of the house.

"I've something important to communicate," he began, as soon as the door was closed, and after looking around to satisfy himself that nobody was listening: "It is this—Lydia Garlic isn't the real name of that girl inside, nor is she any kin to the woman who came with her last evening. Her mother died many years ago, and she lives with her father in a small cabin, a day's journey up the river. She takes care of him and nurses him as if he were a child, for he is advanced in years and quite

infirm. At this hour there's not a soul with the old gentleman, and that's why I want to hurry back. The girl, depend upon it, won't be willing to tarry long in Hartford; and it's to consult you about her that I've called you out. Suppose now you give me leave to bring the old man to live with you; you are well off, you wouldn't feel the expense; whereas he's poor, and it'll make his daughter love you to the end of her days. Ah, captain, he'll be a lucky fellow that wins her heart."

"But you haven't yet told me who she is."

"No, I'm coming to it presently; it's a secret shared only by Prudence and myself, unless one old maid has told it to the other."

"Well, well, who is she?"

"The daughter of Goffe, the regicide!" responded Adams, lowering his voice.

"No! the soldier who fought so bravely under Cromwell?"

"Yes; and if the veteran has a noble spirit his child is worthy of him. Why, you might ride from here to Boston, from Narragansett Bay back to the last settlement in the wilderness, and not find her equal. But I need not stop to recount her virtues. When I was planning with myself to have her brought here, I went over them all to you. Ha! Ha! you didn't suspect then it was Goffe's daughter I was praising."

"And didn't her father come to Hurtford seven or eight years ago and remain hidden in Captain Bull's house the summer I was away visiting my relatives in New Hayen?"

"He did, and I helped him escape, when Andros, who, as you remember, was at that time Governor of New York, formed a plan to kidnap him."

"But why did you wait so long before telling me about Goffe? you knew my admiration for him."

"Because, sir, the time hadn't arrived. Now Miss Lydia is in her bloom, and I hope my patience will be rewarded; the flower is ready for you to pick."

During the next minute Wadsworth was silent, not a muscle of his face moved, and his eyes wandered off to the belfry of the meeting-house.

"If you are a bachelor three months hence, my name isn't Simon Adams," pursued the honest fellow.

Still Wadsworth's lips remained closed, his gaze kept fixed on the belfry.

"Well, I say, captain, isn't she beautiful? Do speak."

"She is—but—." Here Wadsworth, unlike himself, hesitated.

"But what?" cried Adams, "you are thinking of her curls. Bah! that's what I was afraid of. However, they shall not stand in your way; her tresses shall be cut off. Captain, will that satisfy you?"

Another minute passed without the chief of the train-band opening his lips; he seemed to be struggling with himself.

"Yes," he said at length, "you may bring her father here. I will do all I can to make him happy; and by Jehovah, Andros shall never take him away."

At this, Simon rubbed his hands, then commenced to laugh and dance; nor did he stop his capers until he saw Wadsworth frowning. He then became quiet and without pressing him further to tell how he liked Lydia, informed him that he would hasten back immediately with the good tidings to Colonel Goffe.

"'Twill be a joyful surprise to Miss Lydia," he whispered, as they re-entered the house.

"I'm thinking of the parent, not of the daughter, responded Wadsworth, for the first time in his life telling what was not altogether the truth. His friend looked at him in wonder.

"Folks call me mad," said Adams; "but you're the mad one, not I."

It was enough to excite his anger, that a person whom he had known so long and held in such esteem—the richest man in Hartford, well educated, and possessing so much influence among his fellow

citizens—should have lived on till his thirtieth year without a wife. How much pleasanter the Wadsworth mansion would become if a woman like Lydia could take the place of Charity Crabtree, who had always seemed to Adams more than half witch. The young folks would then visit it again and make it cheerful, whereas now it was the most ghostly dwelling in town, and he had sometimes felt afraid to go up into the garret by himself. So out of humor was he with Wadsworth's indifference about the girl, that he did not even fill his pipe, but hastily ordering Christian to accompany him, left the house without even saying good-bye. Lydia could not believe he would return to her home without letting her know, and when she discovered from the goodwife that he had indeed departed, she hastened to the door but it was too late, he and the Indian were already out of sight. When she again took her seat by the fire, her host drew near and resting his elbow on the mantelpiece, began examining her narrowly. He looked at her hand, which was stroking Miles' head, then at her foot, which, for an instant, she had withdrawn from the shoe, then at her golden ringlets. But what he admired most was her dimpled chin. Gradually the sternness passed from his face, and when the girl glanced at him he smiled. Miss Crabtree immediately winked at Goody Garlic; Goody Garlic winked back at Charity, and the latter, placing her mouth close to her friend's ear, whispered: "It's a coming!"

## CHAPTER V.

The day was too clear and beautiful to remain in doors, so after Lydia had caressed Miles until the creature was tired of wagging its tail, she proposed to Goody Garlic that they should go out for a stroll. The girl remembered very little of the town, for when she had been here before she was only entering her teens, and besides, she had remained but a few months, while Mrs. Bull, in whose house the regicide had been concealed, had not allowed her a great deal of liberty----the good woman fearing lest she might speak indiscreetly about her father to other girls. Now it happened that Wadsworth, just as Lydia speke, had been on the point of inviting her to go out with him. But it was not his intention to walk; he meant to take her behind him on a pillion, and thus show her all that was to be seen, unaccompanied by Prudence or his aunt. It is more than likely, however, he would have missed the pleasantest jaunt he ever took in his life, had not Charity, who was a shrewd far-seeing woman, already whispered to her friend

that the girl would no doubt want to go out soon, and if she did, her nephew and she must go alone. Never till now had Prudence used deceit with Lydia, but this time she certainly fibbed, when placing her hand on her brow she declared that she had a headache and could not accompany her.

"Come with me, Miss," exclaimed the captain, taking his elbow from the mantel-piece, and as he did so the dog began frisking about. "I will be your guide; I have a trusty nag and a saddle that can carry us both."

Without hesitating, Lydia accepted the invitation, and as she flew up stairs for her cloak and hood; Miss Crabtree gave her friend another wink, and at the same time declared the latter must take a dose of camomile tea. Wadsworth likewise sought his own apartment, having first given orders to have his horse ready in ten minutes. When he re-appeared, he was dressed in his very best suit. His pointed shoes were quite new, and ornamented with brass buckles; his cloth coat, which fell below his knees, was fastened with hooks and eyes: while around his neck he wore a linen band, prepared with wire and starch, so as to make it stand out horizontally, and tied with a yellow cord and tassel. His beaver hat, with an exceedingly broad brim, was shaped like a steeple, and lastly, he wore a watch, a rare thing in those days, and only four

of the gentlemen of Hartford, besides himself, could boast of one.

As soon as Lydia beheld him in the fashionable rig of the Seventeeth century, she with difficulty refrained from laughing, and thought he had looked much better in his deer-skin jacket and high-top boots. Presently a servant announced that the horse was at the door, and Wadsworth, taking a hazle switch from the top of the cupboard, made her a sign to follow. But when he reached the threshold he stopped, while she passed out, and began stroking the animal's long mane and rubbing its nose. The steed was of a chestnut color, with small sharp-pointed ears, high shoulders and very broad forehead, indicating gentleness and sagacity.

"I'm glad you like him," said Wadsworth smiling.

"Oh, very much, sir; pray what is his name."

"Puritan. He belongs to the Narragansett breed, which is exceedingly fast and enduring, and I never can be too grateful to those citizens of Rhode Island, John Hull, Mr. Brenton, and Benedict Arnold, who twenty years ago, inclosed Point Judith Neck, and devoted their time to raising there a superior race of horses. Puritan is the fruit of their enterprise.'\*

In another moment they were on the animal's back, and moving across the snow-covered lawn between the house and the street, while more than one

Origin of Narragansett pacer. Archæologia Americana, iii., p. 128.

pair of eyes were already turned upon them from the opposite side of the way, for it was a novel sight, the Captain of the train-band riding in front of a blooming maiden.

"Nothing like a pillion for courting," exclaimed Charity, when they were out of earshot. "But them curls! Oh dear, what scandal they'll give!"

"Yet they look mighty pretty fluttering in the wind," said dame Garlic. "I almost wish she might keep them."

"'Tween you and me, I wish it too, as far as Joe's concerned," returned the other. "But we must obey the Church." Here we will leave the old maids awhile, and follow Wadsworth and his fair companion. Entering Main street, the captain turned his horse to the left, and proceeded at a gentle pace towards the southern extremity of the town, which was a mile distant, while Lydia surveyed the scene around her with the greatest interest and delight. The place had changed a great deal since she had last seen it in 1680. The houses were many of them new, and the open spaces which separated one from the other, instead of being bare as formerly, were planted with apple trees, whose trunks were now wrapped in straw to protect them from frost. The girl noticed, too, that while many of the dwellings were thatched like her own cabin, not a few had tile and shingle roofs; and the

second stories of these, the more pretentious edifices, projected a foot or more beyond the lower, while all had windows with diamond-shaped glass. Owing, perhaps, to the lovely weather, Hartford presented this morning a more than usually animated appearance. Every one of its twelve hundred inhabitants\* seemed to have come forth to enjoy the blue sky and delightful sunshine. Here stood a granny, with scissors in hand, carefully adjusting a hollow pumpkin over the head of her grandchild, whose locks she was about to trim, while at her side was another crone telling the gossip, or discussing the minister's last sermon. Not far off was a group of men, smoking their pipes, and wondering what Sir Edmund Andros would do next—some thought he might attempt to take away the charter of the colony by force; others dissented from this opinion. Farther on was a bevy of girls in scarlet cloaks, and plain, sombrecolored hoods, unadorned by ribbon or ornament of any kind, and without any curls stealing down their shoulders. They were laughing and chatting, however, quite as much as those of their age and sex do now-a-days, and criticizing full as unmercifully awkward Tom and lanky Dick. But besides being plainly dressed, they differed in one other respect from maidens of the present generation.

<sup>\*</sup>This was the population in 1687.

they were more plump and rosy. As Wadsworth and his companion rode by the two crones, the latter ceased gossiping, and while they dropped a curtsy, opened their eyes as wide as saucers and stared in utter amazement. The men did the same, and so did all the other women, while such as had daughters of a marriageable age, were not altogether pleased. But the general opinion amongst the men was, that the captain would be all the better if he took a wife. True, it would add nought to his popularity. No one could dislike a man who made such generous use of his worldly goods, who, while he preserved his dignity on all occasions, never slighted anybody, and who, although fond of political discussion, and from his extensive reading certain to come off victorious, never hurt the feelings of an opponent; still, for the past few years, Wadsworth had closed his house to all except Adams, and had not attended a single "husking" party or "Bee," and it was only at town meetings, and on drill days, that he emerged from his seclusion. But if the men and women stared as the captain and Lydia rode by, it was when the happy couple passed the bevy of lasses, that there was the greatest commotion and fluttering of hearts. Faith Genness, a quiet, rather timid girl, bit her lip until the blood came, while Dorothy

Philbrick declared that she had never been so scandalized before.

"Curls!—and such sinful ones too—Oh dear!"

Faith, who was the youngest of them, attempted to offer a feeble apology for the stranger, and hinted that they should all be allowed to wear them. "Why not?" she said. "Long hair is natural to our sex, and you cannot say that yonder maiden sitting behind Captain Joe, doesn't look much better for hers."

But this remark was met by such a storm of frowns, that Miss Genness spoke not another word; yet every one of her companions secretly agreed with her. Jealousy, however, smothered every other feeling.

When Wadsworth and Lydia had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, they came to the village green, which was situated on the east side of the road, and in the centre of it stood an odd-looking structure with pyramid roof and belfry. Posted on the door was a notice of the last town meeting, which the sexton had neglected to remove, while on the right of the entrance was a pile of flat stones, about four feet high, called a horse-block, and which was intended to assist the women worshipers in getting off their pillions.

"This," said Wadsworth, stopping his horse, "is where I come to worship. It is our oldest meeting-

house. There is another one, built in 1670, which we will come to by and by. Take notice now, there are not many graves around it yet, for we are a sober, God-fearing people, and death has been sparing of us."

The tombstones, which certainly were not numerous, stood on the right and left of the building, as well as in the rear. Some bore no name or inscription of any kind, and these he informed her marked the resting-places of strangers, who had wandered hither from Europe, or other parts of the country, and died without being known to any of the citizens.

"There," he continued, pointing to a plain slab of red sand stone, about five inches thick, and raised a little from the ground on blocks of the same material, "there is where the Reverend Samuel Stone is baried. Can you read the inscription?"

"Here, patiently waiting for the resurrection, lies Reverend Samuel Stone. Deceased ye 61 year of his age, 30th day of July, 1663.

New England's glory and her radiant crown Was he who now, on softest bed of down.

'Till glorious resurrection morn appear,
Doth safely, sweetly sleep in Jesus here.
In nature's solid art and reasoning well,
'Twas known beyond compare he did excel,
Errors corrupt by sinuous dispute,
He did oppugn and clearly them confute.

Above all things he Christ his Lord preferred.

Hartford, thy richest jewel's here interred."

When Lydia had read it, Wadsworth drew her attention to another slab, on which was written:

"In memory of Rev. Thomas Hooker, who, in 1636, planted the first church in Connecticut."

"I've shown you these graves," he said, "because they cover the remains of two great men, but for whose spirit of Godliness, and the little account they made of the dangers of the wilderness. Connecticut would not have been what she is to-day. You must know, Miss, that the Reverend Samuel Stone and Mr. Hooker came here from Cambridge, Massachusetts, as long ago as 1636. The country is wild enough now; fancy what it must have been then, roamed over by the savage Pequots. Their only guide was a compass, and they were a fortnight on the way. The hundred men, women and children who accompanied them were not a band of emigrants, impelled by a restless spirit to seek a new home, but like their leaders they were filled with the grace of the Almighty. They startled the wild beasts with their hymns. It was a church moving west." Here he paused a moment, then went on. "It has been said, Miss, that we have had-

" Cotton for our clothing,

Hooker for our fishing,

And Stone for our building."

"These three divines, Cotton, Hooker and Stone, came over from England in 1633. The first wrote

an excellent Catechism, entitled "Cotton's Milk for Babes," which I will show you in my library, and his daughter became the wife of Increase Mather, who is now the pillar of the church in New England. By her, Dr. Mather has a son named Cotton, a more extraordinary man even than his father, and who promises to root every witch out of the land. I have never met him, but the doctor is expected here shortly, and will be my guest during his stay."

There was another tombstone close by the graves of the ministers, which bore the name of Nancy Clark, and which attracted Lydia's attention, from the following quaint lines carved on it

> "Remember me as you pass by, For as you are so once was I; As I am now, so you must be, Prepare in time to follow me."

While she was reading them, the bell of the meeting-house began to toll, and Wadsworth immediately let the reins drop, and crossing his arms, murmured:

"There's another soul departed; whose turn next?"

At this moment two men, who had come from the rear of the church, assumed a like attitude, and the girl could not help thinking what a solemn custom it was thus to take note of a death.

"Good morning, Mr. Barebones, good morning,

Mr. Japheth," exclaimed the captain, after he had said a prayer. One of those whom he thus addressed, Jacob Japheth, was tithing-man of the Parish, and to him Lydia immediately took a fancy. Yet he was anything but handsome, his short body being much inclined to corpulence, and he had only one eye; but that one twinkled so merrily, and his face wore such a pleasant smile, as he returned the captain's greeting, that she felt he was an honest man, and that the world had gone easy with him. His companion was tall and thin, with a high, well-developed brow, which showed him to be a person of thought. His countenance, however, did not please, it was so lugubrious, and the girl was convinced there was a skeleton in his closet, some secret grief the world knew nothing of. Israel Barebones held the position of Ruling Elder. Wadsworth did not enter into conversation with either of them, but went on to explain to Lydia that the "Green" was used once a month as a drill ground.

"I am," said he, "captain of the train-band, and of the three thousand fighting men Connecticut can furnish, none are braver than the Hartford lads."

He added, that she must certainly remain until next drill day. To this, Lydia made no response; her attention seemed to be attracted towards another building, smaller than the church, and which stood on the north-east corner of the "Green." Wadsworth immediately directed his horse there, and stopped when he was within a few paces of the door, which was studded with heavy nails and had an immense rusty lock, with a keyhole, into which you might thrust two or three fingers at once.

"This," said he, after she had examined it a moment, "is our jail; and yonder," pointing his switch at a locust tree close by, with a couple of iron rings in it, "is our whipping post; while that," slightly changing the direction of the whip, "is the stocks."

For a minute Lydia stared at the tree, then at the other instrument of torture, which resembled a section of board fence, perforated by a number of holes, the upper ones being meant to clasp the offender's wrist, the lower ones his ankles, then shook her head.

"These are always placed near the house of worship," he went on, not perceiving her look of disapprobation, "in order that the sinner, while he meets his deserts, may have his mind turned in a pious direction."

Still the girl shook her head.

"What!" he cried, suddenly looking at her, and his heavy eyebrows seemed to grow darker and heavier as he spoke: "What! do these objects offend you? Rather rejoice, Miss, that the Lord's commandments may thus be enforced."

But Lydia's countenance still indicated too plainly what her thoughts were, and giving the reins an angry jerk he hastened back into the road, with a pang in his heart.

"Alas!" he murmured, "she is beautiful, but she has yet much to learn. Adams declares she is fond of books, and that she thinks as I do about the future of the Colonies; but in matters of religion she is no better than an infant."

For the next five minutes neither of them spoke. Both regretted having gone near the jail. Perhaps Wadsworth regretted it the most, and yet he was half inclined to believe a special Providence had guided him there, in order to reveal how utterly unsuited such a maiden would be for a wife. But for this revelation her beauty might have got the better of him, and a solemn vow have been broken. While these thoughts were passing through his mind Lydia was thinking of him.

"I have no doubt," she said to herself, "he is a remarkable man; but oh! how cross! I'd have given any thing if the stranger who saved my life had proved to be Captain Wadsworth. What if he were to fall in love with me!"

As this idea struck her she laughed, and her host, who could see no cause for her levity, showed

his annoyance by touching Puritan with the spur. The animal bounded forward. But presently the captain reined him in again and passed leisurely between two groups of boys, rosy-cheeked and saucy, who were fighting a battle with snow-balls; and it took all their reverence for Wadsworth to restrain them from pelting his horse.

They had now reached the tavern, or Ordinary, as it was called, a frame building on the east side of the way, with a sign-board on which was painted a bunch of grapes. A dead wolf, which some hunter had brought in, was lying on the stoop, its ears cut off, and a dog cautiously smelling the carcass, as if not quite sure the animal was dead. Wadsworth, breaking the silence, informed his companion that it was here the General Court met, and added that the house was said to be the oldest in town.

"Well, a jovial company must be assembled within," remarked Lydia; "hear how they are laughing."

"Aye, Miss, a game of shovel-board is going on, and I fear the guests have had more than half a pint of wine each, which is the lawful quantity; they are indeed very hilarious. But Satan cannot always be checked, and the fellow who keeps the Bunch of Grapes during Simon's absence is not troubled with scruples."

Continuing their way a little further, they met a gaunt individual, clad in deerskin suit and fur cap, who was driving a sled load of wood to the market-place, which was a short distance in rear of the old meeting house, near what was then called Meeting House Alley.

"Good morning, Cap.," he exclaimed; "any news?"

Wadsworth shook his head, then told him that he hoped to have some by next drill-day.

"Well, I'll be there," said the woodman, "never missed a drill yet. But Cap., we'll soon have spring. Hark! don't you hear the blue-bird?" and as he spoke he raised his hand and pointed towards the sky. Sure enough, Lydia heard at that moment the wild, somewhat plaintive note of the pioneer of the feathered tribe, and it made her think of the many times she and her father had welcomed this sound together, as they stood on the threshold of the cabin, for it told them that winter was drawing to a close. Presently they came to a bridge, spanning a narrow stream, which Wadsworth informed her was Little River. "It falls, Miss, into Great River\* at Dutch Point, a neck of land about a mile below us, and which gets its name from the Dutch having built a fort there in 1633. For a number of years they

<sup>\*</sup> The name of the Connecticut in those days.

resisted the laws of the Colony, and held possession till 1654, when Parliament declared they must leave, and Holland, not willing to support them, the intruders departed." Skirting the north side of the stream, was a road leading from Dutch Point across what, in those days, was known as Little Meadow, to a flour and a saw-mill, which stood half a mile west of the main street; while immediately south of the bridge was another highway, which began at South Meadow and followed the banks of the river as far as the same mills. While they were crossing, Lydia noticed an old, weather-beaten chair dangling by a couple of ropes from the limb of a willow tree on the further bank. and naturally asked what it was used for. But Wadsworth merely shrugged his shoulders, and as she did not repeat the question, she remained for the time being in ignorance of what a duckingstool was. The first house beyond the bridge and east of the road attracted her attention, for it was quite unlike any she had yet seen. It was of darkcolored stone, and had a flat roof, with only a single chimney and that one right in the centre. From the door to the gate, opening on the street, ran a path hedged with box-wood, and there was. more of the same shrub arranged in circles here and there, as if for flower-beds. They were almost opposite the gate when Wadsworth muttered somethirg, then heaving a deep sigh turned and looked the other way. For the first time now since they had started on their jaunt, they met a person who neither greeted them, nor even raised his hat as they went past. Leaning on the gate was a man of perhaps fifty-five or sixty years of age, with cold, grey eyes, which seemed to penetrate you with their stare. His whole expression was sinister, and the thin lips which were pressed firmly together, looked as if they never parted in good-humored mirth. But some one else besides this individual was watching them from behind the blinds of a second story window.

"Who is he?" said Lydia, when they were out of hearing.

"Nathaniel Clark," replied Wadsworth, with abruptness, and as if she had broken in upon the current of his thoughts. Then in a more gentle tone, 'His wife exchanged worlds some years ago. It was her gravestone which bore the epitaph beginning:

'Remember me, as you pass by.'

I have always believed that she died of a broken heart. A most pious, Christian woman, and we miss her very much at meeting."

"I fear, sir, the widower and yourself are not cn good terms," pursued Lydia.

"True, we rarely speak to one another. He is no American!"

"You mean, sir, that he sides with the king?"

"Precisely, and therefore no love lost between us It is fortunate that he cannot write, and that he reads with difficulty; for if his scholarship were equal to his natural shrewdness he would have done even more harm than he has. But, alas! another hand than his ——."

Here Wadsworth again sighed, and left the phrase unfinished.

"Oh, how blind the people are," he continued, after a pause. "Over and over have I told them that the easiest way to get rid of our troubles would be to declare ourselves independent; have nothing more to do with England; drive Andros and his minions into the sea. But oh, what uphill work it is to beat anything new into even sensible folks' heads! I sometimes believe Doctor Mather takes me for a visionary when I write to him on this subject, while our Ruling Elder, although a strict Puritan, and consequently a hater of Bishops and Kings, does not sympathize at all with my scheme for a revolution. He would rather have us fast and pray and leave our destiny to be worked out by the Almighty. Hence, Mr. Barebones unwillingly plays into the hands of Nathaniel Clark, who is a brazen-faced royalist.

But depend upon it we must use our arms, as well as our tongues; we must fight as well as pray, or else be content to wear our shackles until they rust off. But no such policy for me! My dream will come true; we shall win our Independence even though every stream in the land runs red with blood."

"I agree with you heart and soul!" exclaimed Lydia, "none but cowards can side with Mr. Barebones, none but traitors with Nathaniel Clark."

She had scarcely spoken when Wadsworth turned upon her all the fire of his deep sunken eyes. By a powerful effort, however, he restrained himself.

"No, no! I will smother it," he muttered, "it is only a germ yet; if I dally with it, it may master me."

There was something so strange in his gaze that Lydia scarcely knew what to think; she little dreamed of the agitation into which she had plunged his soul. They rode on in silence past another meeting-house, the same which her host had told her had been built in 1670.\* It was not pyramid shaped like the one on the green, and over the spire was a glittering rooster, which at this moment pointed due west. As they went by, Wadsworth remarked that Hartford was the first

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<sup>\*</sup> It stood on the east side of Main street, a few yards south of what is now called Sheldon street.

town after Boston, to have more than one place of worship. In a few moments they came to a lane, crossing Main street at right angles, and down which they turned.

"I am going to show you," said her guide, "a favorite spot of mine—one that I love for the sake of the view, and secondly, because there stands there the noblest tree in the land."

As they advanced, the ground on their right became more elevated, until it might have been called a gentle hill, and presently they reached the tree. It was an oak of most majestic appearance, with limbs as thick as the trunks of many other trees, and a circumference of full twenty-two feet. Near the roots was a cavity large enough for a child to enter, and at the mouth of it, basking in the sun shine, perhaps listening to the blue-birds, and hoping that this was the last snow of winter, sat a squirrel.

"Here," said Wadsworth reining in his steed,
"is where I come summer evenings, to listen to the
whippoorwills; they are heard on Wyllys' Hill
sooner than anywhere else." Then gazing up,
"What a grand old oak! I dare say a thousand
years have passed, since the acorn dropped from
which it sprang."

"It could not be more beautiful," returned Lydia; "those who dwell in yonder mansion,

should be proud to have it so near. Pray who 'lives there?"

"Mr. Samuel Wyllys. All this land around belongs to him. It is said that before Governor Wyllys came to America, his steward, whom he had sent forward to prepare his new home, was on the point (fool that he must have been), of cutting down this oak, when some Indians begged him to spare it. 'It has been,' said they, 'our ancestors' guide for centuries, as to the time of planting corn. When the leaves are the size o. a mouse's ear, then put the seed in the ground.'"

"Well, for their sake, captain, I hope 'twill stand many more years."

"Yonder," continued her host, pointing to a small wooden structure, on top of the hill, "is a watch tower. We have another at my end of the town. But guards are not posted in them during the day, as formerly; at night, however, there is always somebody there. I am going to urge the people to come back to our old custom and have a watch set the whole twenty-four hours. The Indians, it is true, seem disposed for peace, King Philip's war having taught them a wholesome lesson; nevertheless, I do not place the same confidence in them which others do. If we believed Israel Barebones, they would all turn Christians provided we only scattered enough of Eliot's Bibles

amongst them. But he is over sanguine. For my part, I am convinced that Andros is tampering with the heathen, who will do whatever bloody work he tells them."

"Such allies," said Lydia, "would be of great assistance to his Excellency, in carrying out his nefarious schemes. I wonder Adams, when he brought me news, did not even hint at this."

"Well, it was from him, Miss, I got my information. He is my great scout. Yet with all his daring, he is prudent and was, mayhap, afraid lest even his whispers might reach the ear of that Pequot youth, who is in your service."

"Surely, he might have trusted Christian!"

"Oh! his race is treacherous; and in spite of my reverence for John Eliot, from whom our Ruling Elder gets his good opinion of them, they cannot live side by side with us. Let them read the Holy Book, if they will, I do not object; but at the same time they must not stand in the way of civilization."

After remaining nearly ten minutes under the tree, they rode back into Main street, and pursuing a southerly direction soon found themselves at the last dwelling—a log cabin about the size of Lydia's home. The door opened as they went by, and a stout woman, with a very red face, which was beaming with good humor, dropped them a curtsy. Wadsworth lifted his hat, but at the same time

frowned. Lydia thought she had seen the woman before; yes she recognized her as the same generous being, who had once offered shelter to herself and her parent.

"That's the widow Bull," said Wadsworth, "whose husband was lost at sea a year ago. Strange what a light heart she can keep—always smiling—better she should weep for her sins. Did you notice the ribbons in her cap? 'Tis well she does not wear them at meeting, which I grieve to say she rarely attends. Her husband was just like her in character, but being a seafaring man, I could make allowances—and, besides, he did one righteous act, for which no doubt the Lord forgave him much."

Here the speaker glanced at his companion, who had been tempted to jump off the pillion and give the widow a kiss. Presently Wadsworth drew in his horse, and called her attention to a meadow on their right, which was perfectly smooth and without a single rock or stump: "There," said he, "is a piece of land which the town has given for the support of a free school; whoever hires it will get a profitable return for his labor, while the rent is to go towards the salary of the pedagogue. But tell me, who is that person at the further end of the field? Methinks 'tis Clark."

"It is he, sir," replied Lydia.

"Humph! I wonder what the fox is after? Only two days ago I found him measuring off this same ground; now there he is at it again."

"Perhaps he wants to hire it, and may pay a large rent, if he is zealous in the cause of education, which he ought to be, considering the disadvantages he must feel himself placed under by his own want of schooling."

"Not he, Miss," returned Wadsworth, his eye still fixed upon Mr. Clark. "Why, he was the only one who did not approve the law of 1677, which ordained that every town neglecting to keep a school above three months in the year, should forfeit five pounds for every defect; and I have no doubt, although it was before my time, he likewise opposed the code of 1650, which declared that every township of fifty householders should maintain a pedagogue."

"A most wise ordinance, sir."

"It was indeed; ignorance being the great stumbling-block to self-government. Parents find it difficult to shirk their duty, for once a year every family suspected of not educating their children, is visited by the grand jurors."

They now turned and went back at the same gentle gait towards Hartford, and Lydia hoped to catch another glimpse of Mrs. Bull. In this, however, she was disappointed; the widow had proba-

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bly noticed Wadsworth's frown, and so kept indoors. As they approached the square stone mansion, her host urged on his steed; but did not avert his face; on the contrary, this time he gazed full at the building. They had almost passed it, when the door opened, and to Lydia's surprise Miles Standish bounded forth—in a moment the creature had jumped the picket fence, and was cutting all sorts of capers around them. To see the captain's favorite issuing from his enemy's abode, was enough to excite the girl's wonder and curiosity. However, she asked no questions. Could she have caught a glimpse of Wadsworth's face, she would have been even more astonished at the agitation depicted on it; and as if something were pursuing him, he gave Puritan a hard cut with the whip, which made the horse dart forward at such a pace, that in two minutes they were across Little River, and almost at the old meeting-house. Here he allowed the reins to slacken, and presently they met again the rugged woodman, now going back to his cabin on the edge of the forest, looking very cheerful, and the honest fellow doffed his coonskin cap with so much ceremony that Lydia had to laugh, while her companion shrugged his shoulders.

"Our friend has tucked more than one cup of sack under his coat, since we last saw him," said Wadsworth. "I must tell the keeper of the Ordi-

nary to be on his guard; he is dealing out liquor too freely."

"But the fellow doesn't appear tipsy," remarked Lydia, "I should only call him merry. This telling folks what games they are to play; how much they are to drink; and what clothes they can wear, does not strike me as wise."

She spoke playfully, yet at the same time meant to administer a gentle reproof to her host for his narrow views.

Wadsworth made no response, nor did he open his lips again till they reached the house. Here, without waiting for his assistance, she slid down from the pillion and was about raising the latch, when he sprang off the horse, and catching her by the arm begged her to stay a moment. Tossing back her curls and endeavoring to assume a serious air, Lydia bade him say what he had to say. But the words were slow in coming; there was a flush upon the brow of her host.

"How has my native town pleased you?" he asked, after a pause, during which his heart throbbed as it had not done in many a year.

"Oh, ever so much, sir, ever so much, and I'd like to live here all my life, if ——"

"If Colonel Goffe were only with you," he whispered.

Lydia gave a start and turned deadly pale.

"Oh, do not fear," he continued smiling; "Adams has let me into the secret. Rest assured your parent is in no danger; I would shed the last drop of my blood in his defence, and so would every member of the train-band."

As he spoke, he allowed his hand to touch hers, but gently and timidly. The struggle, though it lasted only a few moments, was a terrible one. The flush was yet upon his brow, when the door opened and his aunt and Goody Garlic appeared, looking ever so pleased, and with tongues itching to ask the happy pair how they had enjoyed each other's company. But they wisely resolved not to hurry matters. Every thing was working smoothly, and when Lydia entered, the old nurse threw her arms around her neck and told her she was a very, very good girl; while Wadsworth, as he led the horse towards the stable, exclaimed, "a chaste and beautiful woman is the godliest thing God has made." But his rhapsody did not last long. Even while he was unstrapping the saddle, his countenance assumed a look of deepest melancholy; and as he went back to the house he murmured: "for me the Proverb was not written, 'a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

## CHAPTER VI.

It was a very pleasant surprise to Miss Crabtree, when the noon-day repast was over, to hear her nephew invite Lydia into his study. This apartment was on the same floor as the one where they were in the habit of assembling, but being a great deal smaller, and not having any fire-place, was far from being as comfortable. The girl, who had longed to get a glimpse of this retreat, or den, as Charity sometimes called it when out of humor with the captain, immediately laid aside her knitting and followed her host, Miles Standish keeping close behind, and wagging his great bushy tail, as if he were as much pleased as any body to have his master falling in love. The room where she presently found herself was indeed a queer place, and belied the reputation for method and order which Wadsworth enjoyed among the town-folk. On every side disorder was visible. The shelves for books were half empty, and their contents, some wide open with ugly dog-ears in them, others with backs and edges gnawed by mice, lay scattered about the floor, while goose quills by the dozen were strewn under foot. In fact you might have supposed some malicious person had entered and turned every thing topsy-turvy. The only objects arranged as they should be, were a pair of heavy top-boots, and these stood side by side, heel to heel. But as though Miles knew they were not in keeping with the rest of the scene, he walked up to them and with a shove of his nose, knocked the right one over on the left, then looked round at his master with something very like a twinkle in his eye.

After making his guest seat herself on the only chair the study contained, Wadsworth folded his arms and stood watching her. He hardly knew how to interpret her expression, as she surveyed the apartment. It was one of mingled pleasure and disgust; for while her thirst for knowledge was excited, her womanly instinct of neatness and cleanliness was shocked by the dust and the cobwebs Presently she stooped and picked up the book which was nearest to her.

"That," said he, "is the Assembly Catechism, than which nought can be more interesting and profitable."

A hasty glance satisfied Lydia that she would rather not peruse it, so setting it on her lap she turned towards the table at her elbow, where, unrolled to its full length, with a stone pressing down each corner, was a map of North America. No sooner had she begun examining it, than her host changed color and his face grew troubled

"Did you draw this, sir?" she inquired, after studying it a few minutes.

"No; its origin is wrapped in mystery." Then lowering his voice: "I found it here one morning, six or seven years ago; yet when I left the room the evening before, I turned the key in the lock, and securely fastened the window."

"Strange!"

"Very, Miss, very; and only that the chart has proved so useful, I might have been inclined to think it the work of a witch, of whom several have been seen to ride over the town astraddle broomsticks. But I cannot believe any one connected with Beelzebub would have served me such a good turn. My fear is that a witch may get in and destroy the map; that is why I have a horse-shoe yonder," pointing at one hanging on a peg near the door. This reminded Lydia that there also was a horse-shoe at the head of her bed. Now had she been differently brought up, or rather had she lived in a more enlightened age, she would have laughed at such superstition in a man of the intellect of her host. Instead of this, however, she became grave herself, and murmured a short praver, which Goody Garlie had taught her, in order to drive away the Evil Spirit.

"Well, no matter how it came here," she resumed, after a pause; "you ought to make copies

of it, and distribute them among the people. It would give them a better idea than they now have of the size of this country." Then running her finger westward along the map: "I perceive, sir, that you claim as far as the Paeific."

"Of course, Miss Goffe. Let me read a short extract from our charter, and you will see I am right in thus giving the boundary of Connecticut." As he spoke he opened a drawer under the table, and taking out a sheet of paper began to read: "Bounded on the east by the Narragansett river, commonly called Narragansett Bay, where the said river falleth into the sea; and on the north by the line of the Massachusetts Plantation, and on the South by the sea, and in longitude as the line of the Massachusetts Colony runneth from east to west; that is to say, from the said Narragansett Bay on the east, to the South Sea (Pacific Ocean), on the west part, with the islands thereunto adjoining."

After conversing a few minutes longer on the Geography of America, they began talking of Europe, and Wadsworth was pleased to find that she knew as much about the old world as he did himself. Presently she picked up another book, and with a roguish smile, said:

"I wonder Miss Crabtree allows your library to

be in such disorder, while every other part of the house is like wax."

"Blame not my aunt," he responded; "before you, no woman, at least with my consent, ever entered it."

"Well, perhaps—"here she looked archly at him—"you will allow me to come here, for I am fond of reading, but until now the only works that have been within my reach are the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress."

"Ah! a great book that of John Bunyan's; and I never was tired of reading my copy of it, before it got lost. I always attributed its disappearance to my aunt's broom, for she did manage once to penetrate my sanctum. 'Twas well I did not find it in her dust-pan, or I might have given way to my temper and spoken words I would afterwards have bitterly regretted."

"I cannot believe, sir, she would have been so careless."

"Well, who then took it? Even Simon has never crossed this threshold! To be sure, he was with me the day I found my aunt sweeping, but he did not follow me in here; at least I am pretty sure he didn't, and besides, he is not given to reading."

It had occurred to Lydia, while Wadsworth was speaking, that the Pilgrim's Progress, which the tavern-keeper had given her, might be the very one

which was missing, in which case she ought to restore it. But how was she to do so without bringing a scolding on Mad Adams? After thinking over this a moment, she commenced blowing the dust off another volume.

"That," said the captain, leaning over her shoulder, "is the little law book which every family is required by the General Court to keep, in order that no man may plead ignorance of what the law is. It does not cost much—twelve pence in silver, or one and a half pecks of wheat, or two-thirds of a bushel of peas at three shillings a bushel. I hope you will read it."

"I will, sir. Pray, what work is this?" taking up another volume.

"The Bay Psalm Book, Miss. It contains all the Psalms, faithfully translated into English meter, by the Reverend Mr. Weld and John Eliot, who knew the original Hebrew. It was printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, nearly fifty years ago."

Lydia next examined Eliot's Indian Bible, printed in 1664; then, New England's Salamander Discovered, printed in London in 1647. Next she took up the Heart of New England Rent at the Blasphemies of the Present Generation; or, a Brief Extract concerning the Doctrine of the Quakers—demonstrating the Destructive Nature thereof to

Religion, the Churches and the State, with Considerations of the Remedy against it.

"A rather long title," remarked Wadsworth, "but an excellent book, written by John Norton, formerly teacher of Christ Church at Boston, and who held that the devil made the Quakers."

"Did he?" exclaimed Lydia, letting the volume fall upon the floor; "then it shall remain where I found it, and sorry am I that I blew the dust off. I hate bigots, and he must have been one." These words gave her host another shock—they reminded him of how she had spoken about the stocks and whipping-post.

"Alas, alas! what am I coming to!" he said to himself. "Here is a woman not only in my library, but actually daring to criticise the writings of John Norton, and I standing by in silence!"

At this moment Lydia turned upon him one of her bewitching glances. "How weak I am!" he groaned; "how weak I am. What infatuation has seized me? But I will crush it; it is yet only a germ!"

Presently she took up the New England Primer, a work suited for children, and which began with the alphabet and ended with a strange poetic dialogue between Christ, a youth, and Satan. Next came Cotton's Milk for Babes, a very popular Catechism, but she only glanced at it, then let it fall on ber lap, and began dusting another book with a very long title, and which her host informed her was the latest addition to his library. It was written in verse, and appeared to be a satire aimed at the follies rife in England and the Colonies. Its name was, The simple Cobbler of Agawam, in America, willing to help mend his native country, lamentably tattered both in the upper leather and the sole, with all the honest stitches he can take, and as willing never to be paid for his work by old English wonted pay. It is his trade to patch all the year round gratis—therefore I pray, gentlemen, keep your purses. By Theodore de la Guard. London. Printed in Pope's Head Alley. Its real author, Wadsworth informed her, was Nathaniel Ward, minister of Ipswich. Then came the Day of Doom, a much admired work, giving a description of the Last Judgment, by Michael Wigglesworth, A. M. But what pleased Lydia most was a volume of poems by Ann Bradstreet, daughter of old Governor Dudley, and wife of Governor Bradstreet.

"You are fond of poetry?" asked Wadsworth,

"I have never read any, sir," she replied, "but I love the flowers and birds, and methinks this work will be just to my taste; so I shall put it in my pocket and read it at my leisure."

"Humph!" exclaimed her host, shrugging his

shoulders, "better peruse the Assembly Catechism. However, do as you like."

By this time the girl had her lap full, and as she did not pick up any more, we will, for the satisfaction of the reader, give the names of some of the other volumes which completed the collection. There was a History of the World, and the Turkish Empire; a History of Queen Elizabeth; Calvin's Institutions; Cæsar's Commentaries; Bariffe's Artillery; Burrough's Christian Contentment; Ball on Faith; Dod on the Lord's Supper; Wilson's Dictionary; Homer's Illiad, and two Bibles. Wadsworth, after he had helped her a moment arrange the books on the shelves, stopped, and folding his arms, said:

"I presume, from the retired life you have been leading, that you are not a member of any church?"

"No, sir, and yet I trust I am no heathen."

"Well, well, that point we will not discuss at present; I feel sure, however, that when you do become a member, the unorthodox views you hold on certain subjects will be dissipated. Yes, you must own the Covenant."

"But there is no church where my home is, and I must return in a few days."

A faint smile played on the captain's lips as she said this; he rejoiced to think he had invited her

father to come and dwell with him. But mingled with his desire to be regicide, was there not deep in Wadsworth's heart another motive which had prompted him to offer Colonel Goffe the hospitality of his roof, and which, as he gazed on Lydia's face, again brought the color to his brow? Was that dimpled chin, those hazel eyes, that cheek slightly crimsoned by a blush, to become the prize of another man? As this thought was shaping itself in his mind, for he hardly dared acknowledge, even to himself, the fascination she was beginning to exercise over him, the girl turned and went to the window, where, after gazing out a moment, she gave a deep sigh. Startled by this exhibition of grief, Wadsworth advanced towards her, and in a voice full of tenderness asked the cause of her trouble.

At first she did not answer. "I was thinking, sir," she said, when he had repeated the question, "of my dear father. See, yonder is a crow flying in the direction of home. I wish I could go with it."

"Oh, Miss Goffe, you'll soon see your parent again; yes, very soon. Pray leave the window and read with me a few pages of the Assembly Catechism."

"Better let me take the book with me when I return to the wilderness; I do not feel like studying while I'm here."

He would fain have urged the matter, but discovering that her will was as strong as his own, he withdrew his hand from the volume, and remained silently watching her; while Miles, who had been dozing under the table, jumped up and gave a whine—the creature seemed to feel that it's master had not shown it as much attention to-day, as usual.

"How long have you had your 'shadow?'" inquired Lydia, patting the dog's head.

"Six or seven years, Miss, which is about the time my aunt has been keeping house for me. Oh, how lonely I'd have been without Miles!"

"And you have neither parents, brothers nor sisters living?"

"No, they have all exchanged worlds. It was fortunate that I had an unmarried relative in New Haven, who was willing to come and take up her abode here, when the last of them died; for, as a single man, I would have been forbidden to dwell by myself."

"What laws you have!" exclaimed Lydia, laughing.

"Severe, but righteous, Miss;" Wadsworth's brow contracting a little as he spoke.

"But even if no law had forbidden you to live alone, could you have been happy, all by yourself, in such a vast house? I think my skin would creep if I were in it, with no one else." "My dog and my books would have been company enough."

"Well, doubtless you know by heart the contents of each volume."

"Very nearly. Not an idle hour have I spent since Aunt Crabtree came to Hartford. Days and nights have I sat up reading and meditating, and all in order to fit myself for accomplishing one great end."

"And pray what may that be?"

"The Independence of these Colonies! Already my superior learning has given me great influence over the people, not only of Hartford, but of many other towns; the majority recognize me as a leader, and the partisans of the king know me, and hate me."

"Oh, you will triumph over them all—you will, you will!" exclaimed Lydia, her countenance radiant with enthusiasm. At these words the strong man's frame quivered, his eyes flashed as they met hers; then with a groan he bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. The cause of his trouble she did not ever so faintly dream of.

"Oh, do not despond, Mr. Wadsworth," she continued, resting her hand on his arm—and how the touch of it thrilled him!—"Andros has all England at his back, you have the freemen of America. If we strike we conquer. No, do not despond." Pres-

ently he uncovered his face, and in a solemn tone "I must," he said, "first conquer myself, before I can reach the goal. But I will pray for strength, Jehovah will hear my prayer."

"What can he mean?" thought Lydia, half inclined to laugh, "is my host such a sinner?"

Then after a pause: "I cannot understand," she said, "how there should be any party opposed to you, no, really I cannot."

"Well, there is, and its chief is Nathaniel Clark; a man, as I have already remarked, of great natural ability and with as much energy and daring as myself. Randolph and Dudley used to send him gold wherewith to corrupt the people, and I am pretty certain Andros is doing the same thing now. Those strangers you met on your way here and whom I afterwards saw at the Bunch of Grapes, were no doubt sent by Sir Edmund for some such purpose. But besides Mr. Clark, there is our ruling elder who stands in my way. Israel Barebones is a man of eminent piety and wonderful courage, and you might burn him at the stake before you would make him abjure the Puritan faith; yet I cannot help thinking he is far astray when he urges us to trust only in Providence, in order to free ourselves from tyranny. Did not Joshua of old fight as well as pray? Oh, Miss Goffe, it has been hard work to keep true to my purpose. But now I find an obstacle in my path, that may prove even harder to evercome than open enemies like Mr. Clark, or well meaning, though foolish Christians like Israel Barebones"

"What may that obstacle be?" exclaimed Lydia, impatiently.

"My own self. But I will pray for strength; I will fast and do penance that the temptation may be removed. Alas! my soul will be in jeopardy unless I triumph over it." Here there was another pause, the longest one yet, during which Wadsworth turned his back upon the girl and stood gazing on the floor. At length, anxious to break a silence which troubled her, accompanied as it was by such conduct on the part of her host, Lydia asked him to tell her something of the history of Simon Adams, who, she said, was their mutual friend.

"I will, I will," exclaimed the Captain, abruptly facing her again, and looking as if he were glad she had disturbed the current of his thoughts. "I first met him during King Philip's war, in 1675, when we served in the same company; and if I am alive to-day it is thanks to him, for he twice saved me from the tomahawk of the savages. Since then he has led a roving life, but his wanderings have had a purpose in them which people did not divine. It is through him I have been able to

obtain information of what is going on in the different Colonies; and as he has a sharp ear, a quick eye and a daring spirit, few things have remained hidden from him. Lately I thought it best to have him near me, for matters seemed approaching a crisis, so I have procured him a license to keep the Bunch of Grapes. His conduct thus far has given no offence to the selectmen and he goes to meeting as regularly as I do myself."

"Well, was he ever other than good?"

"Yes; I regret to say, there was a time when our friend was given to drinking too much liquor; and once, while in a state of intoxication, he attempted to break up a town meeting, and for that offence he is even to this day suffering, for they have taken away from him the title of 'Mr.'"

"Do you think that dreadful punishment has had much effect on him?" said Lydia, smiling.

Wadsworth frowned a moment, then answered: "Not as much as I might wish; but during the past few months he has changed greatly for the better."

The girl still smiled, for she remembered the falsehood which the tavern-keeper had so recently told her host, when the latter had questioned him about card playing. At this moment the old maids were heard singing in the next room, and the conversation broke up, Lydia hastening to join them,

out of curiosity; the Captain, because the spirit moved him to prayer, and he knew they were chanting something devotional. On opening the door, they found Miss Crabtree and Goody Garlic side by side, their backs to the fire, one of them beating time with her forefinger, the other with her foot, and both gazing at the ceiling, for they knew the words of the hymn by heart and only needed an occasional glance at the page. Wadsworth immediately joined his voice to theirs, and its deep bass contrasted oddly with the shrill nasal tones of his aunt, who seemed to be trying to outsing her friend, for she was gradually rising to a higher and higher key. Presently her topknot commenced jerking back and forth-in another instant she was on her toes; then, after remaining thus about a minute, she ended the hymn with a shriek.

"Practicing for next Sabbath," she exclaimed, when she had rested a moment to catch her breath, and addressing Lydia, who, much to the regret of her old nurse, had remained a silent listener. "But 'taint a caution to my singing then; at meeting I'm glory all over, and you can hear me clear across Little river."

When Miss Crabtree had commenced speaking the girl had buried her face in her hands, the temptation to laugh being quite irresistible, and the dame Hattered herself that she was saying a prayer. But Wadswerth caught a glimpse of her eye, peeping between her fingers, and with an angry look he withdrew to his study, closing the door after him with a slam, before even Miles could pass through, and there he remained a full hour, as still as a mouse, at least his aunt's sharp ear was not able to detect the faintest sound within. At the end of that time the door opened, and he beckoned to the good woman, who immediately left the oven, where she had been setting a batch of bread, and advanced as far as the threshold; but there of course she halted. Imagine her astonishment, when he opened the door a little wider and bade her come in.

"Can Joe be ill?" she thought, as she entered the forbidden chamber. "Verily, he has acted oddly to-day; I'm afraid fasting and hard study are turning his brain." After motioning her to a seat he took three or four turns up and down the room, then stopped, and asked what she thought of their young guest.

"I like Miss Lydia, exceedingly," replied the dame, "yes, I admire her ever so much, and my old friend Prudence, who is down on fibbing, declares she's an angel. Why, the gal was up this morning soon after bell ringing; and when you consider that she had a right to lie abed, I call that smart. Then too, she's comely; nay more, she's

uncommon fine looking; there ain't another pair of eyes like hers in all Hartford. But I guess, Joe, you discovered that yourself a'fore you asked her to ride out with you."

This was a home thrust, and with the color rising to his face, Wadsworth took another stride up and down the apartment. "But has she the spirit of Godliness?" he exclaimed, stopping and giving his aunt a searching look. "Is she not given to levity at moments when she ought to be serious?"

"Well, she's not quite as sedate as I would like, and this morning was not very attentive at Bible-reading; but then, Joe, that was the fault of your 'shadow.' As for her curls, they're a scandal I admit; but I'll make her cut 'em off afore the sun goes down. And yet, Joe, I hate to have 'em thrown away; are they not beautiful?"

"Aunt, I did not summon you here, for the purpose of talking about Miss Lydia's beauty; what is that to me? Curls lead to vanity, and vanity destroyeth godliness, even as rust eateth into iron. Yea, aunt, cut them off before it is too late. Always meet the Devil on the threshold, never give him an inch."

"I will, Joe, I will; but pray go on and tell me what you have to say; my bread will all be spoilt if you don't hurry."

"I wish to inform you, aunt, that the girl is go-

ing to stay with us longer than you imagine. I have invited her father to come and make this his home."

"Indeed! good, good! yes, he can be concealed here as well as in the forest."

"Ha! then you know the secret? pray who told you, aunt?"

"My friend, Prudence, but it was in strict confidence; no harm, however, in repeating it to you, Joe!"

"Well, for goodness' sake don't let it go any farther. When the regicide passes under my roof, let him be as one dead. Oh, what pity it is that Indian lad knows it."

"But he doesn't; my friend says he has only a vague notion that the old gentleman was banished from the settlement for some cause or other, he does not know what, and has never asked; while both Prudence and Miss Lydia think he can be implicitly trusted."

"I hope they may be right," sighed Wadsworth
"I fear however that if the Pequot comes in con
tact with others of his race, he may be seduced by
the presents which Andros is distributing amongst
them. Already Sir Edmund has persuaded the
Mohawks to make peace with the French, toward
whom, like his royal master, he seems very partial.
Indeed, I am convinced, that at heart, his Excel-

lency is no Protestant, and if he dared would make us all slaves to Rome."

"Well, Joe, what you say may be true, but I'd rather you'd not trouble yourself so much about it. Get Andros, the French and King James out of your head, and you'll sleep sounder at night. But before I go back to the oven let me ask when Colonel Goffe may be expected?"

"Mad Adams has orders to bring him here as soon as possible."

"Indeed! Oh, Joe, I am so glad, let's keep it a complete surprise. Oh, how delighted Miss Lydia will be, and if she isn't completely won over by your kindness, then she ain't the gal I take her for."

As the aunt said this, Wadsworth motioned her to leave.

"Why, Joe, you look displeased," she continued.
"I tell you Miss Lydia can't help but love you, when she sees you acting so towards her father. And now before I do go out of this room, let me beg you to have a husking party. Let it be the grandest ever given in Hartford; you have the largest house and barn, and dear knows how many barrels of nuts, and more cider than you can drink in a life time, unless others help you. Promise now that you'll give a husking party, as soon as Colonel Goffe arrives. Of course he won't be able to show himself at the festivity, but his daughter

will mingle freely among the guests, and shine above all the other maidens present; every body will envy you, and won't I be proud, Joe—oh, won't I!"

After a pause, which was quite inexplicable to Miss Crabtree, Wadsworth consented, and promising that he would make the occasion as jovial as he possibly could, he a second time motioned her to leave.

With a countenance beaming with smiles, Charity followed the direction of his finger, and as she went back to the oven, Goody Garlic slipped her arm around her waist and asked what she was so glad about?

"Tell me," she whispered. "I won't tell a soul!"
"By-and-by," answered Miss Crabtree. "Oh, it's
a great secret."

All the rest of the afternoon, Lydia passed seated at the window, reading the poems of Ann Bradstreet; and sorry was she when at length it grew too dark for her to see the enchanting page. She then closed the volume, and leaning back in her chair, gave herself up to reverie. She wondered what her father might be doing at that hour. "Perhaps," she said "he's thinking of me and wishing I were with him." But the log cabin, where so many of her years had been spent, did not, like most homes, inspire her with pleasant memories. It pre-

sented itself to her mind as a gloomy abode, the monotony of which would have been unendurable, but that her parent inhabited it. Since she had come to Hartford, the world seemed to have grown larger. There was no longer any forest to bound her vision, she was dwelling in the midst of news; Boston was much nearer, so was Sir Edmund Andros, and as she thought of him, she wished she had been born a man, that she might have lent her aid to strike for independence. Then her thoughts turned to the mysterious map which she had seen on Wadsworth's table, and she wished that she had one like it to show to her father. "He might then agree with me," she said, "about the future of America. He would see that the Republic, as the Charter of Connecticut foreshadows, will extend on the west even to the Pacific Ocean." At last she reflected on how brief her stay in the settlement was going to be; the wilderness would soon close round her again; she would go back to her Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, and have only the occasional visits of Mad Adams to enliven her. No matter what stirring events might happen, in the log cabin all would be quiet and monotony. Heretofore her spirit had found a balm in constant work; the spindle and distaff, the poultry, attending to her little dairy had partly smothered her restlessness. Could she go back and feel resigned to her solitary fate?

"Oh yes," she said to herself, not however without a sigh, "I can bear it for father's sake." Then she prayed that God might let her forget the scene of yesterday in the forest. To keep green the memory of the handsome stranger who had rescued her from the wolves, would be a never-ending pain. It was a glorious vision which would never return. But even as she prayed to forget him, his face seemed to rise up before her, and to escape it she turned and gazed at the embers on the hearth. But lo! there it was again; nor did it vanish until Miss Crabtree threw on a fresh armful of hickory.

At this moment Wadsworth emerged from his study, clad in his deerskin jacket and heavy top boots, and after whispering a word to his aunt, left the house, followed of course by his shadow.

"Joe, Joe," murmured the old lady, as the door closed behind him, "what a restless being you are! You'll pass half the night trying to find out what became of those strangers. Why can't you wait until to-morrow?" But the Captain thought otherwise. He was not the man to abandon any clew which might lead to the discovery of Sir Edmund's plans, just for the sake of a quiet evening at home.

If Andros flattered himself it would be an easy

matter to rob the people of their charter, Joseph Wadsworth would teach him a rude lesson. This evening while he was yet out on his reconnoissance, an angry scene took place in the bed room occupied by Goody Garlic and Lydia. But we need not dwell upon it. The girl finally yielded, not however to the cross looks of Miss Crabtree, but to the soft entreaties of her old nurse.

"It will be all for the best," said the latter, patting her shoulder, "Yes, all for the best. Curls are forbidden, and surely you'll not let vanity stand in the way of obedience to our laws, which have been inspired by the Almighty."

And so the regicide's daughter, after some resistance, was pushed by the good-wife into the ancient chair in which more than one Wadsworth had breathed his last, and for about five minutes nothing was heard in that frosty apartment but the clipping of scissors; and when the work was accomplished, Prudence gave the girl a kiss, while Miss Crabtree, filling her apron with the golden spoils, hastened down to the roaring fire, which in an instant swallowed them up.

## CHAPTER XII.

Ir was exactly midnight when Wadsworth came home, feeling cold and not in the best of moods, by which his aunt, who had not yet retired, judged that he had been unsuccessful in the object of his expedition, and when she asked what he had discovered regarding the strangers, he shook his head, and answered, "very little." Then after warming his hands, he went on to tell her that the stranger whom he had left at the inn, had passed the night there. "His comrade," he added, "who was doubtless a bearer of dispatches from Andros to Governor Treat, I traced to Mr. Clark's house; they both departed at daybreak." With this he opened the door of his study, and urged his aunt not to sit up any longer. "You must be tired," he said, "waiting for me."

"Well I do need repose," answered the good woman, "but not half so much as yourself, who rack your brains from morning to night, whereas I only labor with my hands. Oh, Joe! go to your couch too. How can you help looking pale and haggard, when you don't take enough sleep?"

But although she remained some minutes at the foot of the staircase, entreating him, he refused to follow her example and she went up alone, saying as she had often done before, "what a strange, strange being!" From this hour until bell-ringing, the house was silent; every body slept except Wadsworth, for whom this night was to be the most trying in his life. During his solitary walk through the town, he had pondered seriously his late conduct, and had persuaded himself that it would bring down on him the vengeance of God; and this belief had so excited him, that sleep was now impossible. As soon, therefore, as the library door closed, he extinguished his candle and falling on his knees, began to pray. He beat his breast and implored the Almighty to pardon him for what he had done. Six years had passed since he had made a vow never to marry, hoping that the Lord, in return for such a sacrifice, would help him achieve the independence of the colonies. It was a strange vow, yet in keeping with those strange fanatical times. Now, had he not broken it, at least in spirit? Had not a maiden whom he had known but a single day caused him to fall? Tears rolled down his cheeks as he reflected on his weakness, and in this cold, pitch-dark chamber, he remained hour after hour praying with all the fervor of his soul. Over and over again he repeated the psalm

O Lord, God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before Thee.

Let my prayer come before Thee, incline Thine ear unto my cry.

J. Buc. 1

For my soul is full of trouble, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.

I am counted with them that go down into the pit, I am a man that hath no strength.

Free amoung the dead like the slain that lie in the grave, whom thou rememberest no more; and they are cut off from Thy hand

Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit-in darkness-in the deeps.

Nor did he rise from his knees until the watchman's bell warned him that it was daybreak. He then got up, feeling renewed strength of will, and more determined than ever to trample his passion under foot—he even smiled, so confident was he of victory. Then lighting his candle, he went into the other room, where he busied himself making the fire, and he was thus occupied when his aunt came down. The very first thing the loving woman did was to scan his countenance.

"Ah Joe!" she exclaimed, "I don't call that being kind to me. One might suppose you had seen a ghost, you look so pale; I'll engage, you havn't closed your eyes since I left you, five hours ago. If you fall sick and die, what would become of poor Charity Crabtree? Oh, my boy, do not trifle with your health; cease your fasting and vigils; turn over a new leaf and marry, yes, that is my solemn advice. It makes you start, but I repeat it, marry. A wife is the only thing that will soothe your troubled spirit, and make you cheerful and contented."

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of the Captain, as these words sounded on his ear; his first impulse was to drop the stick of wood he was carrying and rush back into his sanctum. But just at that moment, Lydia came tripping down the staircase, and recognizing her footstep, he muttered a prayer and boldly turned to meet her. She was changed since the evening before; every curl had disappeared, and yet she really seemed more bewitching than ever. Her joyous countenance penetrated like a flood of light into his gloomy soul, and made his heart beat quicker. Ah! it was a hard trial, but he did not give way; he remembered the solemy vow he had made. His aunt fancied that his repression was less austere than usual, as he bade the girl good morning; she flattered herself he was taking her advice, and about to turn over a new leaf.

Alas, she was catching at a straw. "That's right Joe, do be cheerful; remember what I told you a morrout ago," she exclaimed, patting him on the back.

Lydia had now advanced to within a few feet of him, and pulling an apple out of her pocket:

"Captain," she said, with an arch smile, and a glance at her nurse who was following her, "Goody Garlie and I found this in our bed-room, and have

had a dispute about it. I say it's a pippin, she says it is not; now, which of us is right?"

At once her host threw down his stick of wood, and bent forward to examine the fruit.

In a calmer moment he might have decided the question, but in the presence of the tempter his eyes wandered from the apple to the little white hand which held it, then of a sudden averting his face, he folded his arms and murmured something which neither Lydia nor the old maid understood.

"Well, answer my question," she continued, laugh ing.

"My aunt can decide that trifling matter, I have other things to think about," he replied, turning slowly towards her again. Such a remark from her host astonished the girl.

"I'm sure," she thought, as she withdrew to one of the seats in the chimney, "the stranger I met in the forest would not have spoken to me thus. What have I done to offend?".

"Joe!" said Miss Crabtree, looking reproachfully at him, "Joe, Joe!" But Wadsworth turned a deaf ear to her words; he felt conscious of having done what was right, and with the air of one who has triumphed, he took down the Bible from the shelf, and tapping it with his knuckles, gave the signal for prayers.

Now, it happened that the part of the scripture

he was to read this morning was the 29th chapter of Genesis, wherein is related how Jacob fell in love with the beautiful Rachel; and as he went on reading, his aunt, instead of bowing her head, eyed him closely; then as soon as he had finished, she approached, and with her mouth to his ear, "Joe," she whispered, "the godly men of old took wives, why don't you follow their example? what ails you that you hesitate? If you want to please me, keep straight on until you've won her."

Without making any reply he seated himself at table, and the meal which followed was the quietest Lydia had known since she had come under his roof. He did not speak a word, nor hardly even eat a mouthful, and when it was over he did not light his pipe, as was his habit, but began pacing up and down the room, his hands behind him, evidently absorbed in meditation, while Lydia helped Miss Crabtree and the servant put away the cups and dishes. Such a proof of an industrious spirit pleased Charity beyond everything, and going up to her nephew, she again whispered: "Joe, Miss Lydia would be a sunbeam; she'd drive away the cloud which hangs over your soul; tain't natural to be a bachelor; one gets sour and morbid; she thinks as you do about Independence; why don't you go ahead and win her?"

"A great end requires a great sacrifice," he re-

plied, turning from her and resuming his walk. These words sorely troubled the old lady, who now had little doubt that his mind was becoming affected, and she gave such a sigh that Prudence wondered what could be the matter.

At length the last cup was put back in its place and Lydia gazed around to see what else was to be done. But Miss Crabtree, who had read her thoughts, told her she should not do another stitch of work as long as she remained in the house.

"Go," she said, "and enjoy yourself in the library; I know you're fond of books."

"So I am," said Lydia, "and there is a map there which I would like to examine again. May I go?" here she turned towards Wadsworth.

"Certainly," replied the latter. Then, after a pause, and to her regret, he added that he would accompany her. The victory which he had achieved over himself had given him renewed confidence in his strength, and he no longer feared to be alone with this fascinating creature. "She shall not, if I can prevent it, remain out of the fold," he said to himself. "I will give her the Assembly Catechism to read, and if she feels disposed to listen, I will endeavor to change her views about stocks and whipping-posts."

As soon as the door closed behind them, Charity gave Prudence a wink, and at the same time ex-

claimed: "What a precious flower she is! Oh, if you only knew how happy she'll soon be."

"Without her father?" said Prudence, "impossible! Although she laughs and talks cheerfully enough, I know she is anxious to return to the log cabin, where she'd be willing to pass all her days unmarried, and among wolves and panthers, just for his sake; and ere this week is out, she'll be begging me to go back."

"Well, the Lord will bless her for keeping the fifth commandment. Oh, Prudence, if you only knew something!"

"Knew what? Do speak plain!"

Her friend paused a moment. "Well, I don't suppose there's any harm in telling you," she whispered, "but remember, dear, it's in the strictest confidence, and you musn't breathe a word of it to anybody."

"Not a syllable, Charity, not a syllable."

"Well, then, her stay here is to be a happy one: Colonel Goffe is coming to live with us. Ah! this news astonishes you; but it's true as Gospel; I get it from Joe."

"Oh, my, my! The child'll jump as high as the ceiling," cried Goody Garlic. "Pray, when may we expect the old gentleman?"

"To-morrow, if this fine weather holds; Adams

was advised to bring him down the river as soon as possible."

Let us now leave them talking together, and follow Wadsworth and his young guest into the next room

As soon as Lydia had seated herself, the Captain took the Assembly Catechism off the shelf, and in a tone of authority bade her read with him a few pages.

"Why, sir," she exclaimed, "I'm not yet through with Ann Bradstreet's poems, and when I am, there are other volumes in your collection more interesting than that one, which, from what I have seen of it, appears dry and stupid."

At these words her host groaned, but mastering his indignation, he went on urging her to peruse it.

"Will it do me any good, sir?" she asked, with a roguish smile.

"Yes, Miss, the greatest good. Tell me, are you at peace here? Is your soul at ease?" As he spoke he placed his hand upon his breast.

Lydia laughed. "My soul, sir, has never given me the least trouble—I say my prayers every night before going to bed—I sleep soundly—always have pleasant dreams; in the morning I pray again; as for my appetite, it could not be better, while melancholy is a thing I know nothing about. However, to please you, I will read the book."

"It would please me very much, for it is the bounden duty of every one who has owned the covenant to bring into the fold those who are out of it."

"Thanks, sir, for the interest you take in my welfare." Then after a pause, "I'li tell you what I'll do, Mr. Wadsworth, I'll promise to study the catechism from beginning to end, if you'll only let me off from it now, and give me instead an oral instruction in church matters; and when you have done that, you might go on and tell me something about the government of these colonies, for Adams has never gone into details, and I have been left a great deal to my imagination."

"I will," he said, placing the catechism in her hand; "but as you value my feelings, never again call this a dry and stupid volume."

The girl nodded, and her host folding his arms and leaning against the table, thus began: "I will first inform you, that the people of Hartford have not always enjoyed harmony in religious matters. In the year 1670, we divided on the question of baptism, and the consequence was the erection of a second house of worship, namely, that large edifice on the south side of Little river; and as the laws of Connecticut declare that dissenters from the Congregational order, provided they are orthodox on the fundamentals of Christianity, may live and

worship undisturbed, I would not marvel if before long there were other divisions. To form a church, Miss, it is necessary that a certain number of people assemble and draw up a covenant to which they promise adherance. Let me read you a copy of ours:

"In the name of our Lord God, and in obediance to His holy will and divine ordinances, we, whose names are here written, being by His most wise and good Providence brought together, and desirous to unite ourselves into one congregation or church, under our Lord Jesus Christ. our Head, in such sort as becometh all those whom He hath redeemed and sanctified unto himself:—do hereby solemnly and religiously, as in His most holy presence; promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways, according to the rules of the gospel; and in all sincere conformity to His holy ordinances, and in mutual love and respect to each other, so near as God will give us grace."

"Each church," he continued, "has a pastor chosen by the people, whose duty it is to break the flinty heart by his exhortations; then we have a teacher, on whom it rests to explain and defend the doctrines of Christianity and to prepare the young for church fellowship; we have a Ruling Elder who goeth from house to house like a good angel, keeping watch over the brethren and sisters—and let me say that Israel Barebones, widely as he differs from me in regard to revolution and independence, is a model Ruling Elder. Lastly, there are two Deacons, whose duty it is to provide for the poor of the parish and manage its secular affairs. A woman may hold this office. The Church of the

Pilgrims at Amsterdam, before they emigrated, had a deaconess. I will also inform you that we hold the right of disciplining our members without the interference of the General Court or of a synod. As for episcopacy, from the independent spirit of our people, I venture to predict, it will never take root amongst us." Here he paused a moment, perhaps in order to give his guest time to digest what he had been saying, then went on: "The salary, of the pastor of the first meeting-house, where auut and I worship, is sixty pounds a year, two-thirds of which is paid in provisions and—" here another pause, for on glancing at the girl, he found her eves fastened upon the map, which interested her now even more than the first time she had seen it. The great lakes, of which she had never yet heard any one speak, filled her with wonder; so did the Mississippi, the Missouri, the South Sea, which was to bound the future republic on the west. She carefully noted the different settlements scattered at unequal distances from each other, between the Penobscot and the Hudson—about midway, closely grouped together, at the extremities of the rugged coast line further apart, and with tide-water reaching nearly all of them; while the surrounding and intervening country had been dotted by the mysterious hand which had drawn the chart with arrow heads, "as a sign," she thought, "that Indians

roamed over it." Yes, all this interested her far more than church matters.

"I will say nothing further about our religious organization," resumed the Captain, slightly frowning; "I hope you have been paying attention, but from the direction of your eyes, I fear your interest has not been much excited."

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir, my ears do not always follow my eyes," answered Lydia, "but since you have done talking of the Church, please tell me something about our Civil Government, which I have heard you remark is closely bound up with it."

"With pleasure, Miss, with pleasure; only you must pay attention. To begin, let me inform you that the charter granted to this colony, in 1662, leaves us free to make all our own laws, except such as are contrary to the laws and statutes of the realm of England; nor does the instrument even enjoin us to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy, although two assistants were empowered to administer it. Being thus left to manage our local affairs, until recently, when, as you know, Andros has undertaken to rule us, we have gone far ahead of Europe in self government. The unit of our political system is the township, which draws its vitality direct from the people, who, without any ceremony, come together to discuss public matters;

and the freemen consider it a home duty to be present at town meetings. The administrative power of the township is vested chiefly in a small number of persons, called selectmen, which name originated as follows: In 1639 the Reverend Mr. Davenport directed the brethern who were forming themselves into a church at New Haven, to select eleven of the most godly men, as a nomination for Church pillars, that there might be no blemish in Church work. These were to choose seven among themselves, because the Proverb tells us, 'Wisdom hath hewn out her seven pillars.' Now, our civil and ecclesiastical affairs being so closely united, we have not hesitated to apply the same distinctive appellation to a civil officer of the community. The selectmen alone have the right to call a town meeting, but if ten voters demand one they cannot refuse. We also have constables to keep the peace; a town clerk, whose business it is to record town notes, grants, births, marriages, deaths; an assessor, who rates the township; a collector, who receives the rate; a treasurer, who keeps the funds; a road-surveyor; a timber measurer; a sealer of weights and measures; fire wards, who direct what to do in case of a fire; one or more fence viewers, and several other officials, all chosen by the freemen, and any one refusing to accept office is punished by a fine of forty shillings."

Lydia, whose attention had been closely riveted In the speaker, here exclaimed, "how interesting!"

Wadsworth gave an approving nod, then continued: "After the township, the county was formed; but as it is merely a territorial division without any political existence, and simply intended for the better administration of justice, I will go on and speak of the commonwealth. Our charter ordaineth that twice a year, namely, in May and October, the people shall have a chance of expressing their will as a community, through representatives in an Assembly, or as it is sometimes called, a General Court. This consists of the Governor, Deputy Governor, assistants and deputies; twelve of the former, elected by the people at large, while the latter are chosen by the towns, three from each. With us, the two branches of the Legislature act together and are not yet divided, as in the other colonies, into separate houses. At elections, Miss, we use beans and Indian corn; the corn signifying an affirmative vote, beans the contrary, while to enjoy the franchise it is necessary to be twenty-one years of age, own real estate to the amount of twenty pounds, and be recommended to the General Court by the selectmen, as honest, peaceable, and of civil conversation."

"Oh, how interesting," again said Lydia. "Why,

Mr. Wadsworth, it seems we already enjoy almost perfect liberty."

"We do, and hence the King has taken the alarm and sent over Andros to clip our wings, lest we fly away altogether. But now, let me go on and speak of something which is full as dear to me as my native colony. I mean the Union. You must know that as long ago as 1637, Connecticut proposed to the other Plantations that they should form a confederacy, the chief object of which should be greater security against Indians. Six years later, commissioners met from New Haven, Plymouth, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and agreed upon certain articles of union. We were to be called the United Colonies of New England; and two freemen from each Plantation were to be appointed to look after the general defence, and such matters as concerned all." Here Wadsworth opened the table drawer, and taking out a sheet of paper, read the following words of the Preamble to the articles of Confederation: "We, therefore, do conceive it our bounden duty without delay, to enter into a present consociation among ourselves, for mutual health and strength in all our future concernments, that as in nation and in religion, so in other respects, we be and continue One." "This," said he, "I often read over to myself, for it inspires me with hope. The old confederation was dissolved by the absorption of New Haven into Connecticut, but it was revived, in 1672, by Massachusetts, Connecticut and Plymouth, and still exists, and with God's help will prove the germ of something greater. I regret, however, that the people do not take the same interest in it which they formerly did, the Commissioners of the United Colonies not having met since September, 1684. But, thank God, Sir Edmund Andros has arrived! He will wake us up, and light with his own hand the fire of independence."

"Yes, yes, he will," cried Lydia with enthusiasm.

"But pray, how happens it that this colony," turning to the map, and placing her finger on Rhode Island, "does not belong to the confederation?"

"Because, its people, always hard-hearted and conceited, preferred to be by themselves. I never liked them. For years they have tried to quarrel with Connecticut about the Narragansett country, over which they wrongfully claim jurisdiction. I trust, however, that when the eleventh hour comes, Rhode Island will not be found wanting. Why, even in Maryland, Virginia, and down in the Carolinas, where, last autumn, I dispatched Adams to obtain information as to the temper of the people, there are brave hearts willing to join with us in striking for independence. There is only one thing I fear, namely, that England will depose

King James and place a more liberal monarch on the throne. That might spoil my game, for the freemen would then care less about separating from the mother country."

"But the seed which you have sown would not perish," said Lydia; "if your dream be not realized in this generation, it will in the next."

"When I am under ground," sighed Wadsworth;
"oh, life is too short."

"It is, sir, it is; and how fast the years fly."

A look, inexpressibly sad, now stole over the countenance of her host, who, for several minutes did not open his lips; then glancing at his watch he remarked that it was almost noon.

"Another day half gone," he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Lydia, "another day half gone. In a short while I will be with dear father again. But never will I forget this morning's conversation, and I shall look for the visits of Mad Adams with greater impatience than ever."

Had she known the joyful surprise which was in store for her, we believe, with Goody Garlic, that she would have jumped as high as the ceiling.

"It must be near dinner time," she went on, rising from her chair.

"Yes, it is. But before we go into the other room let me talk to you a little about stocks and

whipping-posts, which you seem to view with so much horror."

Drawing back a step, Lydia eyed him a moment with a saucy air, then with emphasis, "talk," she said, "to my aunt about such things; I would rather not trouble my head with them."

"She's paying me back for my gruff behavior this morning," thought Wadsworth; "but I'll persevere and on another occasion will broach the subject, a being like her must not go astray."

"But before I take another meal," continued Lydia, in a firm voice, and as if she expected some opposition, "I want to sweep this room."

To her surprise, her host shrugged his shoulders and walked towards the door; then with his hand upon the knob, he turned, and gave her a look, the meaning of which she could not fathom —while his eyebrows lowered, there was something in his expression almost pathetic.

"You may stay away twenty minutes," she continued, still assuming an air of authority; "now go."

He obeyed, and as he passed out, the girl made a sign to Goody Garlic, who quickly slipped her the broom. No sooner did Miss Crabtree hear her nephew's step, than she turned from the fire where she was busy preparing a stew, and with a broad grin, clapped her greasy palm on his shoulder and told him that God would bless him for turning over a new leaf. But Wadsworth's frown quickly dispelled her hopes. "Why tempt me, aunt?" he said, "to swerve from the path! why do you stand side by side with Beelzebub?"

"Lord, Joe! what has come over you?" cried the good woman, who in her anxiety paid no heed to the presence of dame Garlic. "Are you possessed? Marry, my boy, marry; only a wife can save you."

"All flesh is grass!" was his solemn response. "Would you have me, for the sake of a woman, no matter how beautiful, jeopardize the glorious end I have in view?" Here his aunt turned from him and wiped away a tear. During the next twenty minutes he looked several times at his watch, and as he heard the broom at work he could not help grinding his teeth; yes, it was dreadful to think of his pens hidden in some out of the way place, the map rolled up and stowed dear knows where, perhaps in one of his boots, and every thing so arranged, that it would take at least a month to feel at home again in his sanctum. "Oh, woman, woman," he muttered, "if we could only do without you, but we cannot. I am like a piece of dough in the hands of this maiden, whom I have scarcely known forty-eight hours."

At length the door opened, and Lydia with

a smile invited him to enter and see what had been accomplished. She might have remained and accompanied him in his inspection, had not Miss Crabtree thrown her arms about her neck and prevented her.

"Oh, darling," whispered the aunt, "I cannot but think Providence has sent you here for a wise purpose; you mustn't mind any thing my Joe says to you; he's not as cross as he looks, and his heart isn't what his tongue would make him out. You're a jewel, dear, a jewel and he knows it, and is going to make you jump for joy, in a day or two. Oh, Lydia, if you only knew something!"

"Well, what?" said the girl, puzzled by this remark.

"Oh, it's a secret, I can't tell, but you'll jump for joy, you will, you will."

Wadsworth in the meanwhile, had glided into his study, and was darting his eyes right and left. What a change, to be sure! The floor sprinkled with clean white sand, was a pleasure to look upon; the cobwebs in the corners had all disappeared; the sword hanging above his boots was ever so much brighter; the map was still unrolled on the table; his papers neatly sorted, and the copy of the charter where it had always been. In fact, there was no fault to be found. Moreover, the window gave a great deal more light, it being no longer fly-

blown, and as he gazed out and saw the hills beyond the Connecticut, he wondered at his folly, in having for so many years deprived himself of this beautiful view. "This room was indeed a den," he said, "now it's a little paradise."

Presently dinner was announced, and when Wadsworth came to the table, he looked so pleased that his aunt's top-knot could not keep still. Twice during the meal, he paid Lydia a compliment: he told her he would allow no other person but her to enter his library, and that she was the only woman he knew who could stow things away without hiding them.

At all this the girl laughed and made merry; but her pride was none the less gratified to see this stern man bowing before her. She had not, however, been altogether pleased by Miss Crabtree's mysterious words, when the latter had thrown her arms around her neck. "If she means," thought Lydia, that I am to be made happy by his choosing me for his wife, she'll find herself mistaken. I'd not leave father alone in the wilderness for the richest and greatest man in New England; this very week I'll go back to the log cabin."

During the afternoon Miss Crabtree proposed that Wadsworth should take his guest another ride through the town.

But to her disappointment he made no answer,

while the girl assured them both, she would rather go a-foot, adding that Prudence Garlic had not as yet seen any thing of Hartford, and she wanted the latter to accompany them. Now, the goodwife could not a second time plead headache, as an excuse for remaining behind; so, after Charity had pulled her nephew's sleeve, and whispered a few words in his ear, they all started off together. They had not proceeded many steps, however, before the aunt seized Dame Garlic by the arm and held her back, thus giving the Captain and the girl a chance to pass ahead. During the promenade, which extended as far as Wyllvs' hill, Miss Crabtree stopped at least a dozen times to chat with people, and whenever she did she would beckon to Lydia and introduce her as Prudence's niece; and it was evident from the way the dame spoke that she took pride in showing off her young guest, whose tall, graceful figure and handsome countenance charmed every body. Once or twice the girl's heart throbbed, as she fancied she caught a glimpse of the stranger whom she had met on her journey down the river, and who had left so deep an impression upon her; but on a nearer view she was always disappointed. Miles kept with them as far as Mr. Clark's house; there, however, he halted, and after giving his master a stare so peculiar and full of meaning, that Lydia was struck by it, and again

declared her belief that the creature had a soul, he passed through the gate, and in a moment was scratching at the door for admittance. Wadsworth did not call the dog back, but his face became suddenly grave, while his aunt, who was close behind told him, if she had her way she would either whip the brute to death if it persisted in going there; "or else," lowering her voice, "I'd make Nancy take Miles back. It was an unlucky gift, Joe, and if you want to please me and turn over a new leaf, you'll get rid of your 'shadow.'"

## CHAPTEP VIII.

NATHANIEL CLARK, who dwelt in the stone mansion, south of Little river, was the son of one of the early settlers of Hartford. His father had belonged to a good family of Yorkshire, England, and in early life had held a position of trust under the government. But having married a lady without fortune, he had crossed the Atlantic and sought a new home in Connecticut, where land was to be had for nothing, and where it would cost far less to bring up his children than in the mother country.

Here his wife had borne him four sons, of whom the eldest had been named Nathaniel, after himself; and all had been of agreeable dispositions, excepting the first born, who when yet a mere child had taken a strange delight in telling tales on his playmates, stoning his father's turkeys, and sousing the house cat in the water barrel. So unruly did he become, that no pedagogue was ever able to make him study, and he grew up without knowing how to write, while his reading was very imperfect. When in the course of years the emigrant's boys came to manhood, the present solid building was erected on the site of the log cabin where Mr. Clark had first dwelt, and he and his wife looked forward to spending under its roof many happy days.

But one of those fearful visitations of small-pox, which, in that century, often ravaged New England, swept away the whole family, leaving only the oldest son. "How mysterious are the ways of Providence," was on the lips of every body, when they saw the least worthy spared and enjoying all to himself, the fruit of his father's labor. Nathaniel's good fortune, however, did not end here; it followed him in the matter of getting a wife, and among the maidens of Hartford he won the best, if not the most beautiful. Every one liked Nancy Briggs, and when the news flew round that she had accepted him, the whole town was amazed. But turning a deaf ear to all that was

said against her lover, she married him, and for a number of years no couple lived in greater harmony.

But at length Mr. Clark left off going to meeting on the sabbath, and openly avowed himself a believer in episcopacy. He even went so far as to express a hope, that the King might use his authority to foster and protect Common Prayer worship; and when we consider that not another person in the community agreed with him, this open way of speaking proved him to be a man of no ordinary courage. His wife's entreaties were of no avail; he not only refused to go to meeting himself but even did his best to prevent her doing so. In this however, he was not successful. But from thenceforth the good woman's life was very unhappy; and when she died, those who knew her best, said it was of a broken heart. That, however, may have been only gossip; let us do the widower the justice to declare that he spared no expense to make her funeral an imposing one, as the reader may judge from the following items:

1	barrel of Wine£6	8	0
2	barrels Cider 0	11	0
82	lbs. sugar 2	1	0
4	dozen pairs Gloves 5	4	0

Moreover, when the earth was being shoveled upon her coffin, he knelt down and evinced every sign of grief. Soon after Mrs. Clark had passed to a better world, a change quite unaccountable came over her only offspring, Nancy, then seventeen years of age. During her mother's life time, the young woman had always accompanied her to meeting on the Sabbath and lecture days; but now she began to absent herself, and the tithing man, whose duty it was to spy out those who stayed away, used to see her wandering on the outer edge of the green, or perhaps along the bank of the river, while the rest of the people were at prayer.

"What ails the girl?" one would ask.

"Beelzebub is working at her soul," would be the suggestive response of some other busy body.

"Why does not Mr. Japheth make a complaint?" a third would say.

"Alas!" would be the ruling elder's exclamation, "passing laws is easier than enforcing them;" while Jacob Japheth, whenever he was spoken to on the subject, was sure to throw the blame on his blind eye. Little did the people know how it really stood with Nancy Clark; how, during her lonely walks on the Sabbath, she was praying more fervently than many who were at meeting, and that it was in obedience to her father's wishes that she separated herself from the congregation. Nor, after her mother's death, was she ever met at any husking party or quilting, and the gossips were sorely put to it for a solution of her mysterious conduct

This one would whisper one thing, that another; while once they made so free as to ask Nancy what had come over her; but she would not tell. Jacob Japheth, however, had an opinion of his own concerning the young woman, which he had imparted to nobody except Mrs. Japheth. The people had already talked enough about her, and he was not going to add his mite of gossip to theirs. "Yes," the tithing man would say to himself, "she's been jilted, and in spite of the way he beats his breast at meeting, and sings the psalms, I don't like Captain Joe for it. He thinks he was never seen with his arm round her waist, two or three years ago, on Wylly's hill. Ha, ha! I hadn't any blind eye then, and there was a full moon shining." And so the gossips talked, but Nancy minded nought that they said about her; she did not even know that Mr. Japheth was secretly her friend. Throughout her father's correspondence with Randolph and Dudley, the young woman had acted as his amanuensis, and governor Andros had already received more than one communication in her handwriting. Often, while thus employed, she was tempted to speak out her mind and tell him she would no longer write to those who were bent on destroying the liberties of New England. But every time the words had come to her lips her courage had failed, and so she had gone on writing,

letter after letter, until now she began to see the net which she had helped to weave, drawing closer and closer about her native colony.

No man of course toils without an object; it was not pure and simple loyalty to his sovereign which caused Mr. Clark to place himself in opposition to the people of Hartford. No, he had an end in view which he was bent on reaching by fair means or foul. Little did Nancy dream that besides a fortune for himself, he intended her to marry somebody with a title, at any rate a gentleman, of whom not a few had come over with the new governor; after which they might go and live in England, instead of among low-born Puritans. "Now that the old woman is dead," he would say to himself, as he paced back and forth in his room, meditating over his schemes, "the girl's career shall no longer be thwarted. I was too lenient when I permitted her to waste her days reading 'Cotton's Milk for Babes,' and 'The Assembly Catechism;' those books have taken all the spirit out of her. But that's over now, and I will infuse into her some of my own ambition."

The morning after Lydia Goffe's arrival in the settlement, this unscrupulous man stood gazing out of his parlor window, evidently in what, for him, was a very genial mood. But it was not the blue sky, nor the sunbeams streaming in upon him, nor

the rows of boxwood peeping above the snow, which filled his heart with gladness; there was no poetry in his nature, not the least. He was a hard, matter-of-fact being, whose head would not have turned the tenth of an inch to view the most sublime scenery on earth.

"That's a fine piece of land," he kept repeating, "a fine piece of land; too good to be devoted to the support of a school. Moreover, the town had no right to dispose of it without asking leave of the only person in New England who now has the ave and nay in such matters." Here he turned and walked to the other end of the room, then came back to the window. "But there's time enough, 'twill be six weeks yet before spring really opens; bluebirds can't deceive me, we'll have more cold weather, and I wouldn't be able to plow the field now, even if I had the deed." Then rubbing his hands, "Ha, ha!" he continued, "Captain Synnot ought to reach Boston to-morrow evening; he'll lay my petition before Sir Edmund and—ha, ha, ha! won't there be gnashing of teeth among Joe Wadsworth's party?"

While he was thus rejoicing at the prospect which opened before him, a delicate, humble looking female entered and approached the window where he stood.

"Isn't this glorious!" she exclaimed, leaning her

forehead against the glass, "how I love the sun! I wish it would shine on me always, even when I'm dead; yes, father, give me a sunny grave."

Mr. Clark shrugged his shoulders and gazed at her with an expression, part of pity, part of wonder.

"'Tis past eight o'clock, Nancy," he said, "I had to take breakfast without you; but then, it was after midnight when you retired; you were a good girl to sit up so late. You conversed well, and I think he fancied you; one of these days you'll have your reward. But, tell me, how did you like him?"

"Well, certainly I could find no fault with his looks," she answered; "he is very handsome."

"Aye, my daughter, his long wavy hair is much more pleasing to the eye than the hideous, shortcropped locks of our people. But who do you think he is?"

"Why, a British officer, of course; his uniform showed that, although before he took off his deerskin coat, he was well disguised. Doubtless he holds a position under Andros; he spoke as if he knew his wife."

"Quite right; Captain Synnot commands Sir Edmund's body guard, and came to Hartford for the purpose of seeing how things look. He is no canting Puritan, but a true member of the Church of England." Here Mr. Clark paused, and in-

tently watched his daughter's countenance. But Nancy was still gazing at the blue sky, and seemed to pay very little heed to these last words.

"You heard him relate his adventure in the forest?" he continued.

"Yes, sir, 'twas the last thing our guest told before I withdrew. Really, I am curious to know who that girl was he rescued from the wolves."

"So am I; he spoke of her as being exceedingly beautiful."

For another quarter of an hour Mr. Clark paced up and down the room, still keeping in very good humor. "Never mind," he soliloquized, "never mind, if my daughter hasn't a comely face she'll yet be the envy of them all. I will make myself so useful to his Excellency that he'll not be able to do without me, and whatever honors he showers on me, she will share."

At length he stopped, and placing his forefinger on Nancy's shoulder, "I suppose I need'nt caution you," he said, "not to repeat anything our visitor told us about Boston and Sir Edmund; be prudent and hold your tongue."

"As you wish," she murmured, at the same time her breast heaved.

"Come, come; do not speak as if you were afraid of me," exclaimed her father. "Alas, you have been spoilt by your early training. Why are

you not cheerful? Have you no enthusiasm, no ambition? I could swear I heard you sigh a moment ago. Why, Nancy, think what your future may be! Captain Synnot is going to speak a good word for you to Lady Andros; that ought to make your heart glad."

"I was not aware, sir, I needed anything said in my behalf," replied the young woman.

"Humph! you have your mother's obtuseness; well, I will speak plainer. I mean that her ladyship shall know that I have a daughter, who is anxious to serve the government, and whom I am anxious to have married to somebody of rank."

At these words the young woman turned and eyed her father with a gaze steadier than he believed her capable of, while an indignant flush crimsoned her brow. She had long known the base part he was playing; how could she help but know it, since she herself had written all his letters. But that he should wish to drag her further along the path of infamy, and have her choose for a husband some retainer of Sir Edmund, was almost more than even her humble disposition could bear.

But, alas, her timidity sealed her lips; she knew her parent's temper, and so let another occasion go by, where she might have spoken out her mind for his good, perhaps, as well as her own.

"Nancy," he resumed, after rather a long silence,

"you have played your part well thus far; only one thing is needed to make you perfect, and that is ambition. You are now twenty-three years of age, and have been wise enough to stay unmarried. There was a time when I feared Joseph Wadsworth was making an impression on you. You were right not to favor his suit, which, by the way, he had no right to begin without my leave. Help me now with all your heart and soul to better our position, and every man and woman in Hartford will look on you with envy."

At the mention of Wadsworth's name, the young woman drew herself up, and with an expression which astonished her father, "He's far above us all," she cried, "far above us all."

"What, Nancy! I thought you had long gotten over your school girl love. Tut, tut, don't prate to me about his being noble and above us all; I won't hear it, silence."

She obeyed, but despite his angry look the tears came to her eyes.

"Now don't be foolish," he continued, "I never saw you act in this way before. Come, dry your tears and I'll tell you what I saw a short while ago, as I stood at the gate. It was nothing else than the Captain of the train-band riding by with a pretty girl behind him on the pillion. True as gospel; and it was a sight which made me glad:

men of his stamp, with fire and brimstone under their eyebrows, born revolutionists need wives to keep them at home, contented with the plow and the harrow. But I fear it may be too late for any woman to stop Wadsworth; he has already compromised himself, judging from a few words I heard Mad Adams drop at the tavern last month. Oh, I must work hard, very hard indeed to thwart him, or the king will have to bid adieu to these colonies."

Again Nancy's face brightened. "May the Lord strengthen him, may he keep true to his vow," she said to herself; "brave, noble Wadsworth, you will yet lead us to independence!"

"I want you," resumed Mr. Clark, "to bear one thing in mind, that is, that you and I are in the same boat; we must sink or swim together. I forgive your moody conduct during the last half hour, your tears and the foolish way you spoke of my enemy, who must and shall be your enemy too; but you must wake up, and have more ambition. I desire you now to make the acquaintance of the girl whom I saw riding with Wadsworth; doubtless she will know much about his plans, and you will thus be doing a great service to your king, for which Heaven will bless you."

"And my country despise me!" thought Nancy, folding her arms, and again looking boldly at her father. "Never! I'd sooner die!"

"You understand me, Miss," he concluded, "therefore begin at once, I expect an early report." With this, he took up his hat and left the house, turning his steps in the direction of the field which he so much coveted.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was a clear, sun-shiny day, the fifth which Lydia had spent in Hartford, and the girl was seated by the window, thinking of how fond she had already become of the place; nothing was wanting to complete her happiness, but to have her father with her.

"I cannot remain away from him much longer," she said to herself; "no, I cannot."

The hour was three in the afternoon, and since dinner she had been studying the Assembly Catechism, for her host had warned her, that he was going to examine her on it that evening; but its dry, uninteresting matter had ended in giving her a headache, and she could not bear to read another line. "I must go out for a walk," she said, "and this time without the goodwife, or Miss Crabtree. The latter tries to keep me always under her eye, she's a perfect cat; I do believe, she's

afraid some other man besides the Captain will speak to me." Now, this was pretty much the truth.

But can we blame the aunt for wishing to secure to her nephew the possession of one so beautiful, and in every way so fitted to become his wife?

The house was very quiet; Wadsworth was in his library, poring over a manuscript, which Doctor Mather had sent him from Boston; Miles, as usual, lay sleeping at his feet; while Prudence and her friend had not opened their lips for ever so long, being each deeply absorbed in the other's dream-book.

"If I had on my moccasins instead of these uncomfortable shoes," thought Lydia, "I might slip out without being noticed. I'll risk it, however, and if they do catch me, why what of it? I've a right to go when and where I please."

A few minutes later she might have been seen gliding out, her scarlet cloak over her shoulders, and on her head a plain, sombre-colored hood. "If the Captain wants me to take a ride," she said, laughing, "he'll have to exercise his patience and wait till to-morrow. He's deep, and bold, and original, and there are many things about him which I admire, but somehow I cannot get to like him—too cold and mysterious, not enough sentiment. If he wants me now, he'll have to chase me. Ha, ha!"

Presently she found herself in Main street, which, as might have been expected on such a lovely afternoon, was crowded with people, girls and boys, grannies and old men, farmers, storekeepers, and not a few hunters, with strings of wolves' ears slung across their shoulders, and all chatting pleasantly together. Nearly every dwelling had a sled standing in front of it, some of the horses pawing the snow and neighing for their masters to come; others with heads down and ears drooping, as if they knew that they were only brutes, and that making a noise would not bring them back to their stables any the sooner. Lydia was quickly recognized by those to whom Miss Crabtree had introduced her, but instead of stopping to chat, she preferred merely to return their greeting, then hastened on towards the old pyramid-shaped meeting-house; for although she had several times visited it, she had not yet examined as thoroughly as she wished the graves which stood there, nor the stocks and whipping-post at the north-east corner of the green. When she arrived no culprit happened to be undergoing sentence, so, walking up to the stocks, she endeavored to thrust her right hand through one of the holes. In this, however, she did not quite succeed, but was pushing hard, when suddenly a voice, so lugubrious that you might have imagined it proceeded from one of the graves behind her, exclaimed: "Richly hast thou merited being placed there, Miss Garlie, but thy sin will be forgiven, for thou hast repented."

We need hardly say that Lydia was startled, and looking round she beheld the tall, slender form of the ruling elder eyeing her from a little distance.

"What do you mean, sir," she exclaimed, drawing herself up.

"I mean, that thy curls were giving wide-spread scandal; but, thank the Lord, thou hast destroyed them. Therefore, I shall not dwell upon the subject further than to say, beware of Satan; he will dig many a pitfall in thy road to Zion."

"Well, in spite of all his holes, you and I'll get there," exclaimed another voice, and glancing in the direction of the jail, Lydia saw the merry eye of Jacob Japheth, the tithing man, twinkling at her.

"I watched you, Miss, trying to push your hand in the stocks, ha, ha, ha! you didn't get through, you didn't get through." Then drawing closer, and lowering his voice, "did you keep e'er a one of them flutterin' you-know-whats? some folks think they was a scandal; but some folks is grumpy by nature, and see the devil in every ringlet on a pretty girl's head. Why, Miss, when I said my prayers that evening, after I had seen you and Captain Joe riding past, them 'ere you-know-whats

was dancing afore me, so I could scarce keep my eye on the Bible; every line seemed to twist and curl up like one of 'em."

"A pretty tithingman, indeed!" exclaimed Lydia, laughing, and at the same time shaking his hand, "to let my poor curls give such distraction."

"Well, I shall never forget 'em, and never expect to behold the like again. But now, to change the subject, what do you think of him?"

As he put the question, Israel Barebones edged up closer and placed his hand to his ear.

"Think of whom?"

"Oh, you know, Miss; ain't he wise? ain't he original?"

"Are you speaking of Mr. Wadsworth?"

"Why, of course, and you may as well be frank about it; the cat's already out of the bag."

"A most godly man," put in the ruling elder, "and I join brother Japheth in congratulating you; the Captain needs a wife to settle him down and keep him from brooding so much over the political condition of the country."

"Yes, yes, a wife would give him other things to worry about," pursued the tithing man.

"Well, really," exclaimed Lydia, blushing, yet at the same time hardly able to repress a laugh, "methinks you are both making very free with a piece of impertinent gossip," "'Tis known by every body," rejoined Mr. Japheth; "nothing else is talked about, and we're all so glad, for Captain Joe's a great favorite, and we want to see his name handed down. Yet—" here he stopped and shook his head. "It wasn't right," he murmured, "she was his first choice; no, it wasn't right; poor Nancy Clark!"

"And that's why he's getting up a husking party; the first he's given in years," said Mr. Barebones, not noticing the grave look of his friend.

"A husking party? Strange I've heard nothing about it," said Lydia; "that shows what proportions gossip can take."

"But it's true, I got it from good authority; perhaps he wants to keep it a secret, and so take you, Miss, by surprise."

Here the regicide's daughter burst into a hearty laugh; then telling them that she could not lose any more time listening to their nonsense, betook herself to the rear of the meeting-house. She had been there only a short while examining the mounds without headstones, and wondering what poor strangers might be lying beneath, when her attention was drawn to a young woman approaching from Main street, with a wreath of evergreen slung over her arm; her eyes were cast upon the ground, and her whole appearance was that

of one familiar with care and sorrow. Presently she stopped at Mrs. Clark's grave, then kneeling down, placed the wreath upon it. Lydia's feelings were moved, and walking up, she stood reverently by until Nancy had risen; then, without waiting to introduce herself, she threw her arms about her neck and gave her a kiss.

"I know we are strangers to one another," she said, in answer to the other's look of astonishment, "but that makes no difference, we shall be friends."

"Always," said Nancy, who took in at a glance the fullness of Lydia's generous nature, "always."

"Are you not Miss Clark?" pursued the regicide's daughter.

"I am, and pray——." Here she suddenly checked herself, for she had recognized in her new acquaintance the very person whom her father was desirous she should meet. "No," she murmured, "I will not even ask her name—I will not play the spy."

"I am staying at Mr. Wadsworth's," continued Lydia, "and-—"

"Yes, yes, I know it," said Nancy, interrupting her; "I saw you and him ride past my house a few days ago." With this the young woman bowed her head, while the other wondered what she was thinking about, and why the expres-

sion of her face grew so sad. During the next minute, what thoughts passed through Nancy's mind, what memories were awakened !—the moonlight walks around Wyllys' hill; those hours of bliss which for her at least were never to return. Yet, not once had she blamed Wadsworth for his yow: no, not once. She had felt that by keeping him true to it she would be a sharer in his glory; the Lord would bless them both and give freedom to their native land. But what was this gossip now flying from mouth to mouth? "I do not believe it," she murmured, at the same time gazing affectionately at Lydia; "he pledged himself to the Almighty never to marry; to swerve from his vow would jeopardize his soul; I will pray for him; yet I do not believe it-no, no."

In Nancy's heart there entered not one spark of jealousy; if anything, she pitied Lydia. "Wadsworth," she said to herself, "is a man to be loved; ne may allow himself to be carried away for awhile by my friend's beauty, but in the end, if she loves him, there is grief in store for her—he will keep his yow."

Presently they took each other's hand and wended their way among the graves, whose quaint epitaphs amused Lydia; while Nancy, as Wadsworth had already done, read aloud the inscription on the tomb of the Reverend Samuel Stone. They

then crossed the green and re-entered Main street, where they found the tithing man and the ruling elder talking to a group of people who stared as they went by, and from the way Mr. Barebones dropped his voice, Lydia felt certain she had been the subject of his remarks.

"An odd couple," she said.

"Well, they are both a little peculiar," replied Nancy, "yet very good men. Israel Barebones is thought by some folks to be too scrupulous; night and day he worries about what others are doing, and it almost kills him when any body wanders out of the path of righteousness. Mr. Japheth in this respect is altogether different; he seems as if he couldn't frown or look gloomy if he tried, and lets folks do pretty much as they please. Yes, his blind eye is often the sinner's friend."

"Well I prefer him a thousand times over!" exclaimed Lydia; "give me sunshine and a cheerful face always; he reminds me of some one whom no doubt you know, for he lives in Hartford—Simon Adams."

"Know Mad Adams? I should think I did—as good a fellow as ever breathed. He now keeps the Bunch of Grapes, and although 'tis his first season at the business, every body is satisfied with his management; no brawls occur there any more, while at nine in the evening the tavern is closed

As for getting in on the Sabbath, you'd have to squeeze through the key hole."

"I am glad he has a better way of earning a livelihood then hunting wolves," said Lydia.

"So am I; but I fear he won't stick to it; he has led such a wandering life that it is difficult for him to settle down. Indeed, I am afraid he's at this very moment off on one of his wild expeditions. He disappeaed a couple of weeks ago, trusting the Ordinary to a friend, and I hear he is not back yet, nor does any body seem to know which way he went. Alas! he cannot do without excitement."

"Well, he is no fonder of it than my host, into whose soul this peaceful, monotonous life is eating like rust."

"True; but a day is coming when Wadsworth's patience and pains will be rewarded; wait till the drum beats to arms, then the world will know him!"

Here Lydia glanced at the speaker, whose cheek had suddenly become flushed with excitement, and as the girl watched her she remembered how the Captain of the train-band, when she had ridden with him past Mr. Clark's house, had sighed and urged on his steed. What did it mean? What mystery was there between him and her friend?

"But pray, where did you make Adam's acquaintance?" said Nancy, her face once more resuming its habitual pallor.

"At my home, which he occasionally visits."

"Oh, indeed!" With this the young woman changed the subject. Her natural curiosity might have prompted her to ask where Lydia's home was, but she had resolved to obtain no information, which her father by any cross-questioning might contrive to worm out of her.

"How do you like the Captain's shadow?" she continued. "I mean his dog Miles."

"As much as he likes me; we are already fast friends."

"Well, 'twas I gave him to Wadsworth." Here Nancy sighed. Just then they heard the sharp, joyous bark, which no other dog in town possessed, and looking round they spied Miles running towards them as fast as he could. In another moment he had reached them, then placing himself in front of Nancy he gave her one of his strange looks.

"I do believe he's trying to speak," said Lydia.

"Yes," replied her companion, "no other dumb animal ever stares at me in this way."

"I suspect he was seeking you, not me," pursued Lydia; "does he often leave his master?"

"About once a month he comes to our house and scratches at the door till I let him in. He is an original."

"Like the Captain," said Lydia.

"Yes, you're right. Mr. Wadsworth is different from other men. Oh, what a great soul! Alas! that he and father should be enemies!"

"Well, that need not hinder you paying me a visit before I leave the settlement, and I'll certainly come to see you."

Nancy shook her head. "In a few moments," she sighed, "we will reach my home, but I dare not invite you to enter it, since you are the guest of one whom he hates."

"I will go in, however; I'm not afraid," answered Lydia. "Surely, in your company Mr. Clark would not offer me an insult."

"Well, as you like, but you must not take offence if I do not return the visit; I am no favorite with Miss Crabtree."

Soon they were at the house, and as Nancy opened the door, a nervous feeling seized her. What if her father should be at home? "Suppose he questions me about my companion," she thought, "what can I tell him? Will he believe me when I say that I neither know who she is nor where she comes from?" The young woman determined, however, rather to brave his anger than win the confidence of Lydia, only to make a base use of what she might discover.

The building which they entered was not as cold and gloomy as it appeared from the outside; on

the contrary, once across the threshold, it wore a cheerful aspect. To the left of the hall was a cupacious room with clean, whitewashed walls, and no ears of corn, bunches of catnip, or pumpkins dangling overhead, as in Wadsworth's abode. The chimney was smaller than that of Lydia's host, but a bright fire was burning on the hearth, and the desk and writing-table in the centre of the apartment showed that it was used both as a study and parlor. What first attracted the girl's attention was a portrait of King Charles the First, a gift, as Nancy informed her, from President Dudley. But the regicide's daughter was not told, for her friend did not know it herself, that it was likewise a reward for a secret service which Mr. Clark had rendered the government.

"But come," exclaimed Nancy, seizing her arm, "come up to my bed-room; I want to show you my flowers; Miles as you perceive has left our heels and is no doubt waiting for us there."

Sure enough, on mounting the staircase, they found him lying on the mat before the door, thumping his tail as if he were keeping time to their footsteps. The chamber into which Lydia was ushered was small and cozy, and the rays of the sun, which were streaming in, gave it a warmth and cheerfulness such as no artificial light can ever impart. By the window stood a few flower-pots, containing

roses and geraniums, while in the corner near the fireplace (in which at this moment were only a few smouldering embers) lay a spindle and distaff.

"These," said Nancy, affectionately resting her hand upon them, "were mother's."

Presently her face brightened, and Lydia also smiled, for there, unceremoniously stretched upon the bed, its head resting on the pillow, like a human being, was the dog.

"Happy creature!" she continued, "'tis well I gave you away."

"Why?" inquired Lydia.

"Because, I'm unlucky; all my pets die." As she spoke the young woman's face again grew sad. "There was Cudjo, the dearest little dog that ever lived, I never knew what became of him; Dick, a pigeon, which used to follow me every where, was carried off by a hawk; then I had a colt, a lamb, and all, one after the other, just when I had got most attached to them, either died or left me. That is why I gave Miles away."

"Well, at any rate, your flowers are blooming."

"Yes, they are, the frost has not killed them yet; I doubt if any body has a mate for this," cutting off the loveliest rose and handing it to her friend, who after admiring it a moment, placed it in her breast, then turned toward the window.

"Is not that the Oak on Wyllys' hill?" said

Lydia pointing at a large tree about a quarter of a mile off.

"Yes, I call it my oak; 'tis dear knows how old."

"So Mr. Wadsworth told me, and he said the Indians were exceedingly fond of it."

"And the squirrels love it too," continued Nancy.
"I have seen a whole family of the little creatures basking at the mouth of the opening which you must have noticed near the roots; while the whippoorwills are heard there sooner than any where else, and the Captain is fond of sitting under the tree, spring evenings, on purpose to listen to them."

"But they have such a mournful cry," said Lydia.

"'Tis the very reason he likes them. Why, I've heard him say, the wind whistling among the leaf-less trees in winter, was the sweetest of music. Mr. Wadsworth is not like other men."

They thus went on conversing about one thing and another, until Lydia perceived that the sun was almost on the horizon and that it was time for her to leave. "Prudence and Miss Crabtree must be worrying," she said, "to know what has become me." But before bidding good-bye there was a question she wanted very much to ask; it was the name of the stranger, whom Wadsworth had traced here a few nights before, and who, she felt sure, was the same that had rescued her from the

wolves. Yet she hesitated, for she feared it might widen the breach between Nancy's parent and her host, if the former discovered that Wadsworth kept watch on those who entered his abode; so without mentioning the subject, she gave her friend an embrace and departed.

Nancy remained on the porch, following her with her eyes, till long after she had passed through the little gate, and when finally she disappeared from view, the young woman still lingered there, while her thoughts turned upon Wadsworth. "If I did not know him so well," she said, "I might be tempted to believe the report which is spread through the town, that he is in love. No maid in Hartford can equal his young guest in beauty. Poor thing! I hope she may not give him her heart, as I once did; for I know he will keep true to his vow, and in the end there is bitter grief in store for her."

Presently Nancy bowed her head, and the tears trickled down her cheeks; her fortitude and resignation for once gave way. "Wadsworth, Wadsworth!" she sobbed; "those were happy hours we spent together on Wyllys' hill." At length she was startled by a low, melancholy whine, and glancing round, saw Miles looking up at her.

"Why, poor fellow," she said patting him, "you were asleep when we left the room, and I forgot to

call you, poor, poor fellow." For about a minute the dog kept watching her; it did not bark nor wag its tail. Then slowly descending into the garden, it passed through the gate and followed in the direction which Lydia had taken.

## CHAPTER X.

On Lydia's return she found Prudence and Charity seated in front of the fire, each with a manuscript in her hand.

"Well, that was a wonderful dream, to be sure," exclaimed the latter, as the door opened, and the girl walked in. The appearance of the truant immediately changed the current of the old maid's thoughts; and tossing back her head, she scowled at Lydia from beneath her spectacles.

"Miss," said the dame, after a pause, during which she had mentally prepared a series of questions, "where have you been?" At the same time Goody Garlie drew her darling towards her, and likewise asked her to give an account of herself, but in a soft, gentle voice, which was a sweet contrast to the jarring tones of the other.

"I have been everywhere," answered Lydia, who had resolved to keep nothing secret, "and a most charming time I have had."

"Then you will have a great deal to tell us," pursued Miss Crabtree, "be open, now, and let us know all about your doings since you went out on the sly."

"Well, I met many people, dame, but only spoke to a few; there was Jacob Japheth, the tithing man, Mr. Barebones, the ruling elder, and—"

"Israel Barebones," interrupted Charity, "oh, he's a most godly man; you cannot but profit spiritually by having made his acquaintance; Mr. Japheth can't come within a mile of him in religion. But go on, who else did you meet."

"Then I fell in with a very agreeable young woman, Nancy Clark; 'twas she gave me this rose." Had Lydia, instead of placing her finger on the flower, torn it from her bosom and thrown it into Miss Crabtree's face, the countenance of the latter could hardly have assumed a more malignant expression.

The dream-book was crumpled up and thrust into her pocket and she tossed back her head so violently that her spectacles dropped off.

"Nancy Clark, did you say?" But before she could proceed further, Lydia, with a saucy laugh, turned away and disappeared up the stair-case.

"Pray what does all this mean?" exclaimed Goody Garlie, perplexed. "Has my child been making any improper acquaintance?"

"Yes, she has. Listen, and you'll agree that I'm right. You must know, Prudence, that my nephew was at one time smitten with this Nancy Clark. I don't think the fact was ever discovered by any one but myself, for their love-walks were always taken after dusk, and then it was not up and down Main street they promenaded, but on the outskirts of the town; and very often they'd stroll to Wylly's hill, where they'd sit for hours, aye, till midnight, cooing like a pair of doves, under the large oak tree which stands there. Ha! Joe little thought my eye was following him! You see, I didn't take to the girl from the very first; why, I cannot tell, but I didn't like her; perhaps because she was homely, and meek, and not at all the kind of person for my nephew. But I was not set completely against her, till one Sabbath evening about three months after he had begun making love. It happened that I was coming home from a walk along the river, and had just reached the lane which passes by Wyllys' hill, when I saw Miss Clark approaching; her hands were clasped together, her eyes bent on the ground; she was evidently greatly agitated. I at once slipped behind a hay-stack, for I didn't care about meeting her, and as she went past she was crying, and oh! in such a doleful voice, 'Wadsworth, Wadsworth! alone through life, alone!' I can hear her words even now ringbetween them ceased; but Joe, instead of courting some other maiden, began to hold entirely aloof from woman's society; he has been since then to not a single husking party or bee, and from the strange way he acts, I believe there is some evil influence working upon him. One thing I know for sure, he views Nancy Clark as a being superior to any other on earth. In more ways than one he follows in her footsteps; both shun society, neither of them are married. Can you wonder at me for believing she has thrown a spell over him?"

"Well, how does she otherwise conduct herself, is she an observer of the Sabbath?"

"Far from it. Not once since the death of her mother, who was a most godly woman, has she placed her foot inside the meeting-house, and the only person she is intimate with is the widow Bull, a creature honey-combed with vanity, and who rarely attends divine worship herself. Oh, I wish the selectmen would listen to Mr. Barebones and have a cage for sabbath breakers placed at the church door. Yes, the widow Bull ought to be in one, and so ought Nancy Clark. But tell me now, Prudence, are you astonished at my dislike of the new acquaintance your charge has made? Depend upon it, if Nancy be invited to our husking party, her evil eye will ruin Joe's chances of winning

Miss Lydia. However, I shan't ask her to come, and I'll do my best not to let Joe ask her either. Yet something tells me she'll be here, if only to keep the spell over him."

"Too bad, too bad!" murmured the other, "we must keep a sharp look-out and not let the child grow too intimate. Miss Clark may have given herself to the devil and exert, as you suspect, a malicious influence over your nephew; what a pity, what a pity!"

"Aye, what a pity," sighed Miss Crabtree: "he needs a genial mate, such as Lydia Goffe would make him, to drive away his gloominess."

At this moment a scratch was heard at the outer door, and Charity exclaiming, "Oh, there he is! Miles often runs ahead and asks for admittance," made haste to open it.

But what was her surprise to find the "shadow," indeed, but not the master; and although she looked up and down the road, she could see nothing of Wadsworth. "It's queer," she said, "they went out in company, soon after we missed the girl; this has never happened before."

On returning to the inner room, she again seated herself by the fire, but neither herself nor her friend resumed the perusal of their dream-books; they preferred to chat, while Miles, after warming himself at the hearth, left them, and joined Lydia

on the upper story. The regicide's daughter was at this moment looking at herself in a small mirror, which the old aunt, not without many scruples, had hung up on the wall. It would be untrue to say the girl did not regret the loss of her curls, and just as the dog placed his paw against her, she was wishing that she had them back.

"Ah, there you are again," she exclaimed, stroking the creature's head, "Nancy's pet as well as mine." Miles wagged his tail and barked, then suddenly stopped, and turned up an ear as if he were listening.

Lydia felt sure Wadsworth had arrived, and expected to see the creature rush below; but it did not stir. Presently she heard a queer noise, which seemed to come from the garret, and while she was wondering if it might be caused by rats, off went Miles, up a narrow ladder which led into that part of the building. Lydia followed him, but by the time she reached the top, everything was quiet, and she found the dog snuffing at a hole, through which no doubt the vermin had disappeared. The light in this part of the house was always dim, but now, when the sun was below the horizon, it was necessary to walk with care, lest she should trip over the rubbish with which it was stored.

Her curiosity was awakened to find out what the things were which she touched with her hands and feet; so going below, she presently returned with a lamp, determined to explore every nook and corner. But even with the light the shadows were but half dispelled, and the place seemed more weird than before. On one side stood a number of barrels, filled with walnuts and hickory nuts, while scattered here and there were discarded pieces of furniture, pots and kettles, with bottoms burned out through long use; brooms without handles; a cracked looking-glass; a rusty sickle; a broken churn, on the handle of which was stuck one of Miss Crabtree's night caps; a pair of worn-cut boots, besides other odds and ends. She had finished, as she believed, her examination of this ancient lumber room, whose very atmosphere had something in it of the years long gone by, and was on the point of descending the ladder when her eye was attracted by a roll of parchment, which till now had escaped her notice. At once she set the lamp on the floor, and opening the roll discovered, to her surprise, that it was the map of North America which she had seen on Wadsworth's table.

"How did it find its way here!" she thought. Then remembering what her host had said regarding its mysterious origin, a feeling of awe crept over her, and hastily wrapping it up, she went below and hid it under her bed, intending to replace

it in the study on the morrow. While she was musing over her strange discovery, Goody Garlie entered and told her the evening meal was ready, and that she must descend without delay.

"The Captain," she added, "has just come home, tired out searching for you. Oh, child, what a fine, noble fellow he is! for his sake try and do nothing to irritate his aunt. If she'd rather you'd not associate with the young woman whom you took such a fancy to this afternoon, why, yield to her wishes; there are many other persons to know and visit besides Miss Clark. Moreover, her father, I am told, hates Mr. Wadsworth, while Nancy herself never goes to meeting, and therefore cannot be a proper companion for you. Now, try and please Miss Crabtree in this matter, do."

Lydia shook her head, then taking up the lamp, gave a parting look at herself in the glass.

"What a fool I was," she said, "to let her destroy my curls! But not content with that, the dame would force me to visit only those whom she likes. I'll show her I have a will of my own."

Prudence was startled by this speech. Had her charge already learnt so much of the world, the flesh and the devil? "Never before has she manifested such a rebellious spirit; what does it mean?" thought the dame, clasping her hands and gazing mournfully at the girl. "Alas! it all comes from

that meeting in the forest; her very innocence renders her unconscious of when she doeth wrong. Aye! the kiss the stranger gave her, was the devil's entering wedge!"

In another moment Lydia and the good wife were descending the staircase, the former determined to spite Miss Crabtree by praising Nancy Clark whenever occasion might offer; the latter murmuring a prayer that her charge might be protected from the Evil One.

As soon as the girl appeared below, Wadsworth, who was standing with his back to the fire, smiled; while Charity, always rejoiced to see him shake off his gloominess, smiled too, and even went so far as to take a bone from the cupboard and throw it to Miles. The dog was so astonished that at first it did not touch the gift; but presently recovering from its surprise, it carried the bone under the steps, where it began grawing it, while the family sat down to supper. The conversation during the meal turned upon Lydia's recent walk; but happily there sprang up a discussion between Wadsworth and his young guest, as to the respective merits of Mr. Japheth and Mr. Barebones, and this excluded every other topic, so that Nancy Clark was not once mentioned. Lydia maintained that the tithing man had the most christian face of the two.

"If it's only," she said, "for his merry laugh and

twinkling eye, I like him the best; I hold that such persons find most favor with the Lord."

At this speech the Captain let drop his fork and knit his brow, while Charity felt like boxing her Presently Wadsworth rejoined, and endeavored to impress upon her the necessity of a grave deportment, which, he added, was a strong point with the ruling elder. And so they went on, till at length Lydia closed the argument by quoting a pet phrase of Mad Adams, namely, "that the Lord did not like a sour face;" whereupon the Captain was fairly startled out of his seat, and betaking himself to the door, stood there several minutes watching the heavens, while Goody Garlic so feared lest the aunt might take up her nephew's view of the question and perhaps try and force Lydia to hold her tongue, that she hastily pulled her dream-book from her pocket and skilfully succeeded in diverting her friend's thoughts. Prudence's interference was well-timed, for although Miss Crabtree in her heart agreed with Lydia, that smiles and laughter were excellent things, (and we know how she longed to have her Joe smile and laugh), yet the girl had clothed her ideas in language so unbecoming, and had given such offence by speaking irreverently of Mr. Barebones, that she was afraid her nephew might never get over it.

"It would be a good night for Adams to travel," thought the Captain, closing the door and returning to the hearth; "if I were sure they were on the way I'd go meet them." Then seating himself next to his young guest, he asked if she were ready to recite her lesson in the catechism. Lydia nodded, then passed him the book, after which, for about a quarter of an hour, nothing was heard but the deep, earnest voice of her host, putting the questions and herself answering them, not always to the letter, yet near enough to give the right sense.

"I'm extremely edified!" he exclaimed, when they had reached the end of the task, "and by learning as many pages every day you may soon become a member of our Church."

Hardly had he spoken when Miles left his bed under the stair-case and walked to the door with a savage growl. In another moment they heard a horse neigh, and Wadsworth, guessing who had arrived, hastened to meet the party, while the old maids smoothed down their aprons and glanced at Lydia, who had not the remotest idea of what was to happen, and thought it was only some of the town folks come to spend the evening. To describe the girl's feelings when suddenly her father appeared, leaning on Wadsworth's arm, would be impossible. With a joyous cry she threw herself on

Maria Ser Company . .

the old man's breast, while the regicide, bowing down his head, wept tears of gladness.

"A tiresome journey, Lydia," he said, wiping his eyes, "a tiresome journey, but it's worth all the fatigue just to see you again."

"Well, if you had not come, father, I was not going to remain away from you much longer, no indeed I was not."

During this touching scene, Miss Crabtree and Goody Garlic stood quietly by the east window, Miles alone venturing to approach, and sniff at the Colonel's legs. Presently the latter caught sight of the faithful woman, who for so many years had kept house for him in the wilderness, and seizing her hand he pressed it warmly, then without waiting for an introduction, he greeted Charity Crabtree, whom Adams had already told him all about; and the aunt with a smile, which revealed every one of her jagged teeth, hastened to assure him that she would leave nothing undone to make him comfortable and happy. Then drawing the best chair close to the hearth and placing a cushion upon it, she urged him to be seated; after which, giving the servant-maid a pinch, she bade the drudge prepare a second meal.

"You must thank Mr. Wadsworth for this," whispered Prudence to Lydia; "it's all his doing?"
"Oh, yes; God bless him! He is a noble, gen-

erous man, and I never can thank him enough." As she spoke the girl turned to look for her host. But the Captain was not to be found, he had slipped out to the stable where Adams was putting up the horse.

"But my daughter!" exclaimed the Colonel, drawing Lydia towards him and staring at her, "what have you been doing to yourself? as I live, every curl gone!"

"Alas," she sighed, "long hair is not approved of, and it had to be clipped. However, when I get back to the woods I'll let it take a fresh start, and shall soon have my curls again."

Here the old man laughed, and was about saying something when she interrupted him to ask how he had left the chickens, and whether any wolves had got over the stockade.

"The chickens, dear," he replied, "are all well, and so are the sheep, and the cow, and not a wolf has troubled us."

"But you yourself had a narrow escape from the wild beasts. Oh, Lydia! by what a merciful Providence you were saved."

"Yes, father, it was a merciful Providence." Here the color suddenly left her cheek; she remembered the secret which had escaped her on that eventful night. "But, no," she murmured,

"I cannot believe he will betray me; no, no, he will not."

"I have left Christian in charge of everything," resumed her parent, "and when the spring opens, he will bring chickens and all to Hartford." At these words his daughter gave him an inquiring look. "For you must know, Lydia," he continued, "that Mr. Wadsworth has invited me to make this my home in future."

The faintest shadow stole over the girl's countenance at this announcement. "Might it be," she thought, "part of a deep-laid plan to win my affections? It certainly places me in a sore predicament, for I shall owe the Captain a debt of gratitude hard to pay."

"It seems," continued the regicide, "that he learned from Adams how I was situated, and determined to smooth my last days by giving me a comfortable retreat."

"And Joe'll make you happy as long as you live," interrupted the aunt. "My nephew has unbounded influence; one call from him would rally round you the bravest train-band that ever carried musket and pike."

Miss Crabtree spoke with such earnestness, that for the first time since Lydia had gazed on her gigantic top-knot, she felt something like love for the woman. Then reflecting how natural it was that one, holding Wadsworth's political opinions, should be anxious to befriend her father, she dismissed all suspicion of his having invited him to his home for a selfish end. Presently the Captain re-appeared, accompanied by Simon, and flying to meet him, the girl, in a voice broken with emotion, thanked him for the joyful surprise he had given her. "It will add," she said, "years to my father's life; oh, a thousand thanks, sir, a thousand thanks for what you have done."

Wadsworth, as he felt her hand touch his, pressed his lips together, while his eyes wandered towards King Charles' twelve good rules, posted above the fire-place. Oh, what a battle he was waging with himself! As once before, the color mounted to his brow; he groaned, and for an instant shut his eyes. But all in vain, he could not resist. He forgot the prayers he had made only a few nights before, and with an impatient toss of his head, as if to say, "begone, my vow, begone," he gave the regicide's daughter a glance which revealed to his aunt who was watching him closely, if not to the girl herself, all that the latter most dreaded.

"Let us praise the Lord," whispered Miss Crabtree to Prudence, "the spell is broken."

"Yes," rejoined the other, "'twas a happy

thought to invite the Colonel here; the child cannot but love her benefactor."

Simon likewise perceived the sudden change which had come over his master; the honest fellow's plan was working to perfection, and his heart was so full of joy, that he forgot all about his quarrel with dame Garlic, and even ventured to pat her affectionately on the shoulder; while Miss Crabtree went so far as to call Miles "a dear, good dog."

It was a much later hour than usual when the happy household separated for the night. One might have thought that the laughter and talking was never going to cease. The cricket under the hearth-stone chirped louder than ever it had chirped before, while the blazing hickory, as if it knew how memorable an occasion it was, threw a noonday gleam into the remotest corner of the vast apartment. But at length they bade one another good night, and Wadsworth, as he ascended the staircase, actually hummed a merry tune, while his aunt snapped her fingers and cried out, "Hallelujah! it's a coming, it's a coming."

## CHAPTER XI.

WE left Nancy Clark standing on the porch of her father's house, gazing after the retreating figure of Lydia Goffe. At last when her friend disappeared from view, she returned to her bedroom, where a 'ew dry sticks, and a little blowing with the bellows, soon restored a cheerful flame on the hearth; then seating herself in front of it, she gave herself up to reverie.

The beams of the sun were dying away upon the wall, the house was quiet, all seemed to invite a strain of pensive thought. What a fate hers had been! He who had once made love to her, who had pressed his lips to her cheek years ago on Wyllys' hill, was not to stay a bachelor for ever. So at least the gossips were saying. "But no," she murmured, "no, I cannot believe it; there stands his covenant. Woe to him, woe to him, if he has fallen, but I cannot, I will not believe it."

Here Nancy's eye turned on her mother's spindle and distaff, and while she gazed on these dear objects, a strange feeling came over her; it was as if the one whom she had so tenderly loved were present in the room, invisible and yearning for the hour when they should meet again. And as she thought of her mother, she remembered how the good christian woman had urged her to be a dutiful child, to love her father, and make his home happy after she would be gone.

"I'll try, I'll try," said Nancy; "but how far must I go in my obedience? Do I not already stay away from meeting? Am I not aiding him in his schemes to overthrow liberty in Connecticut? Will it be my duty to take whatever husband he may select?" Here she shook her head; and covering her face with her hands, thought once more of her early love, and the happy hours under the old oak tree. And so the day waned, it grew darker and darker, and still she remained seated by the fire, going over her past life, wondering what her future was to be. At length the flame on the hearth appeared to die out, her eyes closed, Nancy was dreaming. She found herself standing alone on a rock, which projected far out into the ocean. The horizon was dark and over the waves, which were rolling towards her, a sea-gull was screaming, "Never again, Nancy, never again." The waters mounted higher and higher, she strove to escape, something kept her rooted to the spot. And still the bird screamed, and up, up, rose the tide; the rock on which she stood began to tremble. At length, just as a great whirlpool was about to draw her into its depths, she awoke with a start.

And, oh! what a relief it was to find herself safe in her cozy apartment.

But the fire was out, there was scarcely enough light to see by, and she was wondering how late it might be, when she heard her father calling her. Hastening below, she found him at his desk, rubbing his hands and scolding because she had not come sooner to bring him his slippers.

"I thought you were deaf or dead," he exclaimed, as she entered the room; then rubbing his hands, "whew! how cold it is; I'm glad to get home."

"Oh, father, do be careful," said Nancy, as she drew his arm-chair close to the hearth, "remember the sickness you took year before last, from staying out late on a winter evening; come, sit near the fire, do."

"Well, I think I'm good for a hundred years," said Mr. Clark, with a chuckle; "I've had small pox, and dear knows what not, yet I've worried through it all. However, as you say, I ought to take reasonable care of my health." Here he threw himself into the arm-chair.

"I'd rather the night had been less sharp," he continued, after warming himself a moment, "on account of Captain Synnot. He told us, you remember, that he would travel fast and might be able to get here from Boston this evening. If he

does, be sure and make yourself agreeable; you know why." The young woman did not answer, while her father drew her gently towards him. "The other evening," he pursued, "you made a good beginning; but you must keep it up. Say something about Sir Edmund, let the officer see that you are loyal to the King, and never again mention the name of Joseph Wadsworth." Still Nancy did not speak. "Tis for your sake as well as mine that I'm serving the government," continued Mr. Clark, "I repeat what I have already told you a dozen times, you will share my reward, and these low-born Puritan girls shall envy you. Tell me, child, is any thing the matter? Why are you so silent? speak!"

But Nancy's lips remained closed. She shrank from incurring his wrath by revealing what her thoughts were, yet she could not tell a falsehood and say that she yielded assent to his plans.

Presently, with a frown, he bade her bring him a candle, and also a bundle of papers from the left hand side of his desk; then, having selected one with a peculiar mark upon it, he began to examine it with great interest. It was a pen-and-ink sketch of Hartford and the country around, the duplicate of which he had sent to Andros by Captain Synnot. Especially did his eyes gloat over a certain part of the paper whereon was marked a field, which a town

meeting had lately voted for school purposes, but of which he intended to become the owner. Good though the title might appear to the freemen, Sir Edmund would soon have power to do whatever he chose, and Mr. Clark did not doubt that the vote would be declared null and void. "The first settlers," he said, "got the land from a Pequot chief, and his Excellency holds that an Indian title is no better than the scratch of a bear's paw.\*" The author of this little map was no other than his daughter Nancy. After he had feasted his eyes upon it, he folded it up, and drew out another paper which he bade the young woman read to him. Of course she obeyed, but not without a feeling of humiliation; for, like the map, this too was the work of her pen. It contained the names of the members of the Hartford train-band, and the first on the list was that of Joseph Wadsworth, while after these were figures giving the number of muskets and pikes, the amount of ammunition, and lastly, the population of the town.

When she had finished, her father thanked her and declared his firm belief that the spirit of independence would soon be trampled out in Connecticut. "And then, Nancy," he added, "will be our day of triumph."

After the meal, which followed this conversation,

<sup>\*</sup> See Palfrey's Hist. N. E., Vol. III., p. 552.

**aw**ay the hours, smoking his pipe, and now and then putting a question to his daughter, who had taken out her knitting needles and was seated near him.

"By the way," he asked, "what have you discovered about that strange girl, whom I saw riding with Mr. Wadsworth? Who is she? What is her name?"

"I do not know, sir," replied Nancy.

"Humph! then I've found out more than you have. She's called Lydia Garlic. I doubt, however if it is her true name. Oh, 'tis not easy to deceive me."

"Well pray, father, who think you she is?"

"I will tell you. Do you remember, six or seven years ago, Goffe the regicide was for a short time concealed here by Captain Bull?"

"Yes."

"Well, while he was staying with the Captain, there was also a little girl living there, who I am sure was no kin to her host, and I satisfied myself that the child, who was a most lovely being, with golden ringlets, and as full of fun as a cricket, was the regicide's daughter. Now, it wouldn't surprise me if this very young woman were she; I traced the likeness the moment I beheld her long, wavy hair; and what strengthens my suspicion is, that

the child disappeared about the same time Goffe himself did.

Here Mr. Clark looked at his daughter as though he expected to see her manifest some surprise; but Nancy did not open her lips, nor did her expression change in the least.

"I fear, Miss," he continued, "that you do not take enough interest in my schemes, or you would not remain dumb. Where is your enthusiasm for the royal cause? Alas, if I did not keep you constantly under the spur, you would never lift a finger to better your condition. Why, if we could only manage to capture the regicide, we might command our own reward: it would be more gratifying to the King than all our other services."

He was still waiting for his daughter to say something, when the tramp of a horse was heard, and to her unspeakable relief he sprang up and hastened out on the porch. Presently she distinguished Captain Synnot's voice, and in another moment the officer entered the parlor, making a low bow as he advanced, and greeting her in the most kindly manner.

"Certainly a very agreeable person," thought Nancy, "and he has a good face."

But when she reflected on the part he was playing, and that he belonged to Sir Edmund's staff, her lip curled, and her eye, usually so mild, flashed with indignation; then, as he drew nearer, she folded her arms and looked steadily at him. This conduct, so different from that of her father, who was all smiles and honied words, astonished Henry Synnot, who naturally felt a little embarrassed.

"What can it mean?" he thought.

At this moment Mr. Clark entered, and without noticing his daughter, he began eagerly to inquire about the map and the other papers which he had sent to Boston.

"Did his Excellency like them?" he said. "Tell me all the particulars, Captain, do! In the mean while," here he glanced an instant at the young woman, "make haste, Nancy, and prepare the supper; our guest, after his long ride, needs refreshment."

At once the young woman withdrew, leaving her father and the officer to continue the conversation alone, to her no small regret, for she was anxious to hear the news.

"Sir Edmund was pleased beyond any thing," replied Synnot, "and is convinced that when President Dudley recommended you to him, he did a wise thing. The map of Hartford, and the list of those who comprise the train-band were precisely what his excellency needed, and should he be obliged to come here himself to obtain the charter, you will be specially honored by him."

At this Mr. Clark could not help rubbing his

hands. "Well, speaking of the charter, Captain, tell me what are the prospects of trouble in regard to it?"

"Humph! you know as much about that as I do, it all depends upon the temper of the people. I have in my pocket a letter for Governor Treat, which I shall deliver to-morrow, wherein another demand is made for the surrender of the instrument."

"Well, I doubt if the freemen will yield, and would advise that no decisive step be taken for a few months at least. His Excellency cannot lose by delay; the roads at this season are bad, and the people would mind less the cold and snow, than the foreign soldiers, whom he would bring with him. Aye, Captain, urge Sir Edmund to wait until the autumn, if he must needs have recourse to force. But now that we are on this topic, would you object to reading me his Excellency's letter?"

"Of course not; Sir Edmund wishes you to know its contents." As Synnot spoke he drew from his breast pocket the document alluded to, and which read thus:

Sig: The twelfth instant I received a letter from you, dated 26th January; in answer, you say, to mine, wherein his Majesty's pleasure and commands, relating to the surrender of your charter, was made known unto you, which being so gracious a concession on his Majesty's part, I thought needed no other argument, than his Majesty's own words, to induce your compliance, as those of Rhode Island have loyally and dutifully done. And the letter you mentioned at his Majesty's accession to the crown can be no

color for your delay, but the contrary; his Majesty having not only signified his royal pleasure and given me his commands for you, as above, (which certainly is a perfect answer to the several applications intimated in your letter,) but also the government of other of his territories in New England, are all settled, except yourselves. Finding your delay on such mistaken notions, and yet professing your desire to demonstrate your loyalty, obedience and duty, this is by advice of his Majesty's council here, to give you another opportunity of suitable and dutiful resolves so much importuning your own welfare, if you yet do it, and let me hear from you without delay, that I may not be wanting in my duty.

Accordingly I am your most affectionate friend,

Boston, 25th day of Febr., '87.

Governor Treat and Council of Connecticut.

E Andros.

"Very good, very good, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Clark, when his guest had finished reading."
"But I repeat, sir, urge his Excellency not to push matters to extremes at present. I doubt if the people will consent to surrender their charter, and if force have to be used, 'twill be better to wait a few months, say until autumn, when the roads are good and travelling easy."

"I shall press this course upon Sir Edmund," answered the officer, "for there is wisdom in it." Here followed a pause in the conversation, after which Mr. Clark went on.

"Tell me now," he said, "something about my own private affairs."

"You mean the school-land?"

"To be sure."

"Oh, that he granted immediately; here is the deed," and as the officer spoke he handed Mr.

Clark a roll of parchment which the fingers of the latter eagerly clutched, while at the same time he called his daughter to come and view the first reward of their services. "This, child," he exclaimed, "is the meadow I have so long coveted; at last it is mine. As soon as the town hires it to any body, I will serve on the tenant a writ of intrusion, and foolish will he be who disputes my title. Ha! ha! isn't this glorious?"

But the young woman, who had obeyed his summons, and was now standing at his elbow, seemed perfectly indifferent to what he was telling her. For an instant she glanced at the officer, and the latter fancied he could detect in her face a shade of defiance. But her lips did not move.

"The fact is," pursued her father, shrugging his shoulders, "my daughter never lets herself be carried away by good news, or by bad; she is a stoic, if ever there was one, yet at the same time she is a staunch royalist; are you not, Nancy?"

Here he turned towards the young woman. Most fortunate it was, that at this moment one of the burning sticks rolled out of the fireplace, and came to within a few inches of her dress, causing her to start back, while Mr. Clark seized the tongs to replace it. Although but a trifling incident, it saved her from answering the question, and when

the conversation was resumed, it was on quite another subject. Nancy's conduct, however, had left a deep impression on Henry Synnot. Accustomed to scrutinize the features of others, and to look beneath the surface, the suspicion was dawning upon him that she might be less zealous in favoring her parent's schemes than the latter imagined, and this surmise, far from lowering her in his esteem, made him, on the contrary, view her with an interest which he had not hitherto done. For, although he was himself serving King James, he was by nature a high-minded man, and could not but admire the freemen of Connecticut for the bold stand they were taking against their oppressor.

"Yes," he said, "I like Miss Clark better for being true to her native land."

Before we bring this chapter to a close, let us say a few words regarding the officer's antecedents and parentage. Henry Synnot belonged to an old Yorkshire family, which for generations had furnished to the army of England, brave and useful men. His grandfather, Hugh Synnot, had been one of the most faithful adherents of Charles the First, and for the courage he had displayed at the battle of Naseby, in 1645, where he had received three wounds endeavoring to retrieve the fortunes of that disastrous day, the King had created him a baronet. At his death the title had descended to

his eldest son, who during the Protectorate dwelt in Scotland, where he was an earnest partisan of the young Charles Stuart, and who lived to greet the return of that prince to England, in 1660, as Charles the Second. During his stay in Scotland, he had married the daughter of a chieftain named Macgregor, who bore him two sons, Ralph and Henry. The latter is the Captain Synnot of our narrative.

When Henry was in his sixteenth year, he had been sent as a page to court, where his comeliness and grace of manner soon made him a general favorite. Amongst those who at that time were serving the Queen as Maids of Honor, the youngest was Elizabeth Churchill, a girl of rare beauty, and the daughter of Sir William Churchill. Her maternal grandfather was the Reverend Stephen Goffe, rector of Stammar, Sussex, who, as we remember was the parent of Goffe, the regicide. Young Synnot had not been many months a page, before he fell in love with Elizabeth Churchill, and being somewhat of an artist, he had prevailed upon her to let him take her portrait. This attachment between the young couple would doubtless have ended in marriage, but for the young lady's death, which happened when Henry was in his eighteenth year. He soon afterwards left court and entered the army, where for a while he served as aid-de-

camp to the General commanding the household troops. But his restless spirit became dissatisfied with a position of such ease and comfort, and when Sir Edmund Andros, in the winter of 1686, was ordered to New England, he hastened to get transferred to his staff. It may appear strange that one who, during his life at court, had been thrown among many beautiful women, should have become so deeply impressed by a girl whom he had met but once, in an American forest. Yet often since the eventful night when he had saved Lydia from death, her image had risen before him; and the idea that she might be a daughter of the regicide had only increased his longing to see her again; for if she were, she would then be cousin to Elizabeth Churchill. Although he did not speak about it to Mr. Clark, as they sat over the fire this evening, he was determined not to leave Hartford without obtaining an interview with Lydia. But the hour grows late, the knitting-needles have dropped from Nancy's fingers, her head is nodding, it is time for them all to retire.

## CHAPTER XII.

The journey from the log cabin to Hartford was borne by the regicide with less fatigue than might have been expected of one of his age and infirmities; and when the family assembled next morning for prayers, he took his place in the group. Miss Crabtree was much struck by his reverent demeanor, and she could not help thinking as he bowed his head, that the patriarchs, of whom she had read in Scripture, must have been men like him. "I'm sure," she said, "my nephew and he will agree well together, and if they do, the rest'll follow easy enough; the girl will love whoever the old man loves, for, with all her giddiness, I can see she is devoted to him." But Charity's happy mood was not destined to be of long duration.

We remember that Wadsworth had consented to give a husking party, and as they sat around the breakfast table, this morning, he told her that he could see no reason why it should be any longer postponed, with which she quite agreed, and added, that the sooner it was given the better.

"To-morrow evening will suit me, Joe; the cider is spoiling to be drunk, and the nuts will all decay, unless they are eaten up at once."

Adams heard this with a grin, and when he rose

from the table, he said a longer grace than usual, and could not but believe he had been unjust towards Wadsworth. "Yes, yes," murmured the honest fellow, "when Captain Joe appeared cold and indifferent, the first morning he saw Miss Lydia, he was only bashful. Since she's been here a great change has come over him; he talks and laughs, and this husking party will show folks that he isn't going to live a bachelor for ever." Lydia also was delighted at the prospect of an entertainment so novel to her, and where she would have an opportunity of meeting so many of the Hartford people.

The next question to be decided was, who were to be invited. Miss Crabtree accordingly drew up her chair next to Wadsworth, and for about twenty minutes they were engaged making out a list of guests. The Captain then read it over aloud, and when he had got through, both his aunt and Goody Garlic glanced at Lydia.

Nancy Clark was not among the chosen ones. The regicide's daughter must have divined their thoughts; for approaching her host, she said to him in her most winning way, "do let my friend Nancy come". At the mention of her name, Wadsworth became suddenly confused, and pressed his hand to his forehead. The old aunt was eyeing him steadfastly, but it was not the fear of dis-

pleasing her which made him hesitate over his answer.

"Can it be possible," muttered Charity, "that he will again suffer under his roof the woman who has been the blight of his life?" Then remembering Colonel Goffe's presence, she made a great effort to restrain her tongue; but feeling that her anger was getting the better of her, she hastened to her bed-room, where she might give way to it unseen. Ere, however, she reached the top of the staircase, she heard her nephew say, "Yes, let Nancy come."

When he had spoken these words, Wadsworth groaned and hung his head. He could not refuse Lydia's request, he felt himself completely in her power; yet, oh, what a torture to have Nancy Clark at the festivity! How her presence would remind him of that which he would now have given all the world to forget—his covenant. His only hope was that she might not accept the invitation. Yet even in this hope there lurked a sting; for the lonely, retired life she had led during the past few years, came-yes, he felt sure it did-from the wound her heart had received when she had given him up—a willing sacrifice, it is true, and for a holy end; yet the flame of love still smouldered in her breast, the wound had never healed, and her very absence would bring to him sad memories. "Oh

yes," he murmured, "she released me from my plighted troth, but not in order that I might wed another."

While these thoughts were pressing upon him, Lydia drew from between his fingers the slip of paper containing the names; then without delaying longer than necessary to put on her cloak and hood, she sallied forth, determined to deliver herself the invitations, and regretting, as she crossed the threshold, that Miss Crabtree had not stayed below to witness her triumph. What a sweet revenge it would have been for the loss of her curls! She did not stop to chat with any of the townfolks whom she met, and who appeared as curious as ever to question her regarding herself and the Captain of the train-band; but walking straight on, past the green and over the bridge, she was soon at Mr. Clark's house.

As she entered the gate, Henry Synnot and his host were looking out of the front window, and the officer could with difficulty restrain himself from hastening to meet her. He feared, however, that this might startle Lydia, by recalling to her mind the important secret which she had so unwittingly divulged. "No," he thought, "it will not do to address her here in the presence of a man whose sentiments towards the regicide—who, mayhap, is her father—cannot be other than hestile; such an

interview would be ill-timed." Yet he was astonished to find one whom he suspected to be Goffe's daughter, entering the dwelling of a zealous partisan of the King. Yes, this puzzled him. Might it be that she was ignorant of Mr. Clark's sentiments? or perhaps Nancy, whom, doubtless, she was coming to visit, (and this suspicion had flashed across his mind before,) might not be as devoted to the royal cause, as her parent believed.

Lydia had just reached the top of the porch when her friend ran out and greeted her with an embrace.

"Look," whispered Mr. Clark, smiling, "my daughter plays her part well. But who do you think her friend is? Ha, ha! I will tell you by-and-by."

At these words Synnot bit his lip, while a feeling of shame came over him. "I might," he thought, withdrawing a little from the window, yet still gazing at Lydia, "be doing a nobler service than carrying dispatches, the purport of which bodes only ill to the freemen of Connecticut. But, as I live, if yonder girl does not bear a striking resemblance to my lost love, Elizabeth Churchill!"

Lydia was taller, and had perhaps a more determined air; yet there was the same hazel eye, the same dimpled chin, which points of resemblance had escaped him when he had first seen her by moonlight in the forest; but now they made him hold his breath—it was as if the dead had risen to life.

"Do tell me who she is?" he urged.

"By-and-by," said his host, with a grim smile, "by-and-by. I'm not sure of it yet; it is only a suspicion. But this much I will tell you, that I think she is the same girl whom you rescued from the wolves; am I right?" Synnot nodded. "I never saw her till the day after your first visit to me," continued Mr. Clark; "she was then riding on a pillion behind the stiffest enemy the King has in these parts. I'm very glad my daughter has become intimate with her, for I may thus be able to learn more of the plans of Joseph Wadsworth, under whose roof she is sojourning. They are already like sisters; see, here they come, hand in hand." But, instead of entering the parlor, Lydia and Nancy went up to the second story, and Mr. Clark presently changed the conversation, and began asking sundry questions regarding Sir Edmund and his policy. But the replies of his guest were not as clear as he might have wished - Captain Synnot, to save himself, could not drive Lydia from his mind, and he was still thinking about her when she and Nancy again hastily passed the parlor door and went out of the house.

"'Tis some years since I've visited any of the

folks; how they'll stare when they see me!" said the latter, taking her friend's arm.

"Well, unless they are uncivil people," remarked Lydia, "I'd not hold aloof from them; life is too short to spend in moping; we must make the most of it."

"So we should, in a Christian way, and if they did not behave rudely I might now and then pass an hour with them; but they whisper, and buzz, and point their fingers when I walk by, as if there were something odd about me. True, I don't go to meeting." Here she sighed.

"Why do you not?" Nancy shook her head and her companion was trying to guess the reason, when they came to the ruling elder's abode, which was the first on the list. It stood on the west side of the street, facing the green, and Lydia could not but think that such a situation exactly suited a being so penitential looking as Israel Barebones—the grave-stones, the stocks, the whipping-post, the jail, all in full view from his front windows. The ruling elder, who had come to the door to admit them, held out his long middle finger towards Nancy, and as she entered, the young woman cast down her eyes as though she felt crushed by his presence. When she had shaken it a moment he offered it to her companion; but the latter barely

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touched it, then quickly withdrew her hand with an expression of loathing.

Having followed him into the room where he usually passed his forenoons in study and meditation, they sat down, and Nancy proceeded to inform him of the object of their visit, to which he listened without interrupting until she had finished, then allowed more than a minute to elapse before he answered; and Lydia, who had expected to find him only too glad to go to the husking, felt quite indignant at his hesitation. During his silence, her eyes had turned towards a table near by, on which lay a broad sheet of paper with a strange figure drawn upon it, resembling a see-saw, with a chair fastened at one end of the board, and she was yet wondering what it might represent, when, heaving a deep sigh, the ruling elder told Nancy that he would go. "But," he added, "I hope there will be no signs of ungodliness such as I witnessed last year at Mr. Job's husking, where three lasses appeared with blue ribbons in their hair, and sleeves gathered up above the elbows. Ah! 'twas a harrowing sight, and it was thinking about it which induced me to turn my attention to this "-here he faced the table and rested his pencil on the drawing.

"Behold," he continued, "my new-fashioned ducking stool. With God's help 'twill go far to check sinful luxury and display; 'twill also do for

sabbath-breakers,"—at these words he glanced at Nancy. "Three times over head and ears, says the law for those who have a quarrelsome spirit and an evil tongue; what then should be the punishment of those who deck out their bodies in a style not approved by the shepherds of the flock and which rejoiceth Beelzebub? I would say duck them six times; while sabbath-breakers—" he did not finish the phrase, but Nancy shuddered. "The ducking stool," he continued, "which we have thus far been using, is an antiquated piece of machinery, and besides, the water at the willow tree is not over three feet deep and the sinner receives but a gentle wetting. Now I have devised something new, quite new. As you perceive, here is a chair, not dangling by a rope from the limb of a tree, but fastened to one end of a long board, the centre of which can rest upon a log, while the sinner swings far over the stream."

While he was explaining the drawing, his hand trembled, his eyes gleamed with fanatic joy, and the expression of his face was that of one in an ecstasy. When he had got through, Nancy did not utter a word, nor show the least sign of impatience; but Lydia could not conceal her feelings, and rising from her seat she told her friend that she would not hear another word about ducking-stools; then with a toss of her head, she walked out.

Again did the ruling elder offer his icy finger to Nancy, and again the latter shook it; then bending down he whispered,

"Why do you not reform, and go to meeting and thereby set a good example to Miss Garlic, who, unless I am much deceived, will not readily own the covenant?"

The young woman murmured, "I will, I will;" then in a voice scarcely above a whisper, she bade him good bye, and followed after her friend.

"What a detestable man," exclaimed Lydia, as soon as the door had closed, "I wish he'd not come to the husking."

"Be not too hasty in judging Mr. Barebones," said Nancy. "I myself have no great cause to love him, for, as I have told you, I do not go any more to meeting, and he may soon have me punished. Yet we must admire his zeal; if his eye never sleeps, if he worries about other folks, it is his duty to do so."

"Well, I hate busy-bodies!" exclaimed Lydia, who began to realize more and more what an intolerable yoke the Puritan faith would be to her.

Presently they came to a house, much smaller than the one they had left, and by the moss on the roof and the tumble-down chimney, you could see that it had been built a number of years. It had only one window, which looked as if it had not been cleaned since winter set in; and against the dim glass inside were pressed two little noses, while a voice was singing, 'Oh, be joyful." The singer stopped the moment they knocked, and when the door opened, there sat Mr. Japheth, looking the picture of contentment, hammering away at a piece of leather, while a lame boy and a sickly girl stood partly concealed by the door, peeping at them.

"Come, now, don't be sheep-faced, wipe your noses and come forward, "he exclaimed, addressing his children, at the same time greeting Nancy and Lydia with a hearty shake of the hand; and as he did so, the latter thought there was more kindliness in his one eye than in all the other eyes she had ever seen, except her father's.

"Come Tommy, come Betsy, know ye not Miss Clark? And this is a friend of hers; approach and say, 'how d'ye do?'" The children obeyed, then hastily shrunk behind a screen, which divided off about one-half of the room.

"How is your wife?" inquired Nancy, offering to Lydia the bench which Mr. Japheth drew up, after having first wiped it with his leathern apron;

"Oh, she's well, and will be glad to see you; won't you Kitty?" turning towards the screen; it's Miss Clark and a friend." A faint voice answered, "yes, very glad." Nancy now disappeared, leaving

her companion to chat with the cobbler, and as the regicide's daughter gazed at his jovial countenance, and then noticed the signs of poverty around her, she could not but think how kind Providence had been to give him such a happy nature. How unlike the well-to-do, melancholy Israel Barebones. Mr. Japheth now proceeded to relate to her in simple language his history, and a monotonous, matter-offact tale it was; a hard childhood; a hard life all along; a spouse for seven years bed-ridden, a lame child. "But then, Miss," he continued, "I've work enough, nay, more than I can attend to, and it's only after dusk I can manage to slip off to the 'Bunch of Grapes,' for a game of shovel-board."

While he was narrating his past life, his wife and Nancy were talking over the town gossip; and if ever there was a case in which an almost morbid desire to know what others were saying and doing was excusable, it surely was in this poor woman's. "'Tis going on seven years since I was able to stand on my feet," she said; "since then I've been in bed, hearing nothing but my husband hammering at the pegs, and his cheerful voice going over again the old tunes he used to sing when he was courting me. Oh, you can't tell how glad I am to hear the news."

While she was speaking, Nancy's attention had been drawn to a cage hanging against the whitewashed wall, in which a miserable robin was trimming its feathers, and as she gazed at it the bird opened its wings, as if it hoped she had come to set it free.

"Bob does nothing but mope," continued Mrs. Japheth, "you can have him if you like, he would be happier with you."

The young woman shook her head. "No more pets, I get too fond of them, and then they die," she answered.

"Well, all our pets live, do they not?" exclaimed Mr. Japheth, who had caught this last remark, "and die of old age."

"Of—old—age," murmured his wife, straining her hollow eyes towards the ceiling, as if the number of years she had yet to pass bed-ridden, were written there for her to read. "It seems a century that I've been as I am, a century!" Then pausing a moment, "How's Mr. Wadsworth?" she whispered, "I am told he's changed very much. Oh! it's working into his heart like the fangs of a snake; he'll never get rest. Jacob told me all about it. He saw him making love to you, and—"

Here Nancy colored and placed her finger on her lips; then bending down, with her mouth close to the woman's ear, "be charitable in your judgment of Wadsworth," she said. "If he has remained single, it has been in order that he might achieve a

great end. In telling you this, Mrs. Japhetl., I reveal a secret, which I have never breathed to another human being."

"Ah, child! you're exactly like your poor, dear mother; you can't see anything wrong in other folks. Why, what is this story I hear about a young woman who rides out with him? she is staying in the same house, too. Ah! if he marries anyone but you, a heavy judgment will rest upon him. Yet, unless my Jacob is greatly deceived, Mr. Wadsworth is about taking such a step."

"May the Lord hear my prayers," murmured Nancy. "No, I do not believe it." Then, after a short silence, she told Mrs. Japheth it was time for her to be going.

At this moment there came a loud burst of laughter, accompanied by clapping of hands and shouts from Tommy and his sister.

"A husking party, did you say?" cried Mr. Japheth. "Ha, ha, ha! Well, upon my honor, the world's coming to an end. Captain Joseph Wadsworth of Hartford town, shaking off his gloom and going to give a husking party! Well, if the old woman says I may, I'll be there, sure."

Here Nancy emerged from behind the screen, and informed him that his wife had given her full consent.

"And take me," shouted the boy.

"And me too," cried his sister.

"Hut, tut! Brats of your age must be abed when the cricket chirps. Now don't begin to bawl; you shan't go," was the mother's answer.

The children pouted, and twining their arms around their father's neck, begged him to bring them plenty of cookies, and a jar of grape sweetmeats, nor did they cease rubbing their dirty faces against his beard until they had made him promise a basket full of good things. Nancy now pressed the tithing man's hand, then, as she bade good-bye, told him she hoped he would enjoy himself at Mr. Wadsworth's.

"No danger of my doing otherwise," he said, "and you must be there too." The young woman, without making any answer, raised the latch and passed out; but Lydia, who lingered a step behind gave him a significant nod.

"Yes, to please me you must come," said the latter, after the door had closed; "if you don't, then I won't show myself either. In Miss Crabtree's presence I told the Captain I wanted you, and I repeat, you are invited."

Still Nancy remained silent. The expression of her face was calm; it revealed nothing of the grief that was in her heart. What if the gossip of the town should prove true?—what then?—submission to God's will. "Yes," she sighed, "yes, I will bear

my cross to the end, and never cease praying for him. Poor Wadsworth!"

The friends now visited a number of other families, with each one leaving an invitation to the husking party, and everywhere it was accepted with the exclamation, "We'll be there, sure!"

The last place they went to was the cabin, at the extreme south end of the town, inhabited by Mrs Bull, where their knock was answered by a voice shriller than Jacob Japheth's, yet full as cheery, and which bade them "enter and be jolly." As Lydia crossed the threshold, her attention immediately fastened on the widow, a corpulent dame of fifty summers, who was ensconsed in a broad arm-chair reading a book, which she hastily thrust under her apron as they approached. "Welcome to you both," exclaimed the good woman, tossing back a profusion of yellow ringlets decked with divers colored ribbons, "Welcome to you both." Then eyeing the regicide's daughter, "I could vow, Miss," she said, "I've seen you somewhere afore."

"Yes, a few days ago, riding by with Captain Wadsworth," replied Lydia.

"Oh! afore that. I said to myself then your face was familiar. My sight's keen and I've a good memory; no, no!" Then drawing the girl nearer and placing her mouth to her ear: "I saw you," she whispered, "in my old house, the one I used

to live in afore my husband was lost on the Polly Ann, and afore debt obliged me to sell out and move here. Your father was with you. But, Miss Goffe, mum's the word."

At these words the color fled from Lydia's cheek; what the dame said was enough to startle her. "How many," she asked herself, "are going to know my true name; how many?" Presently, Mrs. Bull turned to Nancy and inquired how she had been of late and what was the news.

"Well, God has blessed me with fair health," replied the young woman. "As for news there's very little." At this Mrs. Bull gave Lydia a wink, then again placing her mouth to the girl's ear, "I've heard all about it, Miss Goffe," she whispered, "oh, all about it; he didn't take you on his pillion for nothing. Well, he's an honest man, a clever man, and you'll make up for his one-sided views in religion, by your strong common sense, and your bright face will drive away his melancholy. When he speaks against my ribbons, say a word in my defense; where's the sin in 'em?"

"None at all, goodwife," replied Lydia, blushing, and half inclined to chide the widow for making so free with a foolish piece of gossip; "and I hope you may wear them to-morrow evening at the husking the Captain is to give. My friend and I

have been going about inviting folks, and that is what brings us here."

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"A husking party at Captain Joe's!" exclaimed the dame. "Well, really, I dient think it had gone so far. Oh, Cupid, Cupid!" here she rolled up her eyes, while Lydia again blushed. "But to come back to my ribbons, I'd scarcely venture out with them. Oh, you ain't been long enough in Hartford to know what asses the people are. Why, they hardly dare breathe after the sun goes down on the seventh day for fear of breaking the sabbath, and although the huskings they give are pleasant enough, they'd be ten times jollier if I had my way."

"Pray, what changes would you introduce?" inquired Nancy.

"Why, Miss Clark, I'd let the young folks dance, that's what I'd do!—give them more liberty, and there'd be less sinning. As it is, they kiss and dance on the sly, behind barns and haystacks, and when they're out after huckleberries. Then, when they go home, they put on faces a yard long and look as if their souls were made of starch. Why, even this is condemned"—drawing from under her apron the volume she had hidden when her visitors had entered—"and yet it's next to the Bible in wisdom."

Lydia now for the first time in her life beheld a

copy of Shakspeare, and opening it at the dog-leaf found that the widow had been reading the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Nancy, who knew that it was a forbidden book, shook her head and was almost regretting that she had introduced Lydia to such a person as the widow, when suddenly the latter turned towards her, and grasping her hand:

"You'll not tell on me, Miss Clark?" she said, "oh, do not."

"Nobody shall hear about your Shakespeare," replied Nancy, "but——"

"Never mind, never mind," continued the dame, "don't begin to lecture me. Besides, aint you a sinner too? Ha, ha! Mr. Barebones will be after us both afore long. I know he misses you at meeting. He's always pryin' into other folks' business, and if he keeps on much longer I'll just sell out and move to Rhode Island, where they're more liberal. God bless Roger Wi.liams!" Here she drew her sleeve across her eyes, then thrusting her hand into her pocket, pulled out a small piece of rope which smelt strongly of tar, and gazed affectionately at it.

"Oh, if my dear old man was livin'!" she sighed, "he'd not let the ruling elder worry the life out o' me. This, girls, is a relic of the Polly Ann, which foundered off Cape Cod last winter a year. It has a perfume sweeter to me than roses; its tarry odor brings my husband right before me again." Here she pressed it against her nose, then offered it to Nancy and Lydia, who each in turn took a whiff. Presently the former made a move to depart. The truth is, she was not a little scandalized by the widow's conversation, and deeply regretted the effect it might have on her friend. Mrs. Bull urged them to stay awhile longer, but Nancy refused, and entwining her arm in Lydia's, withdrew. But before they reached the door, Mrs. Bull managed to rise from her chair and overtake them, and then for the third time whispered something which made the regicide's daughter blush.

"I tell you he's melancholy because he's a bachelor," said the dame; "but Cupid's at work, he'll change it all."

With this they separated, and Lydia, as she walked off, could not help thinking that the settlement would be a much pleasanter place to live in if there were more such characters as the one they had just parted from.

Their round of visits was now completed, and all who had been asked to the husking had signified a willingness to go except Nancy, and Lydia was determined not to return to Mr. Wadsworth's until her friend had given her a definite answer, as to whether she would be there or no. It was not, however, until they reached the gate in front of her fa-

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ther's house that the young woman finally consented. "Yes, I will be there," she said, as she turned and entered the little boxwood path; "I promise you I will." Then walking away, "No, I cannot believe it," she murmured, "no, no, I cannot."

## CHAPTER XIII.

LYDIA, as we remember, had concealed the map of the colonies under her bed and we cannot wonder if this large, ghostly mansion seemed more ghostly than ever since her strange discovery in the garret. She was not, it is true, of a nature to yield lightly to superstitious fear —her joyous temperament would have revolted at such a thing; nevertheless she was human and even the brightest of us feel at times that there are moving around us beings invisible to mortal eye, and that the spirit world is very close to mother earth. "Yes," thought the girl-as, tired out with her round of visits, she entered her apartment and looked to see if the map was where she had left it-"there is something mysterious about this house, I would not be astonished if the chart were gone." But no, there it lay. Just then one of the horse shoes hanging at the bed-post fell to the floor with a clang, and from every part of the room, the

dormer window, the ancient chest, the chair in which the Wadsworths seemed fond of dying, there came answering clangs. "I don't think I ever could like this abode," she said, replacing the charm; 'no wonder my host rarely smiles; I'm thinking I'll become gloomy too if this is to be my home." Presently, her eyes rested on the piece of furniture which she had christened the "dead man's seat," and as she gazed at it wished that she had strength enough to carry it up into the attic where it would be out of her sight. In the meanwhile Miss Crabtree was at work below, and as the dame bustled about she was revolving in her mind whether it was not unwise to nurse her wrath against her young guest. If Nancy Clark were to appear at the husking, might not Goody Garlic keep an eye upon her and perhaps hinder her from speaking to Wadsworth? "Yes," said the old maid, "it's foolish to stay in a miff; I'll ask the girl to come down and help me." With this she went to the foot of the staircase and gave a call. The shrill voice passed by the bed-room door, then up into the garret, where it died away among the rubbish and rat holes, and so exactly did it chime in with Lydia's feelings, that the latter half believed it was the voice of a witch. The girl did not obey with much alacrity, and it was not until Prudence had seconded her friend's request that she prepared to

descend, taking with her the map, which she regretted not having before restored to its owner. Miss Crabtree met her at the foot of the steps, her hands and arms white with flour and her mouth set in its own peculiar grin.

"Honey," she exclaimed, "don't be angry with what I said to you this morning; you're a dear good girl, and I want you to help me prepare the cakes and tarts for to-morrow; Prudence says you're right smart at cookin'." With this, she pressed her lips to Lydia's forehead. "I'm hasty, dear, I know I am," she continued, "but you mustn't mind me; I'm not as bad as I seem. If you want Nancy Clark at the husking, why let her come, I'll give her welcome."

Softened and deceived by these words, Lydia immediately put on a greasy apron which the old maid handed her, and tucking up her sleeves, prepared to lend her assistance at the oven. But presently, remembering the map, she excused herself, then without waiting to knock, entered the library, where she found Wadsworth busy looking over a pile of letters, which he pushed aside as she appeared, and with a smile asked what book she had come to read. But scarcely had the words passed his lips, when his countenance assumed an expression of awe.

"Where did you find that?" he whispered, point

ing at the map; "oh! you cannot tell how its disappearance has worried me."

"I found it, sir, in the garret last evening," answered Lydia, "and beg pardon for not having restored it sooner."

Here the Captain gazed steadfastly at her for nearly a minute, then seizing her hand, "I feared Miss," he said, in a voice, low, yet full of earnestness, "I feared the mysterious Power which had given me the map, had taken it away as a warning. But no, no, I was mistaken; my good angel—" With this he suddenly paused and let her hand fall. "No," he murmured, "I will not tell her all that I feel, it would be breaking the law —I have not yet asked her father's consent." The girl, with a deep flush on her face, for the eyes of her host were piercing her through and through, and revealing his thoughts as plainly as if he had spoken them, now withdrew to the other room, glad to escape from the singular being, who at one time appeared to avoid her, at another to draw her towards him, and wishing, as she had already so often done, that Wadsworth might have proved to be the stranger whom she had met in the forest.

While she was at work helping Miss Crabtree, the Captain would every now and then open the door and take a peep, while Miles would thrust his bead out too and sniff the air; but she did not allow this to distract her-steadily she worked, and before the clock struck eleven the whole floor, from the east window to the cupboard on the other side of the room was covered with pies. There were pumpkin pies, of course, and apple pies, and peach pies, and mince pies, and grape tarts, and cakes in numbers infinite; while the flour barrel, which at first had been full to the brim, was now so empty that you could see the bottom. During the hours they were thus employed, making ready for the morrow's cheer, Mr. Clark and the British officer were seated in front of a roaring fire, cracking nuts and talking about the husking party, which Nancy on her return home, had told them was to be given the following evening. "I should have forbidden my daughter to go," said Mr. Clark, "as Wadsworth and I are not on speaking terms, did I not hope that she might be able to gather from those whom she will meet there some information which would prove useful to Sir Edmund. Verily, Nancy is playing her part well; her new friend, it seems, came this morning on purpose to invite her."

"Should Miss Clark not object," returned Henry Synnot, "it would give me great pleasure to be her escort. I told his Excellency I might not return to Boston as quickly as last time, so a little delay will cause no surprise."

At this remark Mr. Clark could not conceal his satisfaction; he rubbed his hands and chuckled. "If my daughter's not a downright fool," he said to himself, "she'll encourage our guest in his attentions; so far, everything looks bright."

Then, as he threw another stick of hickory on the fire, he told the officer that he would see much to interest him at the husking, where he would have an opportunity of meeting a large number of people together, and might give a better report to his Excellency as to the sort of men the royal troops would have to deal with, in case matters came to a crisis.

"You'll be astonished," he added, "at the independent tone which many of them hold towards England; one might imagine there was no such being on earth as King James. But disguise yourself, sir, as my political opinions are well known; otherwise, seeing you and my Nancy together, they might not be so free of speech; nay, they might even use violence towards you."

To this the Captain raised no objection, albeit the disgust he was beginning to feel for the service he was engaged in, was not lessened by his host's proposition to enter Wadsworth's house, seemingly at least, in the character of a spy. But Lydia Goffe would be there, and his desire to speak to her once more smothered every other feeling. She

was, it is true, the daughter of a regicide. "But after all," thought Synnot, "what her father did was for the good of England. I begin to wish our present monarch had a few such brave hearts to raise their voices against his tyranny. Unless King James alters his course, I would not marvel if ere long we had a change of sovereign; and between the going out of the old, and the coming in of the new, these colonies may manage to secure their independence. If that day ever arrives, woe to men like my host." Were he to disguise himself, however, it would be necessary to do so with the greatest skill, as the letter which he brought from Andros had been delivered to Governor Treat that afternoon in the General Court Chamber where many of the towns-folk had had a good look at him. It was accordingly agreed that he should wear an old wig which had belonged to his host's father.

"I defy the keenest of them to recognize you," said Mr. Clark, "when you have it on, and I'll add to it a deerskin jacket and trousers, and a pair of heavy top boots."

"Clumsy things to dance in," rejoined the officer.

"To dance in! By my faith, sir, that is an amusement unknown from the Hudson river to the farthest limits of Maine. Dancing! ha, ha, ha! you might more easily take away their charter than

prevail on these Puritans to imitate King David in that respect, although they pretend to have such a great reverence for scripture."

"Well, if I had an instrument to play on I would at least tempt them."

"There's a bagpipes up in the garret, left by a redemptioner\* who used to be in my service," rejoined Mr. Clark; "you may take it with you if you like, but scarcely with my advice—the shock to these godly folks would be worse than an earthquake and your life might be in danger."

Such an argument only made the Captain, whose nature was full of fun, more determined than ever to start a dance at the husking.

"Dimpled chins are not given to scruples," thought he, "and I know Miss Goffe will not frown, whatever the rest may do; so I'll risk the anger of all Hartford and take the bagpipes under one arm and Miss Clark under the other. Who knows but even this demure young woman may dance too when she sees the others at it." And so they sat together, smoking their pipes and conversing until midnight.

But in Wadsworth's house the lamp was yet burning when the clock struck one, and as the sound died away, Miss Crabtree turned the flour barrel

<sup>\*</sup> One whose services were sold to pay the expenses of his passage to America.

bottom up as a sign that her task was completed. Every shelf in the cupboard was groaning under the weight of pies, tarts and cakes, and nobody could say that the oven had not done its duty. But although they were all very drowsy, the dame would not let her companions quit the lower room, till everything had been put away as neatly as if it had been a sabbath morn. Not a particle of anything was left on the floor for the mice to eat; no, not a single crumb.

"Crumbs draw vermin," she said, "and them I hate worse than 'pisen;' so, sweep clean, sweep clean!" Then before she followed them up the staircase, she put her mouth to the keyhole of the study and begged Wadsworth to have the nuts brought down before sunrise.

A voice from within responded, "all right," and the good woman turned to depart; but ere she reached the foot of the steps, she halted, and after musing a moment, went back to the library door, and in a gentle voice said, "Now, Joe, you'd better go to bed, you're suffering for want of sleep; oh, yes, you are."

But Wadsworth paid no heed to her advice and remained writing despatches to the different trainbands of the colony, till the clock struck three.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE morrow opened bright and clear, and Miss Crabtree, who seemed never to know what it was to feel fatigue, was bustling about not many minutes after the watchman had sounded his bell. She took a wonderful delight in counting over the pies and cookies, and her nephew, who was down soon after herself, (he had had but one hour's sleep) instead of being allowed to pass the time, until breakfast, among his books, was sent up into the garret after the nuts, carrying on each arm an immense basket; and as there were many such trips to be made before a supply sufficient for the numerous guests could be brought down, he inwardly resolved, despite any whim of his aunt's to have the next crop of nuts placed on a lower floor, where they might be more easily got at.

The whole day was one of preparation. Charity, who never seemed to think the house clean enough, had the poor servant-maid on her knees scrubbing, hour after hour; the tiniest cobweb was brushed from the remotest nook, and it was a woeful day for the spiders, while Miles Standish could only find peace by keeping close to his master. The windows were washed and rubbed, and rubbed and washed again, until—but for the sun, which insisted

on sending in its beams—you might have fancied it was raining hard. Towards her nephew's study many a longing glance did the good woman cast It seemed a shame that he should not allow it to be thrown open for the use of the company. But Wadsworth, in all other matters willing and obedient, stood firm on this point, and the only person besides himself who was given the key of the room during the day, was Lydia. But the girl merely arranged his books and dusted the table, then came out, obstinately refusing to tell the aunt aught about the mysterious apartment. Every person who went by the mansion stared hard at it, for the news of the husking had spread far and wide, and it was considered the greatest event, not of this year only but of the past five years. All Hartford believed that the Captain was at last going to take to himself a wife.

"This party," said Faith Genness, she who had approved of Lydia's curls the first day the stranger had appeared with them on Main street, "is given to bring the courtin' to a head. Shouldn't wonder a bit, if we watch sharp to night, we'll see Captain Joe poppin' the question."

"Well, I wonder how old, Miss Garlic is?" said Dorothy Philbrick, who was out walking with her friend, and like the latter drawn towards the north end of the town through sheer curiosity. "Looks is deceivin'," answered Faith, "but I guess she's older than what you or I be, judgin' from the size of them curls what she wore t'other day."

"Can't judge by that, Faith, for we ain't never been let have our'n grow. Guess don't take many seasons for 'em to reach the waist like hers did."

"Well, I wish we was let have 'em."

"So do I," rejoined Dorothy, "and I thought so the first time I saw this girl with 'em on, but I didn't like to own up. And what's more, a few ribbons would do us no hurt either."

"Nor short sleeves, Dorothy, at least on the Sabbath, and they might let us dance once in a while, say on Thanksgivin' day."

"So they might; I know I'd be a better Christian if I didn't have to look so godly; bein' and lookin' is two different things. It's time our laws were changed; there's too much of this ducking-stool business, and settin' folks in the stocks every time they go a mite out of the way. I wish our ruling elder would move to some other town; it's he causes all the bother. He seems to be everywhere at the same time, and came mighty near catching Tom Hubbard and me kissin' last fall, when we was out nuttin,' and in a spot, too, where I'd have vowed no eye but God's was watchin' us." Here they both stopped and gazed at the Wadsworth mansion, in

the open doorway of which Lydia and the Captain were standing side by side.

"She looks like a bold piece," said Faith. "And I'm glad of it," answered Dorothy; "Wadsworth's marriage may bring about a great change in Hartford. I can't believe she'll bend to our strict ways; and if she once gets her husband from under the thumb of Increase Mather, whom he considers the best and greatest man on earth, then we gals may have a chance at ribbons and short sleeves. Captain Joe's influence is about as great as Israel Barebones'; there's nobody can speak so well at town meetings; he's popular with everybody, and I can't help thinking if he once sets his face against our foolish laws, that they'll be repealed."

"Be not too confident of a reformation," said Faith, "self-willed as Miss Garlic appears, she has already submitted to the loss of her curls."

"Ha! a piece of female art," pursued Dorothy; when she gets Captain Joe fast hooked, take my word for it she'll let 'em grow again."

With these remarks, they continued their way along the street, while at the same moment Lydia and her host withdrew from the porch and went into the barn, which, like all such structures in New England, was joined to the dwelling-house by a shed. There a redemptioner was busy piling on the threshing-floor the corn which was to be husked

that evening, and after the girl had watched him a moment and satisfied herself, from his fat and jovial face, that he had a kind master, she turned and gazed up on the lofty rafters, then on the mountains of hay, and straw, and corn-stalks, which stretched away in the shadowy distance, and she almost wished she might live in the barn instead of the house, it did look so comfortable. "The swallows," she thought, "must certainly be fond of the place, the whole roof is dotted with their nests."

Presently she began husking an ear of corn, and as the Captain watched her his heart throbbed, but he said nothing—the laws of Connecticut forbade courting a maiden without first asking the parent's consent, and as he had not yet done this, he felt that it would be more prudent not to trust his tongue too far. Once, while he was watching her, he struck his hand upon his brow, then turned round and muttered something, which, to Lydia's ear, sounded very strange indeed. "Why do you haunt me?" he whispered, "begone, begone."

His face at this moment was terribly agitated, and when he again rested his eyes upon her, there was a fire in them which went to the girl's very soul. Oh! it was a great relief when the voice of his aunt was heard calling him away.

At length evening approached, and the nearer the sun got to the horizon, the more fidgety did Miss Crabtree become; at least once a minute she wiped her face with her apron, then felt to see if her top-knot was all right.

"I hope everything will go off well," she muttered, pinching the arm of the unfortunate servant girl who had thrown herself in a chair, not because she was tired or lazy, but because there was really nothing left for her to do. The drudge winced under the infliction, but did not utter a word of complaint, for she knew her mistress was not angry and that this was only a way she had of getting rid of her superfluous energy.

At length the sun disappeared, the chickens flew up to their roosts, and Charity and her nephew began to make the final preparations for the entertainment. From the lower beams of the barn six lanterns were swung, to the no small astonishment of the rats and mice; while the corn was arranged in a great heap at the further end of the floor, and near by were placed several bushel baskets, which were to distribute it among the huskers, who might arrange themselves as they liked best, but were to work until every golden ear should be divested of its covering, after which they might retire into the house, and then the feasting would begin.

Charity had certainly done her part well. From the south window to within a foot and a half of her nephew's study, was a long, narrow table, laden with everything which a New England housewife of those days could furnish, while under the staircase she had made the redemptioner place the cider barrel, with a tin mug dangling from the spigot, and next to it a smaller cask, which her nephew had preserved from his father's store of wine.

"It's good," said the dame, as she drank off a glass of the latter, "very, very good."

Presently a glow appeared on her wrinkled cheek, and she was strongly tempted to take another sip; but fearing lest it might give a bad example to Lydia, she withdrew from the barrel, saying to herself, "verily, Scripture is right; wine maketh the heart glad."

Colonel Goffe, who was determined not to be altogether shut out from the feast, had been ushered by his host into the library, where his daughter had made him as comfortable as possible, and it was agreed that at certain intervals during the evening he might take a peep at the company.

Between the chimney and the oven was a pile of wood, enough, one might have supposed, to last a week; but remember, the chimney was immense, and the draft up it something wonderful.

"That hickory was cut three autumns ago," exclaimed the aunt, glancing at the servant maid's arm, (the poor creature was rubbing the spot which had been pinched a few minutes before,) ha! won't it blaze." With this, Miss Crabtree retired to her bedroom, and when she again made her appearance, she was indeed a sight. Her top-knot which had been elevated about two inches, was crowned by a spotless lace cap, and she wore a bran new gown of a dusky color, interspersed with tiny, yellow flowers, probably meant for dandelions, and which covered her throat well up to the chin.

Prudence was likewise attired in her best, and so was Lydia, who had spent at least a quarter of an hour viewing herself in the mirror, and who had sighed a very deep sigh for her lost curls. It was seven o'clock when the first guest arrived, and by the lugubrious voice which answered the Captain's greeting, it was easy to recognize who it was. Mr. Barebones looked even more solemn than usual, owing to a long prayer, which was only just finished, and in which he had implored the Almighty to give him strength against Satan, who during the next four hours would no doubt make a vigorous attack upon him. His middle finger, cold and deathlike, was held out for each of the household to shake, and when presently he caught a glimpsc of the wine and cider barrels, his eyes rolled up until they rested on the pumpkins and catnip overhead.—"Lead me not into temptation," he prayed, "Lord, Lord give me strength."

Soon after the ruling elder came the tithing-man, whose solitary eye, which had taken in at a glance everything the spacious apartment contained, sparkled and danced, and seemed unable to keep fixed on any object longer than a second at a time. Both his hands were stretched out at once, the left grasping Lydia, the right Captain Joe, while his clothes (albeit not an every day suit) exhaled an odor not to be mistaken for anything else than leather.

"As an old friend, let me congratulate you, Captain," he whispered; "better late than never." Then in his bluff, jovial way he told the regicide's daughter how much pleasure her visit had given his wife and children, who begged that it might soon be repeated. "Even the robin," he said, "has been merrier since you came."

After the tithing-man, and at an interval of about five minutes, Mrs. Bull arrived, quite out of breath, for she was a woman of corpulent habit and unaccustomed to walking such a distance, but her face was all smiles and her lips were trying hard to say something. As she threw herself in the chair which Lydia hastened to offer her, Mr. Barebones' grey eyes began at once their inquisitorial work. Of all the females in Hartford, not one had caused him half as much anxiety as the widow, and he dreaded lest there might be something about her

dress which would scandalize. But although he searched her from head to foot, not a single ribbon could he discover, and when he had thoroughly satisfied himself that she was attired in a becoming way, a look of unfeigned delight broke out on his countenance; for by nature he was not a cruel man, and whatever harshness he had at times exhibited towards sinners, arose from a pure desire to benefit their souls. Lydia now entered into conversation with Mrs. Bull, but to the ruling elder's grief it was carried on in such a low tone that he could make nothing of it.

"We've both had to toe the mark," said the widow, smoothing down her dress, and slightly advancing one of her feet, which were small and well-shaped, and there being no law prohibiting it, she was not unwilling to have them admired.

"Your curls and my ribbons would drive the company wild," she whispered; "but when I return home I can rig myself out as I please, but you Miss, oh! you will never behold your tresses again!"

"Be not too confident of that," rejoined Lydia, "stirring times may soon be looked for, and with political changes I hope to see a reform in other things." While she was speaking, she saw the widows eyes flash—the latter had just discovered Israel Barebones watching her.

"That man's my horror," whispered the dame, for an instant returning his gaze, then looking at the girl—"he's dying to know what we're talking about; and if it wasn't for the rest of the folks he'd come close up and listen."

"Well, I don't like him either," answered Lydia.

"And that makes you and me greater friends," pursued the other. "The Lord knows how soon we may need each other's sympathy. Oh! if my poor, dear husband were only living?"

Here her bosom heaved, and instinctively she drew from her pocket the tarred relic of the Polly Ann. Lydia could hardly help laughing when she saw it, while the ruling elder opened his eyes wider and wider, and advanced a half step nearer the chair. But quickly the rope was thrust back into its hiding-place and he was left to bite his lip and groan.

Just at that moment a number of other guests arrived, and Miss Crabtree, who had no idea of letting the widow keep the girl all to herself, interrupted their conversation by gently drawing Lydia away towards Dorothy Philbrick and Faith Genness. The reputation which these two young women had acquired, was really something to be envied. So demure were they on all occasions that some people doubted if they ever smiled, much less laughed like other girls; never had their noses

been tickled for falling asleep during meeting; they sang the hymns with the liveliest zeal; in fact so perfectly had they retained their baptismal innocence, according to Mr. Barebones, that the latter had insisted on christening them "the cherubs." And now, when the good man saw Lydia brought towards them he clasped his hands, while his lips moved in silent thanksgiving. "This Miss Garlic," he said to himself, "whom our host is evidently bent on marrying, is full of spirit and talent, and if she keepeth on the righteous path her influence for good may even exceed my own. Oh Lord! give her light!"

The company numbered by this time forty or fifty, and the old-fashioned clock gave warning that it was time for the husking to begin. Accordingly, at a signal from the Captain, they all filed into the barn, Miss Crabtree alone remaining behind with the servant maid. Soon five, then ten, then twenty more guests made their appearance, and the aunt, with very little ceremony, bade them at once join the others—"and make haste, friends," she cried, "the wine is spoiling to be drunk, make haste with your work." Never had the lofty roof of the barn sent back such merry echoes as it did during the next hour; the cat was fairly frightened out of its wits and went to seek refuge in a neighboring edifice, and we cannot believe the Captain's horses

and cattle enjoyed a very profound repose. The baskets, as fast as their contents were husked, were brought by Adams (who had taken on himself this part of the work) back to the pile of corn at the further end of the floor, filled again, and returned to the laughing, singing groups, who were doing their best, for they knew that the sooner they completed the task, the sooner the feast would begin.

Wadsworth sat on Lydia's right, while on her left was Jacob Japheth, and opposite them, her gown spread over four sheaves of barley, was the jovial widow Bull.

Faith Genness and Dorothy Philbrick had each a beau of their own to crack jokes with, while even Israel Barebones was beginning to be carried away by the tide of merriment, and chatted with Prudence, whom to his great edification he found to be a person of very strict principles, and who approved of the shepherds of the flock inspiring the law-givers.

But while each set of huskers had their own stories to relate, their own rosy-cheeked maidens to keep the eyes of the young men from wandering away to other groups, there was one spot towards which everybody occasionally glanced.

"He's hooked, isn't he?" whispered Dorothy.

"Aye, and it's a good fish she's caught," replied Faith; "no wonder they both look happy this eve-

ning; as for the Captain, he's changed completely since she came to Hartford, and I for one am glad of it."

"So am I," rejoined Dorothy, with perhaps not quite as much candor as her friend, for Wadsworth had at one time inspired her with a hope which now, of course, was dead and buried. Everybody entertained the same opinion as the Cherubs, regarding the happy pair; even the most jealous and disappointed among the girls putting a good face on the matter, and looking as joyful as did the fortunate Lydia herself. The heap of corn must have been almost half husked, when Miles, who till then had been lying quietly near his master, suddenly sprang up and gazed towards the entrance of the shed which led into the house, then bounded forward, wagging his tail in a dozen person's faces, and almost putting out one of Mr. Barebones' eyes. In another moment Nancy Clark appeared, looking somewhat bashful, and as she stood hesitating about advancing further, her pale cheek flushed, while all eyes were directed towards her. Lingering half a step behind, came a man with very red hair, trimmed after the fashion of the Puritans, and clad in an ordinary deerskin suit, while hanging across his shoulders was an instrument as strange to the assembled company as his own face. In an instant Wadsworth had left his seat and was greeting Nancy, concealing by a powerful effort the emotion which he felt, and as he touched her hand, there was even a faint smile on his lips. But oh! if his heart could have been laid bare, the tithing-man would have ceased his jokes, and the widow Bull would have discovered that others beside herself had their miseries, that a conscience burdened with a ghostly memory was something more terrible to endure than the prying eye of a fanatic ruling elder. While Wadsworth stood facing the young woman, he was for an instant tempted to throw himself on his knees and ask her forgiveness, and before all the company to renew the solemn vow he had once taken. "She alone," he murmured, "knows the covenant I have made with the Almighty. She was willing to say, 'Go, Wadsworth! if by not marrying me the Lord will prosper the noble end you have in view, I cheerfully give you up, but in my heart I will cherish you forever and forever!"

While these burning thoughts rushed upon him, Lydia approached and gave her friend a kiss, and lo! at the sight of the regicide's daughter another change came over him. The same irresistible passion which had seized him the first moment he had laid eyes upon her, returned with all its fury; his cavernous eyes flashed darker fire, his whole frame quivered. In the meanwhile Nancy glanced at the stranger, whose elbow was now

touching Wadsworth. She was evidently embarrassed, and no wonder, for she was a scrupulous
person and could not bear to tell an untruth; yet
how fulfil her father's command unless she did?
Her escort was to be introduced under a false name,
and ever since Mr. Clark had given her this instruction she had endured no little mental agony,
and had she dared defy his wishes would have disappointed Lydia and stayed away from the husking.

Henry Synnot, who shrewdly guessed the cause of her trouble, with the coolness and tact which had already rendered him so invaluable to Andros, introduced himself to Wadsworth—"I am, sir," he said, "a stranger to you, but knowing your hos pitality—"

Here Wadsworth waved his hand. "Enough, enough," he exclaimed, "you are accompanied by Miss Clark, that is sufficient introduction." Then, laying his fingers on the bagpipes, "but pray, sir, what have we here?"

"Something which I am fond of using at gatherings like this," replied the officer. "Wait until the corn is husked and the feasting begins; then I will show what use I make of it."

With Miles rubbing his shaggy coat against her frock, Nancy now accompanied Wadsworth to the spot where he had been sitting when she appeared.

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Captain Synnot pretended that he was trying to follow, but managed to trip over the leg of one of the guests, and as he rose to his feet, rubbing his knee, he whispered to Lydia—"I am the one who saved you from the wolves, but do not show that you know me."

Startling as these words were, the girl did not make any response, nor even manifest the least astonishment, but simply led him towards Jacob Japheth and the widow Bull; then putting an ear of corn in his hand she bade him set to work.

"When we have finished husking," she said, in a calm tone, "there is to be a feast; till then make up for lost time by following my example—see, there are yet five baskets to husk."

It was just as these words passed her lips, that Wadsworth, who had conducted Nancy to a seat, turned to see what had become of her, and had Lydia gone on talking with Synnot his suspicions might perhaps have been aroused; but when she handed the stranger an ear of corn and made him a sign to begin and work, he concluded that she had only been asking some question about the queer-looking object which was slung over his shoulder. "Yes," thought Wadsworth, "Miss Goffe is not bashful with any body, she never needs to be introduced."

In a few minutes they were all busy again; the

only person who did not husk quite as fast as before being Lydia, who seemed overmuch absorbed by the bagpipes, while occasionally her eyes would steal up a little higher and rest on the new comer's face. The latter, however, did not notice her in the least, but having arrived late, seemed as if he were endeavoring to do as much work as possible. The chief of the train-band examined him closely and observed that his hands were not like those of a husbandman or hunter—they were too soft and white; yet the way in which his hair was cut stamped him as a Puritan, and this was enough to have quelled any suspicion which might have arisen in Wadsworth's breast, while to complete his disguise Synnot had shaved off his moustache, and now wore a thick beard of the same hue as his hair. The scrutinizing glances of the master of the house did not escape the eye of Nancy Clark, and while she was endeavoring to appear an interested listener of the widow Bull's stories, her pale cheek grew paler. It terrified her to think of what might follow, should the British officer be recognized by any of the company, many of whom had doubtless been present in the General Court Chamber, when he had delivered to Governor Treat Andros' letter. They would, of course, take him for a spy, and then to what extremes might not their wrath lead them? But it was Wadsworth's

indignation which she most dreaded; his esteem she would not have lost for the world. What would he say, if he found that the stranger whom she had brought to his home, was in the service of the King? "Better," thought Nancy, "that the floor and the earth under it, should open and swallow me up, than have such a thing happen." Thanks, however, to the skill with which Synnot was disguised, her host did not suspect anything and soon his gaze was fixed on the regicide's daughter, whose cheek, unlike her friend's, was now burning red. Had the unknown been drawn to the husking party, in order to meet her again? Lydia was asking herself, or was he a lover of Nancy Clark? "This is not unlikely," she thought, "for he is no Puritan, and, from what I have heard, Mr. Clark is not one either." Right glad was she when the last basket was emptied and the task finished, for she hoped during the feast to have an opportunity of speaking freely with the unknown. But no sooner did the company rise to their feet than Wadsworth placed himself at her side, much to the regret of Henry Synnot, who was thus coinpelled to be Nancy's escort. As they filed through the shed into the house, they were greeted by Charity Crabtree, who with as pleasant a smile on her face as she could possibly assume, bade them choose their places at the table and be merry.

"Aye, folks," she exclaimed, "this is my first jollification in Hartford; but please God it shan't be the last; eat and be merry—eat and be merry!"

Presently her excitement got the better of her judgment, and she burst into such a fit of laughter that her nephew was quite taken aback, for during all the years she had been with him she had never given way to a similar flow of spirits. Oh! had the patient servant-maid dared, she might now have taken sweet revenge for the many pinches which her mistress had given her, by revealing something which would have caused the good woman to fall immensely in the esteem of the multitude—that tell-tale drop on the spigot of the wine barrel had not been there five minutes before. While Miss Crabtree was clapping her hands, in rushed the guests, jostling one another good-naturedly; Tom Hubbard had fast hold of Dorothy Philbrick's wrist, while Faith Genness made believe she was trying to escape from a burly lad, with a face shaped like a full moon and burnt to the color of a brick; but he clutched her gown with a grip of iron and would have ripped it off rather than let Faith get away. The sea-captain's widow, puffing and pressing her right hand on her bosom, came next, escorted by Mr. Japheth, and as soon as she caught a glimpse of the good things which loaded the table, her eyes darted from dish to dish, while her hands began to open and shut. Presently aiming her finger at a huge roast turkey, "that's the ship I want to board," she gasped, then eatching her breath, "Lord, how the folks is pushing," forgetting that she herself had trodden thrice on the heels of the person in front of her.

Alone, and with folded arms, Israel Barebones brought up the rear of the procession, or rather the jolly mob. The happier the rest of the company became, the greater efforts did he make to repress any sign of mirth in his own breast, and if occasionally a smile would break out on his face, it quickly disappeared and was followed by a frown and a groan. At this very moment he was lamenting the harm which would come to the souls of Faith and Dorothy by being brought into such close contact with Tom Hubbard and the lad with the moon face: while as for the way the tithing man was carrying on with the frivolous Mrs. Bull, it was simply scandalous. The dame, it is true, wore nothing on the present occasion which could give offence; but then the whole community knew her character, and the ruling elder would have wagered his salvation that her pockets were at this very moment stuffed with ribbons. "Narrow is the path which leadeth to Zion," he groaned, just as the widow arrived

at her objective point—the roast turkey; "however, let us hope she may not be damned!"

Standing on Mrs. Bull's left, and opposite Wadsworth and Lydia, was Simon Adams, and by the way the fellow stroked his shaggy beard, you could see that he was in a quandary. On which of the many dishes ought he first to pounce? "Simon, Simon," exclaimed the widow, nudging his elbow, "you that's famous for saying long graces, why don't you begin and say one for us all? or does your piety afore meals come by fits and starts?"

"How do you know I ever say grace?" whispered the tavern-keeper; "lifting up a fellow's eyes is no sign of godliness. But if folks think it is, why, let 'em think so; I humbug 'em and edify 'em at the same time. You know that it's necessary if you live in this community to appear godly, even if you ain't."

"Oh, you wicked man! give me a piece of the dark meat and some stuffin'," rejoined the dame, laughing and pushing forward her platter.

The publican helped her as she requested, then, instead of beginning to eat himself, remained with both hands leaning on the table, while his eyes slowly moved from right to left, then from left to right—their vibration bounded on one side by the turkey and on the other by a huge sirloin of beef;

and thus he stood for more than a minute, nor did he open his lips until the widow again nudged him.

"What ails you?" she exclaimed. "Are you really mad, as some folks say you be? Here am I waiting for the side bone; every second precious, for somebody else may grab it, and you looking as if you were in a stupor. What ails you?"

Presently the tavern-keeper drew a long breath—his consciousness seemed to return. "Dreadful to be in such a fix," he sighed, "yes, dreadful; if one dish was just a mite further off than t'other, I could decide which to begin on. But being right exactly atween them both, it's puzzling, damn puzzling."

Here Mrs. Bull gave him a pinch. "Don't swear so loud," she whispered, "there's the ruling elder eyeing us."

"And what do I care if he is?" growled Adams, helping her to the morsel she coveted, then darting his fork into the beef. And so they went on chatting and devouring the good things set before them, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the feast was relished by all; even the solemn Mr. Barebones presently took his eye off the widow and ate his full, and when the last pie had disappeared, his countenance was much less stern than when he had arrived. The table was now removed into the woodshed, the dishes hastily put by in a large bas-

ket, and the real fun of the evening commenced. A score of pewter mugs which Wadsworth had procured from the tavern, were brought out of the cupboard, then waving his hand toward the barrels under the staircase, he begged his guests to taste of their contents.

"One's wine, t'other's cider," exclaimed Charity, handing Goody Garlic a cup of the grape juice, "we'll sip out of this mug together"—then lowering her voice, "Prudence, 'twill make you feel as if you were in Zion."

We need scarcely say that the merry crowd showed no backwardness in following the old maid's example, and in less than five minutes the conversation and laughter had so increased that one could hardly hear his own voice. But of a sudden, it all died away and every eye was directed towards Miss Crabtree.

"She's going to perform her great feat," whispered Jacob Japheth, to the widow, "not another soul in town can do it."

Hardly had he spoken when the silence was interrupted by a shout and a clapping of hands and Tom Hubbard grew so excited that he jumped into the air and pulled down on Dorothy's head a huge bunch of catnip.

In the midst of the confusion and hubbub, Charity was standing near the oven, her hands on

her hips and with a cranberry fastened between her nose and her chin, and in that position she remained until some of the people laughed themselves into hysterics; then tossing back her head, she opened her mouth and down went the berry. During this interesting performance the door of the study had opened a little, just enough to allow the regicide to take a peep, and when he withdrew his head the old gentleman laughed as heartily as any of them. Up to this moment Israel Barebones had heroically kept the resolution he had made when he arrived and not touched a drop of liquor; his arms were folded on his breast, and in a corner by himself he was wrestling with the devil, who during the past quarter of an hour had made a violent assault upon him. At length, however, the sight of the wine proved too much for even him to withstand, and striking his forehead he advanced excitedly into the middle of the room, where Mr. Japheth hastened to offer him a tankard.

For a moment the ruling elder held it to his lips then shaking his head, he turned away his face and groaned. But presently he brought the cup back to his mouth and with a trembling hand and an indescribable expression, as if agony and mirth were contending for the mastery, he took a long draught. "Well done old boy," cried Mad Adams, who had just taken a sip out of the widow's mug, "yes, well done, feasting is better than fasting."

It was at this part of the entertainment that Lydia, taking advantage of Wadsworth's attentions to Mr. Barebones, glided up to Henry Synnot, who till now had been engaged in conversation with Nancy, and gave him the opportunity to address her, for which he had been so impatiently waiting.

"I'm well disguised, Miss Goffe, am I not?" he whispered.

"You are indeed, sir," she replied, "yet even without that horrid wig, I would still have to call you the unknown, for you did not tell me your name the evening we so providentially met."

"Providentially! ah, so it was," rejoined the officer, musingly; "God be thanked, it was a happy, happy Providence! Bless the wolves for driving such game towards me."

At these words Lydia colored. "It is but fair," he continued, "that I'should reveal who I am, we will thus be each the keeper of a secret, for nobody here knows me except Miss Clark."

- "Dear Nancy!" murmured Lydia, "oh! you are safe in her hands."
  - "You and she are warm friends, I believe?"
  - "We are."
- "Well, I agree with you, Miss Goffe, she looks like a person one might love and trust; but for

all that, beware of what you tell her concerning yourself. Her father has great power over her and is even now setting her on your track."

"Ah, indeed! well, I know he is one of the King's partisans, nevertheless I am fond of his daughter and believe she returns my affection, and will betray, not even to him, aught she may discover concerning me. But now, sir, let me hear who you are?"

"My name, Miss, is Henry Synnot; I belong to the staff of Sir Edmund Andros, and am bearer of dispatches from him to Governor Treat. This very day I should have returned to Boston, but I wanted to meet you again."

"Dispatches from Andros! Alas, I fear their contents bode evil to Connecticut; I regret that you are engaged on such duty." Here the officer bit his lip. "Is your heart in the work?" continued Lydia.

"You must pardon much to circumstances, Miss Goffe," he replied, after a little hesitation; "I could not refuse to obey orders."

"No, true; but you might abate your zeal, do as little as possible, be in less haste going to and fro. This colony is in a sad strait; however, if the worst comes to the worst, even the women will fight."

"And if they do, 'twill be all up with the King's

party," rejoined Synnot; "you alone would be a tower of strength."

"You are sarcastic, sir," said Lydia, drawing back with a haughty glance; "but may my arm be paralized if it does not rise against the British troops when they come to rob us of our charter!"

'Oh, be not offended, Miss, I spoke in earnest; a maiden like you would be a greater obstacle in Sir Edmund's path than a regiment of men. And now let me confess that the duty on which I am engaged is most distasteful, and that the King's policy towards New England is one which I do not in my heart approve."

At these words the girl again drew near to him, while the crimson on her cheek deepened. "May I not in time win him over to the glorious scheme of independence? Then the barrier which separate us will be removed," she thought, gazing at him with an expression in which Henry Synnot fancied he read more than her words had yet revealed. Presently he drew from his breast a miniature on which he gazed for an instant, then placed it before her. The regicide's daughter started, it was her own image! Just then Israel Barebones, who, during the past few minutes had been coming gradually nearer, bent down to inspect the portrait, but the officer quickly snatched it from Lydia's hand and hid it again in his breast.

"'Tis the likeness of a relative of yours," he whispered, after the ruling elder had turned away "her name was Elizabeth Churchill."

"Indeed! my cousin! father's sister married Sir William Churchill; oh I would like so to know her, where is she? In England, I suppose?"

"In Heaven!" replied Synnot. "But when I look at you, I see her again."

Once more Lydia colored, while the officer gently took her hand, and he was yet holding it when Wadsworth approached, his heavy eyebrows lowering, for Israel Barebones had been whispering something to him.

"Unbearable," thought the chief of the trainband, "that this red-headed varlet should so engross Miss Lydia's attention. But what can I do? It is possible, as my friend has just hinted, the girl and he have met before." As this suspicion occurred to Wadsworth, a noise was heard in the passage way leading to the outer door—it was as if something heavy was being rolled along, and in another moment Mad Adams appeared, pushing in front of him a barrel and calling out to the company to clear the road. "A present, Captain Joe, a present," exclaimed the honest fellow; "I could not let this joyful occasion slip by without giving you something out of my store of liquors." As he spoke he gave the barrel a shove with his

foot, and sent it—to the consternation of Tom Hubbard, whose toes it almost crushed under the staircase, where it came to a halt beside the other barrels. "I wager," continued the publican, "that it's better than the wine you've been drinking, albeit your's is a mite older."

"No wagers!" said Israel Barebones, in a tone of authority, and pointing towards King Charles' twelve good rules.

"Lay no wagers!" echoed Jacob Japheth, "but by fair trial let us decide which merits the palm,"

This proposition met with the approval of all the guests, who without a dissenting voice declared that the ruling elder and the tithing man should form a jury. Mrs. Bull patted Jacob Japheth on the back and urged him to fill his tankard at once, while Miss Crabtree and Goody Garlic gathered around Israel Barebones and pressed him to let them know which wine was the best.

"I won't believe there's any as good as my Joe's," exclaimed the aunt, "until you, Israel Barebones, ruling elder of the first church of Hartford town, declares that there is; so let's settle the matter without delay."

The cobbler did not need any pressing; by his twinkling eye you could see that he entered heart and soul into the fun of the thing. Israel Barebones, however, appeared confused, he had already

imbibed full as much as one unaccostumed to anything stronger than milk could stand, and he felt that he had reached the turning-point where one draught more would plunge him headlong into the devil's clutches.

But the clamor which arose to have him serve as juryman drowned the voice of conscience. He glanced at Wadsworth; but the latter, to whom it was evident that the spirit of the company was beyond his control, made no sign to him, he did not even pull his sleeve. Slight as such a warning would have been, it might perhaps have recalled the good man to his senses, and enabled him to beat off this last terrific onslaught of Beelzebub. As it was, he heard only the cry, "Yes, yes; decide, decide!" And so, with Miss Crabtree on his left and Prudence Garlic on his right, he advanced towards the barrels, feeling like one about to take a plunge into the water from a dizzy height. "God knows how it will all end!" he murmured. Then clasping his hands he gave a groan—somebody had yelled out "Hallelujah!" and the word for a moment seemed to arrest him in his fatal course but it was only for a moment. Tom Hubbard, who had uttered the exclamation, made haste to turn the spigot of Adam's barrel, and in less time than it takes to relate, Israel Barebones had swallowed half the contents of his mug. Once more the door

of the library opened and the regicide peeped out, and when it closed again you could hear the old soldier laughing heartily.

"Can't you tell at once which wine you prefer?" said Wadsworth, frowning at both the jurors—he was beginning to dread a scene of scandal.

"Well, I forget which I like best," replied Mr. Japheth.

"Verily, and I am in the same quandary," said Mr. Barebones, hiccoughing, "we must try once more."

"Yes, do," exclaimed Tom Hubbard, who was on his knees between the barrels, with one hand on the spigot of each, and exchanging significant winks with Adams.

"Judging from present appearances," whispered Henry Synnot to Lydia, "the company will soon snap their fingers at the law, and then will be my opportunity." The girl gave him an inquiring look. "I mean," he pursued, "that I'll treat them to a dance."

The jury now tasted for the third time of each cask; Miss Crabtree and Prudence continued to laugh at everybody and everything; the widow Bull fairly roared; Tom Hubbard whistled; and the lad with the moon face gave Faith Genness a kiss. Wadsworth alone remained as he had been from the beginning of the feast, thoroughly self-possessed, while his lowering brow showed how

greatly he was provoked at the turn which affairs had taken. Suddenly, the bagpipes began to play. "A dance!" cried Tom Hubbard, jumping to his feet. "A dance, a dance!" echoed a number of other voices, and among them you could distinguish that of the widow Bull, who was making mysterious signs to Jacob Japheth. Nancy Clark now shrunk back into a corner with distress plainly marked on her countenance. The regicide's daughter, however, did not share her friend's scruples and was the first to accompany the musician into the barn, slipping her arm through his as they went along, and singing a merry Scotch ditty, which her father had taught her.

They had almost reached the threshing floor, when she felt some one pulling her sleeve, and looking round, found Nancy close behind her. "Beware of your companion," whispered her friend, "he is not what he seems; beware of him." Then, before Lydia could say a word in return, the young woman was lost in the throng, which was rushing pell mell after them, and what with the shrill notes of the bagpipes, the clapping of hands, the loud barks of Miles Standish, you might have supposed that Bedlam had been let loose. Wadsworth's lip curled with indignation as he saw his guests disappearing, treading on one another's heels, and

really looking like mad people. But what could he

"What a shame! the whole township will ring with accounts of this husking party," he muttered. "Will Dr. Mather, whose ears it will be sure to reach, believe me when I tell him that what has happened this evening could not have been prevented?" Wadsworth did not notice Nancy as she slipped across the threshold trembling, poor girl, at his dark look, and fearful lest he might call her back to question her about the stranger whom she had brought under his roof. But mingled with his wrath was a feeling of profound regret. Lydia, the maiden whom he admired so much, was she the innocent creature he had believed her to be? Had his eye deceived him, or had she really coquetted with the homely, red-headed varlet? "Alas! for two long hours, to him, and to no one else did she open her lips," sighed the chief of the trainband; then, unfolding his arms and clenching his fists—"but 'tis a mystery which, by the Lord, I will make clear."

At this moment the door of the library opened and the regicide for the third time peeped out, the sudden silence had astonished the old gentleman. "All gone," he whispered; "pray tell me what has happened, Mr. Wadsworth, you look troubled."

"My guests, sir, are in the barn, breaking the law

by an unhallowed amusement—they are dancing!" returned his host bitterly, and laying stress on the last word. "But pray do not leave your hiding place; there is a guest amongst them, he who plays the music, whom I mistrust; remain concealed, I beg you—the fellow's glance is rapid, and I have a strange foreboding that his presence here may bring us evil."

While these remarks were passing between them, two grey eyes were peering in through the west window, and could you have caught the expression of Mr. Clark's face, as he discovered the regicide, you might have supposed that Nancy's father was a fiend, whose soul was for an instant lit up by a hellish joy. "Aye," said he, rubbing his hands, "'tis Goffe, as I live! a little older than when I found him concealed at Captain Bull's, some years ago, but 'tis he, I could swear it."

Presently, the door of the study closed, the face disappeared from the window, and with slow step Wadsworth passed into the barn. When he entered, the scene was if possible more animated than it had been at any other part of the evening. All except the musician and Lydia were dancing in two long lines facing each other, with the pile of corn between, and on top of the pile sat the unknown and his fair companion.

"Mr. Wadsworth," murmnred a voice a little in

his rear, "Captain Joseph Wadsworth, Satan hath conquered!"

The master of the house glanced round, and there, half buried among the sheaves of barley, one hand pressing his forehead, the other beating his breast, lay the ruling elder. This spectacle capped the climax of our host's indignation, and turning abruptly on his heel, he made his way out into the open air, careless whither he went, and not for one, nor two, nor three hours, but till the dawn appeared in the East, did he wander about like one distracted. And when at length he re-entered his home, although the party had broken up, he still fancied he could hear the horrid squeal of the bagpipes, and the hilarious tones of the widow Bull as she went through the figures of the hornpipe, opposite Jacob Japheth; and as he lifted the latch, and passed into the now silent mansion, he half believed that a witch had been throwing a spell over him.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE morning after the husking party the watchman rang his bell at the usual hour, but for the first time in her life Miss Crabtree felt a yearning desire to lie abed. There was a strange, throbbing

sensation about her temples, and as she raised herself on her elbow and tried to shake off her drowsiness, she gave a loud yawn which ended in a groan.

"It was a jolly frolic," she said, "but if all the folks what was here last evening feel as I do now, there'll not be much scrubbing and churning done in Hartford to-day"—then clasping her hands— "Oh my!" she continued. "I hope I've been dreaming! But no, it can't be; alas! I remember it all too well-Satan got in amongst us. Aye! that stranger, whom Nancy Clark introduced, was the old boy in disguise. Wherever she goes she brings some mishap." As the remembrance of the dancing thus flashed upon the good-wife she became thoroughly aroused and for more than a minute sat up in bed, shuddering over the possible consequences to herself and her nephew. What would be done to them? But presently her countenance brightened. "Aye," she said, "Israel Barebones was with us, and although he didn't dance he took, more wine than was good for him, and he must bear his share of the sinning." Then rubbing her hands gleefully—"he's our ruling elder," she continued; "ha, ha! pretty nigh the whole congregation is in the same scrape, ha! ha! ha. Devil or no Devil, 'twas fun!" While these thoughts were passing through her mind, she heard some one

moving in the room below. "That's Joe," she said, "making the fire; he's always saving me as much work as he can, may the Lord bless him and give him luck in his courtship. And yet—" here she frowned, then leaving her couch, "a handsome girl," she murmured, "is Miss Lydia; but perverse and giddy, and if she fall, as I fear she may, under the evil influence of Nancy Clark, my Joe might as well give up all hope."

Miss Crabtree now gave the servant-maid a call, in a voice which warned the drudge that there was no alternative but instant obedience; then hastily putting on her gown she was in a few minutes descending the staircase. On arriving below she found the fire lit and her nephew standing with his face towards it, holding in his hand a stick of hickory, which he threw on as she approached, then turned and faced her. But he did not greet her as usual, and even when she bade him good morning, he remained silent. Already the good woman had felt some misgiving as to the mood she would find him in, after the events of the past night, and consequently this behavior did not surprise her. "But then," she thought, placing her hand on his shoulder, "he's as much to blame for the dancing as I am, and so he needn't be in a huff. Dear knows, neither of us could have stopped it, once it had begun." Then in a gentle voice, "Joe, Joe," she said, "hat ails you?"

"With a look almost of despair, Wadsworth fixed his gaze upon her. "Aunt," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "aunt, pray that I may see the light. Oh! I fear I am standing on the brink of a precipice." Then, without another word, he entered his study, and turning the key, knelt down and began a prayer. But it was not the reproaches of his conscience for the law-breaking of which his house had been the scene, which drove him to his knees. Dancing he knew was a grievous sin, but what weighed on him so heavily was the conduct of the regicide's daughter, which, ever since his retreat from the husking party had worried him, until now he was half distracted and he felt like one in a wilderness, uncertain which way to go to reach a place of safety. "May be," he said, "'twas a special Providence which sent that stranger here, in order that I might see how little the girl cares for me. Lord! Lord! keep me from breaking my covenant—Oh God! give me light."

Just as these words escaped him there came a tap at the door. He stopped and listened. Presently there was another tap, then a voice which he could not mistake, for it was sweeter to his ears than any other sound on earth, bade him open.

"I do not want to disturb you," said Lydia as he obeyed her summons, "but only to let Miles join his master; the poor fellow has been whining to enter, how came you to forget your shadow?"

"Something else engrossed my thoughts, Miss," answered Wadsworth coldly, and with an expression that would have repelled any other being but the one he was addressing. Without saying more, Lydia gave the dog a pat on the head and withdrew, half resolved never again to seek admission into the library. Presently, Wadsworth joined her in the other room, but instead of following her every moment with his cavernous eyes, as he had hitherto done, he stood gazing at the fire and muttering something which might have been a prayer.

"Strange man!" thought Lydia, "strange man! It may be a hard fight to escape you, especially if father wishes me to become your wife, but your gloom would weigh me down like a mill-stone; no, no, it shall not come to pass." Here she turned towards the south window, and gazed a moment in the direction of Mr. Clark's house, which, even if the day had been farther advanced, she could hardly have distinguished, standing as it did at the other end of the town—but now in the twilight she gave full rein to her imagination.

"I wonder," she asked herself, "if the British officer has yet started back on his way to Boston?

He told me he would leave at an early hour. Oh! I'm glad the day promises to be fine. And yet if it snowed, or rained he might postpone his journey and then I might see him to-day. Now, it may be months before he returns."

Could Lydia at this moment have been transported to the parlor of Mr. Clark's mansion, she would have heard an interesting and important conversation in which Henry Synnot was taking part—one, however, that would have made her tremble. There, side by side, sat Nancy's father and the officer, the latter booted and spurred and warming himself at the fire before starting on his long and tiresome journey, while his host was smiling and cracking his knuckles, a thing he never did unless in very good humor.

"Oh, it was a great discovery;" exclaimed Mr. Clark, a great discovery, "and you must be proud to carry the news to Sir Edmund. High ought to be our reward, if we cage the bird. He escaped me once, but I'll be more wily this time; yes, the regicide is old, and by the short glimpse I had of him, I could see that he is infirm. He'll not flee into the wilderness again. Really, sir, you must spur your horse and come back as soon as possible at the head of a troop, and then Goffe will be a prisoner. The Hartford train-band has brave men in

it, but a score or so of red coats would put them to the right-about."

While Mr. Clark was speaking, the officer continued to warm his hands, occasionally nodding as if he approved of what was said, yet without opening his lips further than to exclaim, "Oh, yes,"—"indeed,"—"a great discovery." The truth is, his contempt for Nancy's father had been gradually increasing, ever since the latter had revealed to him his plan for getting possession of the land which the town of Hartford had voted for school purposes; but this last scheme crowned Henry Synnot's indignation, until now he felt like telling the speaker to his face, what a contemptible being he considered him. "And yet," thought Synnot, "am I not very inconsistent? To arrest Goffe must surely be my duty, at least while I am serving the King."

Here he again nodded, as if he approved of what Mr. Clark was telling him, then drew on his gauntlets.

"As for the conduct of my daughter, sir," pursued his host, "I humbly apologize for it. She meant no disrespect, but doubtless grew confused by the music and the dancing; otherwise she would certainly not have returned home at such an early hour, and without her gallant escort. Nevertheless, I will speak to her about it, and give her a reprimand."

WASSING .

"Pray, do no such thing," rejoined Synnot, abruptly; "the guests were very noisy, the room uncomfortably crowded, and I can well excuse Miss Clark for not having remained until the entertainment broke up. Rather ought I to ask pardon of her for not having accompanied her home, and were the young lady present I would certainly do so."

"Well, well, then I'll not mention the subject," returned Mr. Clark, "yet I wonder she did not stay until the end, it must have been so amusing."

"Well, it was a funny sight, and one which I'll not soon forget, and I'll wager many of the guests have headaches this morning." With this, the officer turned and went out on the porch, where his palfrey was waiting for him, and springing into the saddle he was much inclined to depart without further ceremony, when Mr. Clark overtook him and offered his hand. For a moment Henry Synnot hesitated whether or no he would give his host a farewell grasp—the misgiving which he felt as to the treatment Nancy might receive after he would be gone, tempted him to be rude to her cruel parent. He overcame his aversion, however, after a struggle, and they parted with every sign of good will, Mr. Clark assuring him as he moved off, that he would be as watchful as a lynx, as cunning as a fox"and do you hurry back," he added "with the troops."

Such were the words which passed between Nancy's father and his guest, while Lydia was gazing out of the window this morning, and while Wadsworth stood near her, wrestling with himself and praying for strength to keep his vow.

## CHAPTER XVI.

During the week which followed the husking, Wadsworth made several attempts to engage Lydia in serious conversation; for although he had determined to conquer the passion he felt for her, yet his interest in the girl's spiritual welfare prevented him from holding entirely aloof, and there were other books besides the Assembly Catechism which he wanted her to read. Yet, whenever he would beckon her to enter the study, Lydia would assure him that she had something to do, either at the oven or up in her bedroom, then with a half suppressed smile she would turn away and leave him, to mourn over her indifference in regard to church matters. "And yet," he would murmur, withdrawing alone into the library, "it is not poor Nancy who is leading her astray. No, in spite of what my aunt says, Miss Clark is at heart a good. Christian, and I am sure I have guessed the true reason why she absents herself from meeting; yes, her father has made her his slave. Oh Nancy! may God one of these days deliver you from your cruel parent and may I resist the great temptation! Oh, Nancy! I am sure you are praying for me."

Miss Crabtree of course did not fail to notice Lydia's behavior toward her nephew, and Adams, who passed three evenings with them—to his own pecuniary loss—for the tavern always suffered during his absence—was much annoyed by it, too. He likewise wondered at his chief for not pressing his suit with more ardor. "Aye," he growled, "Captain Joe ought to take her by storm. If he don't, she won't be long in becoming Mrs. Somebodyelse."

Once he ventured to urge Wadsworth to broach the subject to Colonel Goffe, whose authority over his daughter was unbounded, while at the same time her obedience and reverence for him had always been most edifying. But the Captain's sole response to this suggestion had been a shrug of his shoulders.

Through the week Lydia made several attempts to find her friend Nancy; but not once did she meet her in the street, and whenever she approached her home, Mr. Clark was sure to be standing on the porch with his sinister face warning her away, and consequently she never ventured nearer than the outer gate.

Again the Sabbath came around, the rigid New England Sabbath, bringing with it a soft, balmy air and a blue sky. But in the town of Hartford not a sound was heard, even the dogs did not bark, nor did the geese cackle as on other days, and you might have thought they were vying with the inhabitants to see which could be the best Puritans.

The morning meal—prepared the evening before, so as not to break the Lord's day by working ever so little—had just been finished, and Lydia was about withdrawing to her room to make ready for church, when the door of the study opened, and Colonel Goffe, who, like herself, had been told he might go there, at his pleasure, made her a sign to enter. The girl obeyed, and as she passed in, Miss Crabtree's countenance, which until now had been as grave as if she had been at a funeral, suddenly brightened, while her eyes gave a significant glance at her nephew. But the latter appeared not to notice her. He had only left the library a few minutes before, and was now walking up and down the apartment, his arms folded on his breast, and talking to himself. "Perhaps," he was saying, "perhaps my aged guest has heard me regret his daughter's unwillingness to own the covenant, and

has called her into my sanctum in order to give her some religious instruction. May he succeed where I have failed!"

Little did Wadsworth guess the subject of the regicide's conversation with the girl; little did he know that his aunt Charity, at the instigation of Lad Adams, had had a private interview with the old gentleman on the subject of matrimony.

"She is an obedient girl," whispered Goody Garlic to Miss Crabtree, "and will do any thing he bids her."

"I hope you may be right," murmured the other, who since the husking party had not been so confident of her nephew's obtaining the prize, which she hoped and believed he had set his heart upon. "But, Prudence, she's a willful critter and I'm afraid will have her way in spite of the ten commandments. However, I've taken the liberty to speak to her parent on the great question, and until I hear the result of the interview I'll not give up hope."

The regicide, having seated himself, eyed his daughter a moment in silence, and on his countennance there was the old stern look, which had so often darkened it when he was in Cromwell's army, but which Lydia did not remember ever to have seen there before. One of the girl's hands was

clasping the other, her head was slightly bent and she looked sorely troubled, for she suspected what was coming. All the lessons which Goody Garlic had taught her since infancy, urged her to submission; but her heart bade her remain true to the vision in the forest, and at this moment Henry Synnot rose before her with a life-like reality. The spot upon her hand where his lips had pressed, burned with a sweet and holy fire, while in her ears she heard again all the enchanting words he had spoken at the husking.

"Lydia," began the Colonel, "I have summoned you here for the purpose of talking over a very important matter—the abruptness with which I introduce it may startle you-it's nothing less than your marrying our host. Have you ought against him which might prevent such a happy event? For my part, I urge it with all my heart and soul." A deep silence followed-Lydia appeared thunderstruck. "Speak, child, speak," continued the old soldier at length, knitting his brow. "Is not what I ask a most reasonable thing? Have I not left my hiding-place in the forest in order that you might have an opportunity of finding a husband? and is not our host worthy of your choice? He is rich, he has, I do believe, a great career before him; he loves you, and although he has not spoken to me on the subject, he wants to marry you, I know he does. Why then do you repel him every time he makes the least advance? Speak, child, do not irritate me by your silence."

But Lydia's lips remained closed, while her bosom heaved.

"My daughter," pursued the regicide, after an effort to preserve his calmness, "unless you conform with my wishes, we must soon return to the log cabin. It would not be proper for us to continue always under Mr. Wadsworth's roof, for I believe, from what I know of his temperament, that it would drive him mad to have you always near him, and yet not able to call you his own. Oh, child, think of my ending my days in the solitude we have just left! And then, what would be your own fate? Does it not seem the hand of Providence which has guided us both hither—me that I might eud my days in comfort and peace, and you, that you might find a husband? Poor lonely oird that you were, far up the Connecticut! Lydia, Lydia, many a time have I wept to think of you dwelling among wolves and panthers."

A tear trickled down the old gentleman's cheek as he uttered these words. It was a sight the girl could not bear without crying herself, and falling at his feet she bowed her head and sobbed aloud. "Oh, father, father," she cried, "what can I do? I want to obey but——."

Here grief drowned her voice, while Colonel Goffe reproached himself for having spoken so harshly.

"Father," she exclaimed at length, and looking up at him through her tears, "I have never concealed anything from you, why should I? no, no, I never will."

"Well, my daughter, if there be any good reason for rejecting the Captain, pray reveal it; I may then perhaps be less astonished at your conduct. The reason, however, should be weighty, aye, very weighty. Why, I venture there is not another girl in Hartford but would rejoice were he to offer himself; come, don't cry any more, but tell me what you have against our host."

"Well, father, he's a very godly man, no doubt, and I hope the Lord may prosper the great scheme of his life, the independence of these colonies, but—"

"Well, child, but—but what? Here you are praising him, now what strange ending will your sentence have?"

"But, father, if I love another?" The regicide started—here indeed was a piece of news to make him lift his eyebnows.

"Love another!' he exclaimed; "but, dear me, where have you met any one else except Mad Adams?" Then, after a pause, during which he

shrugged his shoulders, "Yes," he went on, "I forgot; you have been a few days longer in the settlement than I, and have of course met other men besides Mr. Wadsworth. Oh, Goody Garlic, Goody Garlic! why did you not look better after your charge?"

"Don't blame nurse, father, no, do not."

"Well, if I find the gallant who has stolen your affections is worthy of you, I may have no cause to blame her, though he addressed you without first asking my leave, as required by the laws of the commonwealth. But tell me who on earth is he?" This was the question which Lydia had so dreaded he would ask; it is not therefore surprising if she hesitated with her answer—it was the most trying moment of her life. Her father repeated the question.

"He is an officer in the British army," she replied at length, and lowering her voice. "There, you have my secret, all my secret; ah, it is one I would not reveal to any other being on earth, but you."

If the old soldier had been astonished to learn that his daughter was in love with another man than their host, imagine the effect of this, her second announcement.

"An officer in the British army! Child, are you

sane?" he exclaimed, starting and clasping his hands.

"It is true, sir, it is true; I said I would conceal nothing, and let me add, it was he who saved me from the wolves when we were on our way to Hartford."

"Here the regicide murmured, "God bless him!" then for a moment buried his face in his hands; "How strange," he thought, "how strange the ways of Providence! Here am I a fugitive with a price set on my head, concealed under the roof of Joseph Wadswortth, and my daughter in love with a man, who mayhap has been sent to these parts for the very purpose of searching for me."

Lydia now went on to assure her father that there was no danger of any harm coming from her meeting with the officer.

"Well, child," he said, shaking his head, "I hope not. As for myself, I am old, my days will soon be over, and it would matter little if I were apprehended and carried to England for execution; but for all the world, I would not be the cause of bringing trouble on him who has so generously offered us the shelter of his roof. Thank God! before ceaving home you took an assumed name."

At these words Lydia turned deadly pale. Oh! what an unspeakable relief it was when presently she heard the church bells ring. It gave her an

excuse to bring this trying interview to an end—she must make haste and prepare for meeting. Colonel Goffe saw that she was anxious to be off, so, without another word, he kissed her and she hastened out of the room.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Lydia, with Prudence Garlic on her right and Miss Crabtree on her left, sallied forth to meeting, this morning, with very agitated feelings. Her expression, however, was very gratifying to one of the old maids, who highly approved of her gravity, and as they walked along towards the meeting-house, Charity expressed a hope that before long she would own the covenant and become a full member of the fold, and as the girl made no response, the dame concluded that the spirit of grace was silently working within her.

"I don't like Lyddy's sorrowful look," whispered Goody Garlic to her friend; "t'was a rash move when you urged her father to speak to her on the subject of matrimony; that's a thing which always works better when it's left to the parties most interested."

"What," exclaimed the other, "think you the

old gentleman has been scolding her? Why, I attributed her demure expression to its being the Sabbath—and so you think she's told him she wouldn't marry my Joe?"

Prudence made no answer, but shook her head and endeavored to get rid of the anxiety which was pressing upon her, by gazing at the throng of people, all, like themselves wending their way to church, and who presented certainly a curious and interesting spectacle. Nearly all the males had linen bands of spotless whiteness around their necks, and as stiff as starch could make them, while on their heads they were the steeple crowned hats of the Pilgrims, and occasionally, one a little vainer than his fellows might have been seen with silver buckles in his shoes, instead of the ordinary brass ones. Farmers on horseback went ambling by, clad in mooseskin coats, and with cowle-shaped hoods drawn well over their faces, while not a few had swords clanking at their sides, the habit of wearing weapons having been contracted during King Philip's war; and although for the past few years the remnants of the Wampanoags and Narragansetts had manifested no disposition to molest the settlers, yet many of the latter had not been able to give the habit up. Their wives and daughters, who rode behind them on pillions, carried footstoves—a warm meeting-house being an interdicted luxury—and these little wooden boxes, perforated with holes and containing earthen cups filled with embers, would at least keep their feet from freezing. Prudence likewise observed that the majority of the people did not stop at the meeting house on the green, but kept on towards the church, built, as we have remarked in a former chapter, in 1670, and where those worshipped who preferred the old and strict ways of the congregational order and deprecated any latitude in the administration of baptism.

When they reached the green, Lydia for the first time looked up and as she beheld the solemn faced women patiently seated on their pillions, waiting their turns to dismount at the horse block, she could not help smiling and thought how quickly she herself would have sprung off her steed, had she been mounted. Presently, she arrived at the door of the church, and was about ascending the steps when she felt somebody pull her sleeve, and glancing round, found the widow Bull close behind her. The good woman was too much out of breath to speak, and her countenance, usually so jovial, looked as solemn as if she had just lost her dearest friend on earth; and yet Lydia fancied that she could detect a lurking expression of fun in the corner of her eyes. On each of the dame's shoulders was a rosette of green ribbons, at which a crowd of

note 1 . . . .

men and women were gazing, while some shook their heads and openly declared that such vanity merited instant punishment. No sooner did Lydia notice the decorations, then she likewise manifested great astonishment, for she remembered that Mrs. Bull had not ventured to wear them at the husking party; how then did she dare put them on on the Lord's day? The good woman must have guessed what was passing through her mind, for placing her mouth close to the girl's ear—

"Since they all sinned that night," she whispered, "drinkin' too much and dancin,' I'll brave 'em now, and wear openly whatever I please."

"And I will back you up if they say anything," rejoined Lydia, pressing the good woman's hand; "yes, I will back you up."

Amongst those who took scandal at the rosettes, was Mr. Genness, father of one of the Cherubs. "I fear my daughter Faith will be greatly shocked," he remarked to Mrs. Genness.

"And my Dorothy," exclaimed Mr. Philbrick, who had overheard the remark, "will likewise be much pained at the sight. However, I have no fear on her account; but others less inclined to godliness, may be tempted to stray from the path of simplicity by such an exhibition of dress."

"Never let a weed grow to maturity," exclaimed a lugubrious voice: "check it when it is small and

tender, and before it can throw out seed. Aye, brethren, the spirit of vanity must be rooted out at once."

Thus spoke Israel Barebones, whose tall, lanky figure was slowly pushing its way through the group in the direction of the meeting-house door. He had just reached the foot of the stoop when a shrill voice screamed out—"Who drank too much at the husking?—who, who, who?"

Immediately, every face in the crowd was turned towards the spot whence the sound had proceeded; but Tom Hubbard, jr., who was as active as he was saucy, had already run back and mingled with his companions at the rear of the building.

As the voice died away the ruling elder bowed his head. "True," he murmured, "true; I sinned and I deserve rebuke"—while the rest of the people, who like himself had been Wadsworth's guests on that festive occasion, felt as guilty as Mr. Barebones, and consequently, instead of smiling at what the lad had said, blushed to think of their own transgressions. Yet amongst them all, not one had punished himself for his sins, as he whose head was at this moment bowed in humiliation. Yes, ever since the husking party the ruling elder had eaten but one meal a day, and now, as he ascended the steps of the church, he resolved to increase his penance. "In my bare feet," he murmured, "will I

chop wood this coming week? yes in my bare feet."

Only the widow Bull presumed to smile at what the lad had said. Oh, it did please her beyond any thing to see one who was forever spying out the faults of others, at last publicly reminded of his own shortcomings.

By this time Lydia was inside the church, where she found the sexton giving his last pull at the bell-rope, which hung down in the centre of the building and half way between the entrance and the pulpit. On the right were a number of wooden benches, without cushions or backs, and these, Prudence told her, belonged to the male worshippers, many of whom were already in their seats; while beside the benches a number of little boys were perched on stools, and Lydia remarked that they had been well trained, for not one of them opened his lips, or looked around, or up at the ceiling, or in any other direction, but straight in front of him.

The regicide's daughter, still carefully watched by Miss Crabtree, now advanced down the left side of the building, which was devoted exclusively to females, and as she passed by the little girls, who, like their brothers opposite, were ranged on stools, she could not help laughing at the efforts which they made to keep silent. But even in the house of prayer they could not hold their tongues, while the inborn curiosity of their sex made their eyes turn upon every body who entered, and quite a titter ran down the line, when the rosettes of the widow Bull appeared in view.

Prudence called Lydia's attention to the old folks who occupied the front seats. "Gray hairs first," remarked the goodwife, "while behind them sits the minister's family, the parish committee, whose duty it is once a year to dignify the seats, and the town officers. It's not the richest who hold the choicest places in the house of worship!"

In another moment the ruling elder took his place under the pulpit, facing the congregation, and producing the hour-glass, put it on the stand in front of him-it was nine o'clock, and time for service to begin. Presently, the two deacons appeared and dropped upon a bench which was a little in front of Israel Barebones, and like him they faced the congregation; then, after a short interval, came the clergyman, a large, robust man with horny hands and sunburnt visage, which showed that he was accustomed to make his own hay, plant his own corn, and do other things besides preach. As soon as he entered the pulpit, he knelt down and the people followed his example; then, for a quarter of an hour, he poured forth an earnest prayer, which, considering that it was impromtu, was really very good. Perhaps the worthy man's grammar might have been open to criticism, but what did that matter, if the spirit of his words went to the hearts of his audience. When he had finished, Mr. Genness rose, and in his capacity of teacher read aloud a chapter from the book of Kings, stopping often to expound difficult passages.

After the lecture there was a stir amongst the congregation, and Miss Crabtree handed Lydia a copy of the Bay Psalm-Book. "We're going now to sing," whispered the dame, "don't be afraid to let it out, follow my example."

Presently, the ruling elder announced that they would chant the nineteenth Psalm, beginning, "The heavens do declare—" after which, for about a minute, there was a rustling of leaves, then the people, rising to their feet, sang the following from the Bay Psalm-Book:

The Heavens do declare
The majesty of God,
Also the firmament shows forth
His handy work abroad.
Day speaks to day, knowledge
Night hath to night declared;
There neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not heard.
Through all the earth their line
Is gone forth, and unto
The utmost end of all the world,
Their speeches reach also;
A tabernacle He
In them pitched for the sun,

Who, bridegroom like, from's chamber goes
Glad giants' race to run
From heaven's utmost end.
His course and compassing
To ends of it, and from the heat
Therefore is hid nothing.

II.

The Lord's law perfect is, The soul converting back; God's testimony faithful is, Makes wise who wisdom lack. The Statutes of the Lord Are right, and glad the heart: The Lord's commandment is pure, Light doth to eyes impart. Jehovah's fear is clean, And doth endure forever; The judgments of the Lord are true, And righteous altogether. Then gold, then much fine gold, More to be prized are, Then honey and the honeycomb, Sweeter they are by far. Also thy servant is Admonished from hence; And in the keeping of the same Is a full recompense. Who can his errors know? From secret faults clean me, And from presumptuous sins, let thou Kept back thy servant be; Let them not bear the rule In me, and then shall I Be perfect and shall cleansed be From much iniquity. Let the words of my mouth, And the thoughts of my heart, Be pleasing with Thee, Lord my rock, Who my Redeemer art.\*

<sup>.</sup> See Bay-Psalm Book, Prince library, Boston.

When the hymn was finished, the people resumed their seats, and the pastor began his sermon, which, like the prayer, was quite extempore, choosing for his text, Luke xvi—23. It opened with a threat to sinners of everlasting punishment, then went on thus:

"Consider God Himself will be the principal agent in thy misery. He is that consuming fire; His breath is thy bellows, which blows up the flame of hell forever. He is the devouring fire, the everlasting burning; and if He punish thee, if He meet thee in His fury, He will not meet thee as a man; He will give thee an Omnipotent blow. Little dost thou know what it is to enter the list of contention with the Almighty.

"If His wrath kindle but a little while, we wither before it. Now, thou art afraid of the wrath of men; what wilt thou do, when God takes thee in hand? Consider, God will take delight to execute vengeance on thee.

"God delights in justice and in executing His own decrees.

Now, it was His eternal decree to destroy sinners forever. He purposed to show His power and to make His wrath known upon the vessels of wrath fitted for destruction.

"But woe to that soul whom God shall delight to punish. Now, thou laughest at the reproofs which God gives thee by His ministers and people. God will laugh at thee shortly. And wilt thou bear when He shall torment thee, and thou shalt roar under thy torments? Thou shalt cry for mercy, and he shall mock thee. Thou now rejoicest in sinning; He will ere long rejoice in thy calamity."

The congregation by this time had become thoroughly aroused; Mr. Genness' face was the hue of a corpse, Miss Crabtree and Prudence groaned aloud, even Tom Hubbard was slightly affected, and when the minister, who had paused a moment in order to study the effect of his words, went on to describe

Hell, he fixed his gaze upon the lad, and Tom, bold as he was, hung his head.

"Consider," he said, "what must be thy employment there. I.—Sin. Some think sinning ends with this life, but it is a mis take. The creature is held under an everlasting law; the damned increase in sin in hell. Possibly, the mention of this may not please thee. But remember, there shall be no pleasant sins there, no eating and drinking-(at this last word Mr. Barebones shuddered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow)-no singing, no dancing, no wanton dalliance—but damned sins, bitter sins, hellish sins—sins exasperated by torments: cursing God, rage, and blasphemy. II. - Thou shalt be delivered up into the hands of thy tormentors; then Satan will pay thee thy wages for thy service, slavery to him, and thou shalt know what a cruel master theu hast served. What cruelty has Satan sometimes exercised to some here in this world that have been possessed by him, and to others that have sold themselves to him! What amazing stories doth the world afford of such things! What dost thou think he will do when he hath unlimited commission and full possession? How wilt thou endure when thou shalt have a thousand evils rending and tearing and macerating thee, when all the rage of hell shall fall on thee without restraint? III .-- The neverdying worm shall gnaw and eat out all the heart of thy comfort; thou shalt become thy own executioner; thy conscience shall pursue thee in Hell, always crying out against thee, and bringing bitter things to thy mind, making thee to wring thy hands, and howl out sad lamentations."

Here there was an interruption, which although it lasted only a minute, we will describe to the reader. Ever since the pastor had begun to preach, Mrs. Bull had been gradually falling asleep, until now she was snoring lustily, and Mr. Japheth who had done his best not to notice the scandal by turning towards her his blind eye, saw that he could no longer refrain from performing one of the duties

which devolved upon him as tithing-man. Accordingly, with a deep sigh, he levelled at the dame a sort of wand, on one end of which was a bunch of feathers, on the other a knob of lignumvitæ, then solemnly approached her. Lydia wondered what on earth was going to happen, while Dorothy Philbrick did her best not to laugh. In another moment the feather end of the rod was tickling the widow's nose, and she awoke with a start; but quickly recovering her self-possession, she gave the tithing man such an upbraiding look that the poor fellow turned on his heel and went back with all the speed he could to his station near the door, leaving her biting her lip and murmuring many harsh things of the people of Hartford. The clergyman now took up the thread of his discourse at the point where it had been interrupted, and with his gleaming eyes fastened on Mrs. Bull:

"Thou canst hardly sit under one of these lectures," he cried, "coming from the mouth of a poor minister; but let me tell thee, Conscience and Hell will read it after another manner than can now be conceived; every thought will be a sharp dagger at thy heart, that will let all joy and comfort out of thy soul; there is no sleeping in Hell. Remember how universal thy torment there shall be. Here, usually, our pain is in but one part of our body; and yet what a misery it is to all the rest, by sympathy; but there, soul and body will be filled brimful; the guilt of all thy sins shall be laid upon thy soul, and be so many heaps of fuel: that tender and delicate body shall have all its beauty blotted and pride consumed; the flames shall have no respect to its comeliness; every member's pain shall be intolerable and insupportable misery shall spread itself through the whole man:

there, eyes, ears, hands, feet, heart and all shall be tormented in the flame. Consider how near the time hastens when all this comes to pass upon thee. Time is almost gone with thee, and thou standest at the gate of eternity, and Death is waiting upon thee to transport thee away to the place of all thy miseries. Shortly thou must die, and it will be but a moment from thence to Hell. When thou hast sinned away a few more days, watched and slept out a few more nights, then away thou goest irrevocably. It may be thou dreamest of many days to come, but, thou fool, how knowest thou but thy soul may be called for this very night? aye, the day of judgment is not far off. Sinner, I beseech thee realize the truth of these things; do not go about to dream, that my words are but a vain fable to scare children, nor believe that God has no mercy, because, for sooth, He makes thee miserable. He shall have monuments enough of that precious attribute, shining like stars in the place of glory, and singing eternal hallelujahs to the praise of Him that redeemed them: though to exalt the power of His justice, He damn sinners heaps upon heaps."\*

When the last words of the sermon died away, a murmur of terror rang through the meeting-house. Prudence and Charity hid their faces in their hands, Dorothy Philbrick and Tom Hubbard lacked the courage even to glance at another, while Jacob Japheth's usually jovial countenance looked as if it would never smile again. Of them all Mrs. Bull was the only one who seemed quite at her ease; but she was most provokingly calm, and with her eyes turned first on her left, then on her right shoulder, she smiled and began arranging her rosettes, which had got slightly out of place during her nap. Presently, the teacher rose to offer up the

<sup>\*</sup> For above sermon, see Baylies' Hist. Plymouth, Vol. II., p. 224.

finishing prayer; and as he did so the hearts of all the little boys and girls throbbed with joy, for they knew they would not be kept much longer perched upon their stools. The good man's invocation was concluded in about three minutes, then lifting his hands above his head, he slowly brought them down on a level with his breast and gave the blessing, in a tone so solemn and fervent that it went to Lydia's heart as no other part of the service had done. At the end of the prayer, the ruling elder stood up and said:

"Brethren, now is the time for contribution, wherefore, as God hath prospered you, so freely offer." At these words, the magistrates first, then Mr. Barebones himself, advanced towards the deacons' seat and placed their offering in the wooden box kept there for that purpose. The rest of the congregation followed, each giving what he could afford, were it money or any other article of value; and let us here inform the reader, that the sum thus obtained was devoted to the support of the pastor, and likewise the poor and needy members of the congregation, should there be any. With this, the service closed,\* and the people slowly made their way out upon the green, where many of them turned to watch for the appearance of Mrs. Bull. But the widow did not mind their

<sup>\*</sup> For Church service—See Pilgrims, by Cheever.

stare in the least, and returned them such a defiant look that Israel Barebones offered a prayer in her behalf. "Beelzebub hath her in his clutches," he murmured, "Lord, Lord, deliver her!" Lydia had just reached the stoop of the meeting-house, and to show how little she sympathised with the manners and customs of the Puritans, was about to accompany the widow a short distance, when she caught sight of Nancy Clark beckoning from across the road. At once, in spite of Miss Crabtree's frown—the dame had intended to escort her home in the same manner she had brought her to church—Lydia slipped away, and in another moment she and Nancy were sauntering off together, arm in arm. But instead of keeping along Main street, they passed through the graveyard to the rear of the meeting-house, then turning to the right, proceeded along what was called Meetinghouse alley.

don't want to be from home longer than necessary," said her frien!, "but this lane will take us to the road skirting Little river, and so 'twill not be much further than the way I came."

"Why in any haste?" inquired the regicide's daughter. "Let us rather stroll down to the south meadow, which is now bare of snow, and from there we can continue on until we reach Dutch Point; 'twill be time enough then to ascend the stream

towards the bridge, and I will thus be favored with your company for a good hour at least."

"Nothing would please me more," rejoined the other, "than to be all the time with you, for although we do not view every thing in the same light, yet I'm sure we'll always be friends." Here Nancy turned toward Lydia with a sweet, though rather pensive smile.

"Then, why hurry home? Have you risitors? Is that stranger, whom you brought to the husking, and against whom you warned me, still with you."

"No, he has gone,' replied Nancy; then after a pause, during which a troubled look rested on her face, "do you know who he is?"

"I do," replied Lydia; "he is in the service of the King, and yet—would you believe it?—he warned me against one of the King's partisans."

"My father?" said Nancy, coloring.

"No, yourself."

"Oh, he is ignorant of my real sentiments, none love Connecticut more than I; yet I am weak, very weak. Yes, Henry Synnot must despise me for taking him to Wadsworth's in disguise. But oh, Wadsworth, Wadsworth, what would you think of me, if you knew it?" Here the young woman buried her face in her hands.

"But I never doubted you for a moment," exclaimed Lydia, throwing her arms around her friend's neck; "no, not for a moment. You have a difficult part to play, and it is often a hard matter to perform one's duty. Go not too far, however, go not too far, remember your country."

"But Wadsworth," continued Naney in a trembling voice, "what would be say, if he discovered that I had brought to the husking an officer on Andros' staff? Wadsworth—whose esteem I'd rather die a thousand deaths than lose?"

"Well, it is something worth having," rejoined Lydia, "indeed it is; and let me say that he thinks all the world of you. He does not include the daughter in his hatred of the parent." At these words Nancy's breast heaved, and she turned her eyes toward the heavens. "But to come back to Henry Synnot," said Lydia, after a pause, "how soon may he be expected from Boston?"

"I cannot tell," replied the other; "but when he does arrive, shall I let you know?"

"Yes"—and as the regicide's daughter spoke, she blushed. While the blood was crimsoning her cheek, an expression of joy brightened the countenance of her companion; aye, it was clear to Nancy that Lydia had fallen in love with the officer, and the young woman's dread lest Wadsworth might break his vow by marrying his guest, was suddenly dissipated. "And who knows," she thought, "but great good may come from

her attachment to Synnot; yes, it may help New England."

Lydia now went on to relate, how several times during the past week she had endeavored to meet her, how twice she had gone as far as her home, but had always been repelled by the sight of Mr. Clark—"who," she added, "appeared to be standing there as if on the watch for somebody; oh, how cross he looked." As she said this, Nancy heaved a sigh, while her countenance, a moment before so joyous, again became downcast.

"Pray, why do you grieve?" pursued Lydia.

"Oh, it's nothing," replied the other, shaking her head; and although Lydia repeated the question, and urged the young woman to tell what troubled her, she refused to reveal anything in regard to the treatment which she had received from her father, and all because she had come back alone from the husking, instead of having remained until Captain Synnot might have been ready to accompany her. No, nothing Nancy ever would say, should let others into the secrets of her home life; if it was not a happy one, she could bear it without a murmur.

They had by this time reached the edge of the South meadow, and Lydia, who had not been there before, turned to see how the town looked from that point. As she did so, she perceived Mad

Adams some fifty paces away, and at once the suspicion flashed upon her that he had been following them. "Nancy, Nancy," she exclaimed, "I do believe the tavern-keeper has been dogging our steps—look at him!"

"It may be so," replied the other turning round, "for alas, you are aware, that the Captain of the train-band and my father are enemies, and Wadsworth's faithful scout is perhaps suspicious of me, and thinks I may do you some harm. I once heard Miss Crabtree tell him that I was unlucky and brought evil to others."

"And so my host has sent him as a spy on our movements?" exclaimed Lydia, angrily. "I've a good mind to run up to where he is and give him a message for his master."

"No, pray don't; stay and let us continue our walk," urged Nancy, grasping her by the arm, for she feared Lydia might really execute her threat. "I can't believe the Captain has sent him after us, it wouldn't be at all like Wadsworth. No, I can't believe it, 'tis Adams' own idea."

"Well, was Mr. Wadsworth at meeting?" continued Lydia, "I did not see him."

"Yes, he was; but he arrived late and when the prayer was half through; Adams accompanied him, a thing which pleased me exceedingly, for the latter is not much given to attending worship."

"Well, then, if they arrived in church together, you can't persuade me that Mr. Wadsworth has not sent his scout to play the spy. Much good will it do him; I would not have thought him capable of such a thing."

"But were your surmise correct, dear Lydia, what must you in your heart think of me? Did I not introduce under his roof a British officer in disguise? and the wig adjusted by my own hands! Oh! if father were to bid me perform that duty again, I might not obey; no, no, I would not."

Lydia made no answer to this remark—how could she reprove her friend for an act which had afforded her such an agreeable evening with Henry Synnot—then, after walking a few steps further, she again turned to see if Adams were still watching them. But the tavern-keeper was walking off in another direction, and at a brisk pace, as if he had seen enough, and were hastening to make his report.

The two friends now continued their promenade as far as Dutch Point, where they stood for a few minutes gazing across the ice-bound Connecticut, then taking the lane which followed the bank of Little river, they sauntered homeward, each finding a sweet pleasure in the other's company. Nancy especially rejoiced in having at length discovered one who could understand her quiet, retired ways,

and not make gossip about her, and who dared to keep her company despite the ill-will of Charity Crabtree. The friends parted at the bridge on Main street, and Nancy, as she clasped Lydia's hand, begged the latter to visit her again.

"I feel like a different being, when you are with me," she said. "Do come often, you mustn't mind father. And when spring opens we'll take long walks together, and perhaps,"here she smiled, "perhaps somebody may again save you from the wolves."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER she had parted from her friend, Lydia went back towards the north end of the town, not with her usual elastic step, but slowly and as if she wanted to be as long going over the distance as possible.

As it was almost noon, and consequently the hour for dinner, there were very few people in the street and a silence as of the grave seemed to have fallen upon the settlement; not the bark of a dog was heard, while a flock of geese, which had stretched themselves across the road, did not stir as the girl approached, but kept their heads under their wings as if they knew it was a day of perfect rest.

The windows of the Bunch of Grapes were closed of course—not a soul was lounging on the porch, while from its great chimney not the faintest wreath of smoke was curling.

When she arrived at Mr. Wadsworth's, Lydia found the family ready to take their places at the table. Mad Adams was there, dressed in a new suit; while her father, who until now, by the advice of his host, had taken his meals in the library, was standing beside Miss Crabtree—all were evidently waiting for her to make her appearance before beginning the meal. They knew well enough where and with whom she had been—the aunt, who had despatched Simon after her, having received his report and duly informed the household of it--and we need scarcely add, that the dame had seized this opportunity to lecture her Joe on the folly of having invited Nancy Clark to the husking, and thus increased the intimacy between the latter and his artless guest. And as Wadsworth had heard her speaking in such a way of poor Nancy, he had been strongly tempted to reveal the secret of his vow, and tell his aunt that it was not, as she believed, through that young woman's influence that he had remained, a bachelor; yes, he had been strongely tempted to make this revelation when the truant, at that very moment, entered and broke short the good woman's lecture. The meal to which Lydia sat down was not as pleasant as usual—the regicide felt depressed by the revelation which his daughter had made to him before going to meeting, while Wadsworth did not dare trust himself in conversation with one, whom to sit opposite was trial enough; and more than once he mentally prayed for strength to resist the passion he felt for her. As for Miss Crabtree and Adams, they exchanged significant glances, but did not open their lips, and only Prudence ventured a whisper, and then it was merely to say—

"You better not have spoken to her father about your Joe; the girl can't be forced into anything and it's going wrong, all wrong, I'm sure it is."

Whereat Charity frowned and murmured to herself—"it's Nancy Clark's work."

Lydia was not slow in remarking the cloud which had settled upon them all, and realized more and more the difficulty of her position; yet how was she to extricate herself? She did not want to marry her host, yet if she refused him, her parent and she would have to go back to the log cabin; for, to remain longer Wadsworth's guest under such circumstances, would be impossible. Then she thought of Henry Synnot—would he ever find her in the wilderness? and if he did, much as he professed to love her, and although she felt for him an attachment stronger than for any other being ex-

cept her father, what changes must come about before they could be united! While he served King James never would Lydia Goffe give him her hand. No, never! yet while she thought of Synnot, a ray of light seemed to penetrate the gloom which was gathering in her path—she remembered a few words which he had once let drop.

"No, no," she murmurred, "his heart is not in the work. He may not be a republican but he does not approve of what the King is doing to these poor colonies."

And thus passed this silent noon-day meal. Then three o'clock came, and the church bells rang again for service, and as Miss Crabtree heard them she beckoned to her nephew, and for a few minutes seemed to be impressing something upon him with the greatest earnestness.

"If the spirit moves her, aunt, she'll go," replied Wadsworth, "but do not ask me to accompany her; I cannot, I am weak, I dare not trust myself by her side."

At this the old maid gazed at him in astonishment. "What do you mean, Joe, what do you mean?" she whispered.

"One of these days you will learn the truth, one of these days, one of these days," he replied; then turning away he left the good woman to puzzle over his mysterious answer.

Lydia now got up, and after speaking a few words to Prudence Garlic, went up stairs, leaving the faithful woman shaking her head and beckoning to Charity Crabtree.

"Never mind," exclaimed the latter as she put on her hood, "never mind; we at least must not be lukewarm. Lord have mercy on her!" In another moment the goodwives were walking along Main street, and talking as they went, about Lydia.

"Depend upon it," said the aunt, "Nancy Clark has been setting her against my Joe, as well as against our Puritan faith; ah, wicked young woman!"

"Really," said Prudence, "the dear child's conduct is beginning to worry me; I'm sorry the first sermon she heard did not please her; but for that—"

"Tut, tut," interrupted the other, "exactly what she ought to hear every day of her life, I'd like to mix brimstone in her 'wittles'; she needs stirring up; she thinks too little of hell and eternity."

Behind them, and at a short distance, Wadsworth followed with Mad Adams, the latter for the first time in many years carrying a copy of the Bay Psalm-Book—a sight which greatly edified the honest folk they passed on the road, who saw in the conversion of the tavern-keeper a favorable

omen for the peace and spiritual condition of the settlement. Twice or thrice, as the publican returned their friendly nod, his eyes twinkled, while a smile played in the corners of his mouth; yet so well did he act his part, that everybody was deceived—yes, everybody.

"To succeed in earning an honest penny among these folks," he said to himself, "one must chime in with all their ways, irksome as these may be, and appear as godly as the godliest; it costs nothing to humbug them. The law forbids selling liquor on the Sabbath, so I may just as well pass the time at the meeting-house as whittling sticks in an empty bar-room. For my long face to-day they'll patronize me to-morrow, so once a week I'll go in for hallelujahs."

While he was thus soliloquizing, he heard a voice, pitched in a less mournful key than usual, exclaim, "Good afternoon, Mr. Adams!" the word Mr. being pronounced with marked emphasis. To hear himself thus addressed, electrified Adams, for it was five long years since he had been deprived of that title, and rushing up to Israel Barebones he gave his hand such a squeeze that the good man was glad when he loosened his grasp. Wadsworth, too, felt gratified that one occupying the ruling elder's position in the community should be thus quick to recognize the reform which had come

over the tavern-keeper, and be willing once more to dignify him with the title of 'Mr.' Moreover, it had been through the Captain's influence that Simon had obtained a license to keep the Ordinary, and the chief of the train-band, consequently, held himself more or less responsible for his friend's good behavior, and was thus doubly gratified at his conversion.

We shall not here enter into the details of a certain event which had happened before the opening of our story, and which had resulted in the Court of Assistants forbidding Adams to be any longer called 'Mr.' We will merely inform the reader that this punishment had been connected with a certain town-meeting held in Hartford, at which Simon had imbibed too freely of liquor, and broken the peace by knocking down the moderator and driving many of the people to their homes. But although, as we have remarked, Wadsworth was gratified by the ruling elder's salutation, he did not open his lips; in fact he seemed to notice nobody, and walked along, as it were, mechanically, and but for his companion pulling him by the arm, he might perhaps have kept on his way and gone to the wrong meeting-house.

"I know what troubles you!" whispered Adams, as they reached the green -- "well, it's been bothering me too. My heart was set on her becoming

your wife; and now to see her cold, unfriendly manner, is a dreadful disappointment."

"In all things behold the hand of God!" murmured Wadsworth, "Depend upon it, my friend, everything happens for the best, and yet—" here he drew a long breath and ground his teeth—he was thinking of the stranger whom Lydia had flirted with at the husking.

"And yet," whispered the tavern-keeper, taking up the Captain's unfinished sentence, "'tis a hard fate to lose such a flower as Lydia Goffe. Oh! if I were not the vagabond I am—if I had your opportunities—if I dared aspire to her hand and she refused me—I'd—I'd—drown myself."

"Hush, do not talk thus at the entrance of the house of God," rejoined Wadsworth. "Rather see in all this the hand of the Almighty. For years I have fasted and prayed, and bent all my energies to one glorious end; 'tis well the girl does not take to me, let it serve as a warning; I will henceforth fast and pray harder than ever, and nothing, nothing shall tempt me again from the path I have marked out."

Adams shrugged his shoulders, and presently they entered the church together, but neither of them was in a state of mind favorable to devotion; the tavern-keeper, instead of joining in the psalm, could only grumble about Wadsworth, while the

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latter, who was trembling at his own vacillation, did not sing either.

"Oh! Lord," he murmurred, striking his breast, "pity me—I am weak—grant me strength to keep the covenant I made with Thee, and so mayest Thou give freedom to my native land."

## CHAPTER XIX.

While Wadsworth, his aunt, Mad Adams, Goody Garlic and the servant-maid were absent at meeting, the regicide and his daughter had the house all to themselves. As soon as Lydia heard them depart she came down from her bed-room, fully expecting that the old gentleman would again broach the subject of her marriage with their host, and unpleasant as this would be, she preferred to have the matter decided at once, rather than postponed; and if in consequence of her refusal to take Wadsworth for her husband, her father should resolve to go back to the wilderness—"then," she thought, "the sooner we leave the better; yet 'twill be a heart-breaking thing—my old home will not be what it used to be."

The change which had come over her since leaving the cabin, filled her indeed with wonder. She could not understand herself; she loved her parent

as dearly as ever, and yet since the memorable incident in the forest, but especially since the happy hours passed with Henry Synnot at the husking, the girl had felt that she was a different being. Twice in her sleep she had dreamed of the one who had saved her life, and during her waking hours he was constantly before her; indeed it was impossible to drive his image away—alone in her bedroom, or in the large apartment where all the family were in the habit of assembling, she saw only Henry Synnot. On arriving below, Lydia found her father seated by the window, examining Wadsworth's map, but as soon as she approached he looked up and the expresion of his face touched her deeply—she fancied she could see new wrinkles upon it.

"How interesting this is, Lydia," he said, tapping his fingers on the map; "I wish we had had one like it when we used to hold our discussions about America."

"Yes," replied the girl, "'tis worth coming to Hartford just to study it."

"You and Wadsworth hold the same opinions in regard to the colonies," pursued the regicide, after a pause; "your faith in their destiny is the same, and yet—" here he let the map fall on the floor, then clasped his hands—" is not life a mystery? 'Tis folly to try and shape our own course; an in-

visible power marks it out for us. Who would have believed it?"

"Believed what, father?" said Lydia, the color mounting to her cheek.

"A British officer," he murmured, "and on the staff of Andros! Well, if he were such as I have known in my day; if he were like some of Cromwell's warriors, I might comprehend it. But serving James the Second, Lord! who would have believed it?"

"I would not have believed it myself a fortnight ago," answered Lydia; "but do not blame me, I am not my own creator, I was born what I am; God knows I have tried to do my duty by you. When I lived in the forest I was ignorant of what my soul could feel; I did not dream I could love anyone but you and my dear old nurse." As she spoke her bosom heaved, but her voice retained its firmness.

"Well, child, what am I to do? and what are you to do? After the turn affairs have taken, ought we to accept Mr. Wadsworth's invitation to make this our home?"

For about a minute Lydia was silent, then in a quiet tone — "wait," she murmured, "wait till the Captain proposes; 'twill be time enough then to decide on our course; as yet he has but asked your permission to court me as the law requires."

"You are mistaken, child, only his aunt has spoken to me on the subject—that good, loving creature; she knows your real worth."

"How! has Miss Crabtree dared take such a liberty?" exclaimed Lydia, her eyes flashing; "I never could bear the woman, now I hate her; and—and—I'll tell her nephew what she's done."

"Pray do not, my child, do not. She meant it for the best," said the Colonel, drawing the girl towards him. "Oh, you should have heard how she praised you. No, do not speak a word about it to Mr. Wadsworth."

"As you wish," replied Lydia, making a great effort to calm herself, then, after another pause: "But if the Captain should offer himself, that need not oblige us to leave the settlement; there are other roofs in Hartford where we may find shelter, and where you will be equally free from discovery. Yes, father, the widow Bull, if the worst comes to the worst, will again open her door to you, and I am confident that Henry Synnot will give me warning, should there be any danger from Andros' spies."

"Amen," replied the old gentleman; "I place myself, Lydia, entirely in your hands—'tis only for you I am concerned."

"Yes, trust me, father, and all will come out

right. Already I see my way clearer than I did a short half hour ago."

With her mind thus made up, the girl drew a chair close to her father, and sitting down began reading Ann Bradstreet's poems; and she was thus occupied when the family returned from meeting.

"'Tis not the Assembly Catechism she's studying," whispered Miss Crabtree to Prudence; "oh, fie, fie!"—then turning towards her nephew, she eved him with a loving glance, while at the same time her heart throbbed, for she hoped he might stop and converse with the girl. But without even lifting his eyes from the ground, Wadsworth passed into the study, leaving his aunt to shake her head and moan. The rest of the day jogged along as quietly as the forenoon; in the house as well as out of doors, scarcely a sound was to be heard, not even the cricket chirped. At length, however, the sun touched the horizon, and Lydia in another moment heard a whistle, then a shout, and hastening to the west window saw Ton Hubbard and a crowd of other lads standing perfectly still, watching the bright orb as it disappeared—but looking as if they were all ready to kick up their heels.

"It's down," cried Tom, "it's down; hurrah, hurrah!" Then flourishing his stick, he gave chase to a flock of geese, and immediately the birds, which seemed as full of fun as himself, hissed

and flapped their wings, and went skimming along the ground, closely pursued by a cur, which yelped all the harder for having held its tongue so well since the beginning of the Sabbath—but now the sun was down, and the dog barked as if it were mad. Miss Crabtree, who knew what all the hubbub meant, at once pinched the servant girl's arm, and sent her into the shed for some light wood; the fire was soon kindled, and before many minutes a good, warm meal was spread out upon the quaint table, which was still Lydia's admiration and wonder, and which, when in its chair form, she preferred to any other seat in the room.

During the repast, Miss Charity and Prudence conversed in undertones, but Wadsworth did not once open his lips, and when he left the table it was only to withdraw again to the library.

"A bad beginning is a mountain to get over," sighed his aunt, turning to Goody Garlie. "You should never have let that stranger kiss Miss Lydia's hand. Then, again, Nancy Clark has made things worse. Oh! Prudence, Prudence, why did you let your charge get out of your sight? How will it all end?"

"Well, I don't think you've bettered matters by getting her father to speak to her about matrimony," rejoined the other. "She certainly isn't as bright and cheerful as she was a day or two ago."

"And my Joe is relapsing into his former mood," pursued Miss Crabtree, giving her top-knot a vicious jerk, and scowling at Lydia.

During these whisperings the tavern-keeper entered, and after glancing round the room, in search of Wadsworth, the honest fellow seated himself in the chimney, and there, between the puffs of smoke which he sent up from his pipe, he began talking to himself. "This day," said he, "has been interesting and important in more ways than one. First, Captain Joe's chances of getting Miss Lydia for a wife have pretty nigh vanished—and that's bad, oh! dreadful bad; but then the events of this world are like the drinks I mix for my customers—there is always some sweet mixed with the bitter. I'm rising into favor; yes, the town folks are beginning to call me 'Mister,' again—so much for behavin' well-closin' the tayern when the nine o'clock bell rings, and singin' Psalms once a week—humph! that don't cost much."

Presently, the expression of his face changed, and he looked very grave. "Yet after all," he went on, "I'd rather have remained plain Mad Adams to the end of my days, if my hopes could have been realized and Lydia Goffe taken Joseph Wadsworth for her husband. Yes, I really would; but she don't like him, and now he is sliding back into his old ways. How strange!" This

last exclamation passed the honest fellow's lips many times during this winter evening, the most cheerless of any during the last fortnight.

The wind, which since sunset had risen to a gale, was now shrieking round the house, battering at the windows, and moaning down the chimney like the voice of a lost soul. It was just such weather as witches were supposed to choose for their mysterious journeys through the air, and it would have required a great deal of persuasion to have induced Adams to go up alone into the garret on such a night, while, had he known how Lydia had found the Captain's map among the old rubbish which was stored there, we are quite sure he would not have mounted even as high as the second story. At length, tapping the mouth of his pipe on the end of the back-log, he rose, and having bidden the family good-night, walked out. Not long after he had taken his departure, Goody Garlic retired to her bed-room, followed by the regicide and his daughter, the old gentleman leaning on the girl's arm as he mounted the stair-case. Miss Crabtree then pinched the servant maid and dismissed her to her couch, after which the dame found herself alone in the large apartment. For about a minute she listened as if to satisfy herself that Prudence was not lingering at the top of the stairs; then gliding up to the door of the library

she held her breath and strained her ears to discover what her nephew might be doing within. But all was quiet and the only sound she could hear was the chirping of the cricket under the hearth-stone and the howling of the wind. After listening a moment she gave a gentle tap upon the door, then with her mouth to the-keyhole, "Joe," she said, "put by your books and get some repose." But no answer came, and again she listened; ten minutes elapsed, not the least sound could she distinguish in the study; then with a heavy heart the dame betook herself to her bed-room, muttering as she ascended the steps—"I knew it, I knew it; that kiss in the forest and the evil eye of Nancy Clark have done the work." After Miss Crabtree had closed her door, the cricket stopped chirping, and then the house was stiller than ever. How many hours Lydia had been asleep she could not tell, when suddenly she opened her eyes, and lo! seated in the ancient family chair, which stood close to the foot of her bed, clad in his deerskin jacket, top boots, and with his sword fastened to his waist, was Wadsworth-in one hand holding a lamp, in the other the map of America—and he was staring at her and in his gaze there was something so strange and death-like that, bold as the girl was, she trembled. Was it really the Captain of the trainband, or might it be one of his departed forefathers?

The presence of Miles Standish, however, reassured her that it was not a ghost. Presently, he set the lamp on the floor, then unrolling the chart, began to trace something upon it.

Lydia watched him narrowly, and from the movement of his pencil she felt sure he was drawing the course of some river—"perhaps," she said to herself, "it is the St. Lawrence river, which I remember having heard him say was not on the map." While he was thus employed, he did not utter a syllable, and in about five minutes he rolled the parchment up, placed it on the foot of her bed, then taking the lamp, withdrew. What was Lydia to think of this? Might it be possible that he himself was the draughtsman of the chart, whose origin he attributed to a supernatural power? "Yet could such a thing be done during sleep?" thought Lydia, "some invisible hand must surely have been guiding his—verily, we are surrounded by mysteries." She was yet thinking over what she had just witnessed when she heard the outer door close, and it at once occurred to her that there might be danger if her host, guided perhaps by an evil spirit, should go wandering about the town such a dark night. leaving her bed, she hastily dressed herself, without awakening the good wife, and she was half way down the stair-case, on which she found Wadsworth had left his lamp, when she heard the main

door open again, and in another moment the Captain re-appeared with his 'shadow,' as usual, close at his heels. As he approached the foot of the stairs, the girl softly drew back, but on reaching the floor above, turned to see whether her host were following, and as she peeped down she found him staring up at her, with the same vacant look, then presently taking the lamp he retired into the library. As we may imagine, Lydia did not sleep very soundly the rest of that night, and when after some hours the watch rang the morning bell, she rejoiced to think that the dawn was breaking.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE next morning Lydia rose from the breakfast table with her host, then following him into the study, restored the map which, for a second time, had come into her possession.

"Why do you persist in taking this away?" he exclaimed, with averted eyes, and in a singularly impatient tone. "Hear me a moment, Mr. Wadsworth," replied the girl, "and I will explain, at least as far as I am able, how this map came into my hands. Last night, sir, you entered my room,

bringing it with you, and by the light of your lamp you traced something upon it. Look! do you find any thing new?"

Unrolling the chart, Wadsworth nervously ran his eye across it. "Aye, verily," he exclaimed, "here is the St. Lawrence river. And you declare, Miss Goffe, that you saw me tracing it?"

"I do, I do."

"Then it was the Almighty who held my hand, aye, truly it must have been; for I have no remembrance of it. Oh, yes, yes, it is the work of the Lord." As he spoke he looked her full in the face, while his countenance glowed with enthusiasm.

My constancy is being rewarded," he continued, after a pause, "and even as Jephthah of old triumphed, so will God in the end give me the victory!"

While he was speaking, Lydia returned his gaze with an expression of astonishment—she could not fathom the depth of his words. "What has Jephthah in common with the Captain of the Hartford train-band?" she thought—"is my host mad?"

"You have been sent here, Miss Goffe," pursued Wadsworth, "to prove me, but I am master of myself now; prayer is on my right hand, fasting on my left, and between these two I am marching to triumph! A glorious future is opening before me."

Then, after a pause, "Leave me," he continued, "and may God grant that your flinty heart be broken! Own the covenant, Miss, do, do; let it not be said that any one sojourning under my roof, kept not the road to Zion-now go!" With this the regicide's daughter left the room, not unwilling to escape from the presence of a being whose brain she feared was wandering. The whole of that day Wadsworth remained in his library, nor during the fortnight which followed did he show himself more than once or twice to any of the household, and when he was not poring over his books, he was out amongst the people perfecting his plans for a revolution. This coming back to his old habits, however much it displeased Miss Crabtree and Simon Adams, brought Lydia very great peace of mind, for it was evident that he had abandoned all idea of making love to her, and consequently she and her aged parent might, without impropriety, continue his guests.

Several times Colonel Goffe inquired whether the courting made any progress, and he was astonished when his daughter answered him that their host had not yet opened his lips to her on the subject of marriage. "He even appears to shun me," she said, "and, father, I am glad of it. He is a great man, born, I do not doubt, to achieve wonderful things; but I could not be his wife!"

"It's all going wrong," thought Adams, on the afternoon of the first of March, as he stood leaning against the sign-post in front of his tavern.

"Although the Captain won't acknowledge it," he soliloguized, "I'm certain she's refused him! it's all the work of that stranger whom Miss Clark brought to the husking." Here Adams ground his teeth and doubled up his fists. "What's more," he continued, "I'm sure that fellow was the same as rescued Miss Lydia from the wild beasts. Wonder it didn't occur to Captain Joe? Oh, he ain't as keen as I thought; and that stranger is no doubt in the service of Andros and must have slept at Nat. Clark's the night Wadsworth saw him for a moment at the Bunch of Grapes. Clark swears by King James, and has sheltered more than one British spy." Then, with a sad shake of the head, "And hasn't Miss Lydia," he went on, "become mighty intimate with Mr. Clark's daughter? Alas! alas! Captain Joe can't put two and two together as well as I can."

Presently, Adams turned on his heel, and passing through a group of men, went into the Ordinary, muttering—"the devil's at the bottom of it, the devil's at the bottom of it."

The scene inside the building was a very animated one. The great room which took up the whole ground floor, was filled with people who

were conversing in excited tones, and occasionally one, into whose head the fumes of liquor had viser, might have been heard cursing Andros, while in the centre of the throng stood twelve stacks of muskets, with a number of pikes leaning against them. As the tavern-keeper elbowed his way to the further extremity of the chamber, where a lad was busy dealing out beer and wine, he was more than once seized by the arm and asked what news he had to give of Wadsworth. "The train-band has a right to know if their chief is ging to take a wife?" said one burly fellow.

"Well, if it's the gal what I seen riding out with him a short while back," exclaimed the woodman—the same whom Lydia had met driving his load to market, the morning when her host had taken her out on his pillion—"if she's the gal he's going to marry, then, boys, she's hard to beat. I'd give a score of pine-tree shillings\* for one of her curls to tie on the end of my pike."

"But she's cut them all off since you saw her," growled Adams.

"Has she?"

"Aye, and in doing so the maiden has only performed her duty," broke in a lugubrious voice, and

<sup>\*</sup> The largest silver piece in use in those days. On one side was a tree and Masathusets, on the other side—New England and the year of our Lord.

as the publican glanced round, he beheld the lanky form of the ruling elder standing near him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Adams," continued the official, who had perceived the rising anger in Simon's face.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Adams." The effect was electric, the honest fellow's frown passed away at once, and taking the cold middle-finger which was stretched towards him, "I can't refuse to shake it," he said, "he calls me Mister;" yet at the same time one of Simon's fists was clenched, for he felt that he was doing violence to his nature—then, with a suppressed oath he shook the finger a moment, after which he continued his way in the direction of the ale-barrel, to the great disappointment of Mr. Barebones, who had wanted him to stay and examine a certain paper which this good man was about drawing from his pocket. Presently, a drum commenced to beat, and in another moment, Wadsworth was heard calling out—"fall in, men; fall in."

The members of the train-band immediately set their glasses aside, and taking their muskets and pikes, filed out into the street, where, having formed ranks, they marched to the green. The steps of the meeting house were covered with people—old men of sixty, lads under sixteen (only such being exempt from militia duty), mothers with their little ones, laughing girls and maidens, anxious to

see their sweethearts play soldier; and as the stoop could accommodate but a limited number, the rest of the spectators were ranged along the edge of the drill-ground.

The train-band, which numbered about one hundred, presented, indeed, a very motley spectacle, for each member of it was allowed to dress according to his fancy, save that the coats of all had to be basted with cotton-wool as a protection against arrows. Tom Hubbard's head, for instance, was covered by a wild-cat-skin; the tall woodman wore a cap made of the hide of a raccoon, the animal's tail dangling down his back; while many paraded in the sugar-loaf hat of the Pilgrims, and all had their trousers tucked into their boots. A more determined looking set it would have been difficult to find anywhere; there was not a weakly man amongst them, while many of the sunburnt faces were strikingly handsome. The tallest of the band carried pikes, and these formed the centre of the line, while the musketeers, armed with weapons of the old match-lock variety, with bandeleers and rests, composed the flanks.\* The bandeleer was a wooden case, covered with leather, answering the purpose of our modern cartridge box, and worn suspended by a shoulder belt; the rest was a stick,

<sup>\*</sup> For full description of a train-band, see Scova's Hartford na olden time.

forked at one end, for the musket to rest in when taking aim, and with a string attached, to allow of its being fastened to the wrist.

Presently, Wadsworth placed himself in front of his company, which was standing at ease four deep, then doffing his hat, exclaimed, "let us begin with prayer." At once every head was uncovered, and for a few minutes not a sound was heard but the voice of the chief imploring the blessing of God and returning thanks for all the favors he had bestowed on his people since their last meeting then, stretching out his arms, Wadsworth ended by an invocation to the Almighty to grant them strength and courage to defend the liberties of Connecticut, now seriously menaced. When he had concluded, a loud cry of "amen!" arose, both from soldiers and spectators, after which Wadsworth commanded "attention!" then, "muskets and pikes to shoulder!" and as every weapon left the ground at the same instant a murmur of applause ran round the green; and Faith Genness and Dorothy Philbrick, who were as usual side by side, could not help clapping their hands, whereat Tom Hubbard, whose black eyes were fixed on his sweetheart, felt as if he had grown an inch taller. The next command was-"pikes and muskets, face to the right!" This brought the company in marching order-the musketeers four abreast, leading; then came the

pikemen, while the rear was brought up by more musketeers.

In another moment the two drummer-boys, at a signal from Wadsworth began to beat, and the band stepped off. Seven times they marched around the green, to the delight of the multitude; for although the drill was a spectacle which they witnessed once a month, the good people seemed never to tire of it. Lydia Goffe, of course, was amongst the lookers on, with Miss Crabtree and Goody Garlie within easy reach of her skirts—the dames wished to prevent her mingling with the crowd—and as the regicide's daughter saw the active, brave-looking youths going through the manœuvres, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

"If she won't take my Joe," whispered Charity to Prudence—the eyes of both old maids were fastened on her—"she'll not have any body else."

Never before had the girl appeared so animated, and several hoary-headed men exchanged significant nods and murmured—"isn't she a splendid gal?"

At length, when the company had marched around the green for the seventh time, it came to a halt, then forming again into line, it waited for the Captain to say another prayer, after which it might break ranks and disperse. Just at this moment, Lydia, unable any longer to control her feelings,

rushed from between her guardians, and pushing aside those who stood in her way, ran across the green, exclaiming with uplifted arms—" well done, well done, well done!"

Immediately, every eye was turned upon her, but as if she did not perceive what a sensation she was creating, she went on heaping praises on the soldiers, and urging them in impassioned tones to die rather than give up their liberty.

"I tell you she can't be beat," exclaimed the rugged forester, when Lydia had finished her harangue and withdrawn to the edge of the green—"I'd give forty pine shillings to have one of her lost curls at the end of my pike; oh dear, it was a sin to clip'em off!"

This remark was overheard by Adams, who nodded and murmured—"poor Captain Joe!"

It was on Wadsworth, however, that the girl's conduct produced the deepest impression; he did not utter a word, his lips were firmly pressed together, his eyes, which for an instant had taken in all her beauty, were now burrowing into the sod; and thus he remained until the people wondered what kept him so rigid and silent. "Give me grace," he murmured, "not to fall again; oh, Lord! prop me up, for I am weak and sorely tempted. God hear my voice."

At length, uncovering his head, the finishing

prayer was offered and the train-band broke up, the members remarking to one another as they walked away, that the voice of their chief had a strange tremor in it which they had never remarked before.

"Your friend is bold and very enthusiastic," whispered Mr. Clark, tapping Nancy on the shoulder, while the crowd was surging around them; "she's just what I'd expect Goffe's daughter to be." At these words the young woman started and gazed inquiringly at him.

"Ha! you appear astonished," he continued, and still speaking in a very low tone; "well, I have discovered more than you have about your friend, and this will make one more secret to share between us. Just think, Nancy, think of our reward! Why, I would not take a thousand pounds for the secret. I know who her father is and where he is hidden, I do! I do! and if I had a score of redcoats I'd arrest him before the moon rises tonight."

His daughter remained silent, she was too astonished to utter a word.

Lydia the daughter of the long-sought Goffe! how had her father discovered it? Might Henry Synnot have told him, and if so, who had told the British officer? Had Lydia, by some anguarded expression, allowed the great secret to escape her?

—and as these thoughts rushed upon Nancy, she regretted more bitterly than ever having brought her father's guest to the husking, where, perhaps, her friend had unwittingly betrayed herself.

But whoever had made this important discovery, of one thing she was certain, it would not be long in reaching the ear of Andros; perhaps, although her father had spoken of it as a secret between herself and him, the news might already be on its way to Boston.

"O Lydia!" she murmured, "I will be your friend, your true friend; you shall know of your parent's danger"—then turning abruptly away, she hastened towards the north end of the town. Mr. Clark called her back, but for the first time in her life she dared openly disobey him, and soon her figure was lost among the crowd. Mr. Clark would fain have pursued his daughter, but during the past week an old complaint, rheumatic gout, had attacked him, and it had not been without difficulty that he had come even as far as the drill-ground, so that all he could do was to frown and shake his cane at her. "But, no," he presently said to himself, "no, I cannot believe she'd dare betray the secret, she'd not dare! she'd not dare!" yet while he stood lingering on the green, Nancy's conduct filled him more and more with uneasiness. Might she be going even now to warn the regicide?

"And if she is capable of that," he said to himself, grinding his teeth, "what else might she not do? She has written all my letters to Randolph and Dudley, and there are those in Hartford, who, if they knew all, might put a bullet through me. True, I have won over a few to the side of the king during the past month, but what would they be against Wadsworth's party?" Here he made a strong effort to overcome his lameness, and slowly directed his steps towards the Ordinary, where there was to be a meeting of those disaffected towards the government, and he was anxious to discover what might be said and done by the malcontents. But notwithstanding his eagerness, he did not venture nearer the tavern than the width of Main street, for his quick ear had overheard more than one unfriendly remark from those who, like himself, were on their way thither, and to enter the building would not be prudent. Indeed, it required not a little boldness to go even as far as he did; but the reward which he expected one day to receive, would repay him for the danger and the many insults which were heaped upon him, while those who scowled the most, would be remembered when the day of his triumph came. "Aye," he said to himself, "I'll give it back to them with interest."

In the mean while, although Mr. Clark's eyes were darting in every direction, he could see nothing

of his daughter nor of Lydia, who was now Nancy's constant companion; and he was still anxiously looking around him when Wadsworth entered the Ordinary, accompanied by Israel Barebones, Mad Adams and Jacob Japheth, and these were followed by all the members of the train-band, so that in a few minutes the large room was so crowded that it could hold no more. As soon as the stream of people had ceased flowing inward, a voice called out, "silence!" then sombody—Mr. Clark believed it was Adams—proposed that Captain Joe should be chosen moderator. "I second that motion," responded half a dozen voices, and in a moment the partisan of King James could discern the chief of the train-band mounting a barrel at the further end of the room. Then followed a silence so deep that you might have heard a pin drop, after which Wadsworth began to speak. "Fellow freemen," he said, his usually grave countenance now beaming with animation-"this meeting, as you know, is not called for the purpose of regulating town affairs. At my suggestion you have assembled to take counsel as to what we ought to do for the defence of our liberties, now seriously threatened by Sir Edmund Andros"—Here Mr. Clark put his hand to his ear and advanced half way across the road. "You are already aware, despite the slowness of travel at this season of the year between Boston

and Hartford, that Andros is the new ruler whom King James has put over us. Bad as Dudley was, he was not found bad enough; there was in his breast at least a faint spark of godliness, for he was the son of a godly man and did not wish to crush us like worms. Hence that half serpent, half wolf, Randolph, has persuaded his royal master to displace Dudley and saddle New England with a tyrant who has no more scruples than the devil himself. But, fellow freemen, I am not astonished at this. King James would be blind as a bat at noontide if he did not see whither these colonies are drifting"--" And will still drift on in spite of him," cried Adams-"We must ere long fly away from him," continued Wadsworth, not heeding the interruption; "our wings are almost fledged, he knows it and wants to clip them. But he shall not do it, no, no! we shall fly away. A republic is coming, sure as the rising sun. 'Twere folly to expect a country like ours, stretching as it does from the eastern borders of New Hampshire to the Pacific ocean, to belong to a little island on the coast of Europe? Think of it, freemen! think of it! What a future there is before us if we only-dare." Here Tom Hubbard, quite unable to repress his feelings, jumped upon Adams' shoulders and cried-"Three cheers for independence," and three such cheers were given that the publican thought the walls of the tavern were coming down about his ears. "Thank God for that," pursued Wadsworth, when the shouts had died away. "But, freemen, in order to reach the glorious goal, we need something that we do not so willingly give as a cheer. The King has large armies and fleets, and will do his utmost to keep us in our present condition. Blood! aye, our heart's blood must be offered up if we wish to succeed."

As Wadsworth uttered these words the eyes of the listeners flashed, lip was pressed upon lip. "Yes, fellow freemen, this is the root of the matter: Are you willing to fight, bleed, die, for what you have just been cheering?" A hundred voices cried out "yes!" "Then I request every man of you to be ready to assemble at a minute's notice; I christen you the minute-men of Liberty. Andros has made a demand on Governor Treat for our charter -it will be refused; he will then no doubt come here to take it—not immediately perhaps; he may wait for better weather, but come he will before many months. When he does come, let us stand like a rock between him and the palladium of our rights. Our resistance will be the signal for a general rising, and although I and all of you may perish in the struggle, the end will be a Republic." Here Wadsworth ceased speaking and for the next few minutes he appeared to be study-

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ing closely the faces of the people —his eagle eye rested first upon one, then on the other, but his glance, although rapid, was steady and penetrating. "If all the train-bands of New England," he said to himself, "had the spirit of this one, we might be free to-morrow." It was evident that his words had made a deep impression. Many called out to him to go on, while Tom Hubbard, who was perched on Adams' shoulders, declared he wished Sir Edmund would come that very day to take the charter—"Tom Hubbard would make him see stars."

"I have said enough," pursued Wadsworth, after a short silence, "but I would be glad to answer any questions you may put to me; I want every man to open his heart and say frankly what he feels. I ave you any suggestions to make?"

For about a minute no one spoke; then Adams, who knew well the wishes of his chief and what points the latter wanted to have discussed, asked him if guards ought not to be posted thenceforth during the day as well as the night, in the watch towers at the north and south ends of the town?

"Verily, that is an idea," exclaimed the moderator, "which I have been revolving in my mind often of late. Your proposition, Mr. Adams (at the word 'Mister' the publican grinned) is worthy the serious consideration of the meeting. No man

can tell what may happen in these times, and should the rumor, which has come to me from a most reliable source, prove true, not an hour ought to be lost in returning to our former habits of defence. I am as well convinced that Andros is endeavoring to make use of the Wampanoags and the Narragansetts in his unholy scheme of subjugation, as I am that he has spies going and coming between here and Boston. Yes, guards should be in the watch-houses every hour of the twenty-four, and let Indians, and all persons not freemen of Hartford and known to be peaceable inhabitants, be warned away. Of course it will cost us money and trouble to do these things, but what of that? the end is worth it; therefore, I put the question—shall guards henceforward be posted during the day time?" A "yes," loud, but not altogether unanimous, followed this appeal, and among those who did not vote either way, was Tom Hubbard. To stay awake one night in the week on Wyllys' hill, where there was always a breeze blowing, had never been a pleasant duty for the lad, who with all his good points was fond of his couch; but to prolong the guard duty after sunrise was more than he thought he could bear. The salmon, the deer and the black-eyed Dorothy Philbrick came before his mind's eye, at this moment. in an intensely vivid manner, and appealed to him

against Wadsworth's proposition. Nevertheless, unlike the fellow on his right he did not vote No, nor did he approve of another person's remark, namely, that "Wadsworth was turning all Connecticut upside down just because Sir Edmund was drawing the reins a little tighter than Dudley." On the contrary, he looked the malcontent full in the face and made him turn his eye away. Adams' quick ear had likewise overheard his unpatriotic remark, and opening his broad hand, which was as hard as a stone, he brought it down on the grumbler's shoulder with a thud which drew the attention of everybody around.

"What was that you said?" he exclaimed, his lip quivering, and looking almost as fierce as his chief could at times.

The man turned deadly pale, yet his face was not that of a coward—for Nathaniel Clark, in choosing his partisans, above all things aimed at winning over those who had courage as well as shrewdness—but to say anything further in opposition to Wadsworth, under present circumstances, would be only courting violence; so the dissenter held his tongue, while his confederate, he who had given the negative vote, edged up closer, and likewise said nothing. Had the tavern-keeper, however, gone a step further, they would both have fought desperately; but Adams merely kept his hand on the fellow's

shoulder, then after repeating to the moderator the words which he had heard him utter, requested that it be put to the vote, whether or no he should be expelled from the train-band. Accordingly, the question was put, and by an overwhelming majority this tool of Mr. Clark was declared expelled.

As soon as the decision was announced, the man sullenly walked out, accompanied by his friend, although the latter had not suffered his disgrace, and as they made their way to the door the people eyed them with savage glances. But Wadsworth's face instead of anger only expressed astonishment. "Can it be possible?" he said, half aloud, "can it be possible!—treason here, right in our midst!" Indeed, so great was the effect produced upon him by this discovery, that he requested the people to let Israel Barebones take his place as moderator; then descending from the barrel, he endeavored to hide himself among the audience. But Adams soon found him out, and taking his arm, pulled him into a corner where they both entered into earnest conversation.

Meanwhile the ruling elder was surveying the upturned faces with an expression of pity mingled with sternness. Much as the people esteemed him as a man of zeal and godliness, the vote by which they had allowed him to take Wadsworth's place

had lacked but very few of being a negative, while a voice, which had sounded exceedingly like Tom Hubbard's, had yelled out in a tone of derision, "Didn't we have a jolly time at the husking—oh, didn't we!" And when he had heard it, the good man had groaned, and no wonder if he appeared at this moment stern, yet withal commiserating. "If by such insults," he thought, "my sin can be wiped out, then let them insult me often and often; by the grace of God I will keep out of Satan's clutches henceforward.

"You're a long time beginning what you have to say," muttered the rugged woodman, who was evidently not quite sure of his ground, and therefore spoke so low that nobody heard him.

"For God's sake don't talk religion, I get enough of that at meeting," said another voice.

Still Israel Barebones spoke not; the truth is, he was collecting his thoughts. Accustomed as he was to addressing crowds, the subject on which he was about to speak lay so near his heart, that he was anxious to place it before the people in the most winning way; yes, it was something he cared a thousand times more about than the safety of the charter, and the very fullness of his thoughts caused him to hesitate—his mouth twitched and he rubbed his forehead. "It's a comin'," laughed Tom Hubbard, poking the woodman in the ribs—

"a sermon as long as my mammy's string of 'sas-singers' just after hog killin'—ha! ha!"

At length the new moderator began his remarks, and at once the most sluggish and indifferent amongst his audience gave him their attention, for there was something in the good man's nasal twang which produced a rousing effect and stirred one up like the prick of a needle.

"Fellow freemen," he said, "while I duly appreciate the love which you feel for liberty, I yet cannot but believe that you will listen patiently to a few remarks on quite a different topic, one, however, which is most closely connected with self-government. Aye, fellow freemen, the welfare of these colonies depends on the strict observance of religion. Once let the rules established by our churches and approved by the General Assemblies become relaxed, and I would not give a snap of my finger for what remained—when godliness is at a low ebb, self-government comes to an end."

"Oh dear!" sighed Tom Hubbard, while at the same time the woodman gave a low yawn and glanced towards the door—"Oh dear!"

But the speaker without noticing them, went on:
"Now, fellow freemen, I have observed that sabbath-breaking is on the increase amongst us; instead of coming to meeting, listening to the preacher,
and singing psalms, some of the townfolk—I shall

not name them, at present—pass the hours of service either at home or strolling up and down the street, breaking the law in the most unblushing way."

Here a voice cried out, "Mr. Moderator, this ain't a town-meeting and we cannot properly consider the subject of sabbath-breaking; we have simply met as a train-band, to discuss the political condition of the country, and the proper means of defending our rights, now threatened by Andros."

"That's so," exclaimed several other voices. But Mr. Barebones calmly made a motion with his hand, as if he were waving these objectors out of his presence, then continued:

"Now, fellow freemen, I have a request to make, and it is, that after leaving here you consult among yourselves as to the propriety of having a cage set up near both meeting-houses. I do not put this to a vote at present, for, as somebody has very justly remarked, this is not a town-meeting; all I ask is, that you talk it over, and the next time we come together for legislation the subject can be brought up and acted upon. I will merely add that in Ipswich, Massachussets, the cage has been found an efficacious means for preventing sabbath-breaking, and I would therefore urge that two of them be got for our town without delay." Here he ceased speaking a moment, while an ominous mur-

mur rang through the room, and not a few shook their heads. But before these signs of disapprobation had taken a more decided form, the good man went on; "let me show you," he said, holding up a piece of paper on which was a diagram which no modern eye could have explained—"let me show you a new-fashioned ducking-stool; it is my own invention, and the Lord only knows the hours of wakefulness it cost me, before I was able to bring it to perfection. Instead of a common chair, liable to be broken, this has a very strong back with a wrought-iron rod fastened to each arm in front, and these rods meet in the segment of a circle above, while there is another one fixed to the back, which curves over the sinner's head and joins the other rods at the top, where I have fastened a ring through which you can insert the end of the pole. I flatter myself that it will be found much better than the ricketty contrivance dangling from the willow tree on Little river, and which is a disgrace to the town." Here he handed the diagram to one of the audience, at the same time bidding him examine it and then pass it round. This was too much; quick as lightening, Tom Hubbard reached his arm out, and snatching the paper away, crumpled it up, and threw it in the direction of the window, to the great amusement of the crowd, who applauded vehemently. Wadsworth at once ceased conversing with Adams, and began moving towards the scene of disturbance. His good sense told him that the train-band was in no humor to listen to such remarks as Mr. Barebones had been making; and indeed, before he got to the barrel, a score of voices were calling out, "enough, enough!—come down, come down!" As he drew near, a smile of pity broke out on the good man's face; "Mark what I say," cried the ruling elder, shaking his forefinger at the people, "mark what I say; your unwillingness to hear me is a sign of coming evil; the Almighty will not bless you, and I prophecy that Satan will become more rampant than ever. Many will be possessed by his imps, and witches will fill the land with horror!"

With this he descended from his elevated position, while Tom Hubbard at the same instant burst into a derisive laugh, and declared that he would carry a horse-shoe in each pocket to scare the witches off. The commotion caused by Mr. Barebones' speech had reached its climax, when the tall woodman caught a glimpse of Lydia Goffe, leaning over the window-sill.

"There's a gal in a million!" he cried, exultingly and pointing his finger at her; "make room, friends, make room—let her have a place inside. Oh, what would I give for one of her lost curls to hang on the end of my pike?"

In an instant every eye was fixed on the regicide's daughter, and as soon as the people recognized her as the same young woman who had so boldly applauded them when they had been under arms on the green, they gave a lusty cheer and bade her enter, while a score of hands were stretched out to help her across the sill. Lydia, blushing, accepted their invitation, and in another moment found herself in the midst of the crowd, who were calling upon her to take the place which Mr. Barebones had just left, and favor them with an oration. No sooner did Wadsworth behold her than his frame quivered, his eyes flashed like coals of fire, and he ground his teeth in the violent effort to master himself, then uttering a prayer, he bent his head and fixed his gaze upon the floor.

"She's a puzzle, Captain Joe, a puzzle," said Adams; "flirting at the husking with a stranger, whom I believe now to have been a spy – associating with Nancy Clark, whose father is so devoted to the king—then shouting out 'well done,' when she sees us drilling. Oh, yes, Miss Lydia is a great puzzle, but isn't she beautiful? Look, Captain, she is going to make a speech."

The girl by this time had almost reached the barrel, and Simon, twining his arm through his chief's, was about drawing the latter to a position where they might have a better view of the mai-

den's countenance, when suddenly a voice was heard calling out, "come back, Lydia, come back," and glancing in the direction of the window, they saw Nancy Clark beckoning. The young woman's face was deadly pale and she betrayed intense excitement. "Lydia, Lydia," she kept crying, "come back, come back!" In a moment, the regicide's daughter had freed herself from the grasp of the tall woodman, who was piloting her through the crowd, and was hastening towards her friend.

"Come with me, quick," whispered Nancy, pulling her through the window, while the multitude gazed after her in astonishment; - "quick, quick, no time to lose." As the girl disappeared, Wadsworth gave a sigh of relief.

I was tempted," he murmured, "but God heard my prayer—may I continue firm—O Lord, stand by me." Yet he trembled to think of what he might have been exposed to, had Lydia remained and addressed the meeting. Could he long have kept his eyes in subjection? "Nancy," he said to himself, "I believe you have been praying for me; I do, I do. To no other being on earth but you have I told my covenant with the Almighty—keep praying for me, good angel, keep praying."

Adams stared at his chief a moment, then with a shrug of his shoulders, "I'm going out, sir," he

whispered, "to watch them gals; there's something up, depend upon it."

As soon as the young women had got a short distance from the Bunch of Grapes, Lydia turned, and with a look which betrayed her uneasiness, asked what was the matter.

"'Tis something of great importance," replied Nancy, "but you are strong and can bear to hear the truth; were I you, it would drive me mad." Here Lydia's face lost every trace of color, she felt a presentiment that some great evil was hanging over her. "It is known," pursued her friend, "that your father is Goffe, the long sought regicide, and that he is concealed in town."

At these words Lydia felt a suddent weakness seize her, the trees and the houses danced before her eyes, and placing her hands on Nancy's shoulder she bowed her head, while the other thought for a moment that she was going to faint. "My fault, my fault," she murmured, "all my fault. Oh why was I not devoured by the wolves on that fatal night, better such a death a thousand times, than have had the secret escape me. Oh! Synnot, Synnot, shame on you!" Presently she looked up and eyeing her friend with a determined air—"but they'll not take my father away," she said, "never!—" then before Nancy could stop her she was hastening back to the tavern, through the door

of which she in another moment disappeared. A quarter of an hour passed, and Nancy was yet standing in the same spot waiting for her return, when happening to glance a little to the right she perceived, at the distance of scarce fifty paces, her father leaning on his cane, and beside him the expelled member of the train-band and his confederate.

### CHAPTER XXI.

THE train-band had dispersed to their homes, the Bunch of Grapes was deserted by all except a couple of idlers playing shovel-board, and Wadsworth, seated by the west window of his library, was gazing out upon the horizon, now glowing with all the splendor of the setting sun. His arms were folded upon his breast, his heavy eyebrows appeared heavier, the fire beneath them was more vivid than usual, and his sword was yet buckled by his side. In vain for the last half hour had Miles Standish endeavored to gain his master's attention, by placing first one paw, then the other, on his knee-Wadsworth took no notice of the faithful creature. At times his lips, which were firmly pressed together, would part, and he would speak aloud—"Just what I've been dreading!" he

would exclaim; "yes, the old gentleman, contrary to my advice, must have peeped into the barn the night of the husking, and the stranger whom Nancy Clark brought must have discovered him." Then shaking his head: "But Nancy! oh Nancy! you never did that of your own free will! your father has made you the tool of his baseness; he forced you to bring that spy amongst us. But God bless you, you did your duty to freedom when you warned the regicide's daughter of her father's peril." Here he rose from his seat, and opening the door beckoned to Lydia, who ever since she had received the terrifying news, had been nestled by her parent's side—her face without a trace of color, and brooding now on the danger which menaced him, then on the treachery of Henry Synnot, while Colonel Goffe had done his best to engage her in conversation and tell him what she thought of the drill.

"What ails you, child?" at length the old gentleman asked, just as the library door opened and Wadsworth beckoned. The girl started up, and without answering the question, hastened towards the library.

"I cannot comprehend her," whispered Goody Garlie.

"Nor I," said Miss Crabtree, "never in my life have I seen a being like her; she's only been to

meeting once, she's all the time in Nancy Clark's company, and yet she isn't a bad girl. Oh, if my Joe can only make her own the covenant 'twill take away some of her pride, and I think she may yet soften towards him; but Lord deliver her from Nancy Clark." These remarks, made in undertones, did not reach the ears of Colonel Goffe, who without uttering a word, had seen his daughter leave his side. But quietly as he sat, and apparently unconcerned about every thing around him, he began to have secret fears that some evil was impending. Certainly, Lydia had been very unlike herself during the last hour, yet it was not on his own account that he felt anxious. He was old and infirm—what if he were discovered and brought to trial? But ever since his daughter had revealed who it was that she loved, he had felt much concerned about Wadsworth, who would be made to suffer dearly if Andros should find out that one of the regicides was concealed under his roof.

"Am I not bound to seek some other hidingplace?" he asked himself. "If I remain here what trouble may I not bring on my kind host?"

Leaving him thus soliloquizing, we will follow the girl into the library.

As soon as the door closed, Wadsworth motioned her to a seat, then after walking several times up and down the room, "I wish, Miss Goffe," he said, "to repeat what I told you but a short while ago-have no fears for your parent; the watch, instead of two, will henceforth consist of four, who will be posted during the day as well as the night. I expect Adams in a few moments, when he and I will accompany the guard to the watch-towers, and rest assured I will impress on their minds the necessity for increased vigilance. Now, with such precautions, it will be unnecessary to go back to the wilderness; Hartford is a safe enough place, and I would lay down my life, and so would every member of my train-band, before Andros should arrest your father. Therefore, I repeat, dismiss all anxiety, and let this roof continue to shelter you both. I only wish I could make it a more agreeable home."

"Oh, do not say that," exclaimed Lydia, heedless of the finger which Wadsworth was pressing against his lips, for he did not wish their conversation to be heard; "you have done only too much, generous man that you are. May the Almighty bless you, and since you counsel us to remain here, we shall do so. My father does not know he is discovered, and I need not tell him."

While Lydia was speaking, her pale cheeks had got back their color, and heedless in her excitement of what she was doing, she had seized one of Wadsworth's hands and was now pressing it in hers.

She felt that all depended upon him; he had the power to protect her father, and as she gazed at his stern countenance, which, for some reason she could not fathom, was partly turned aside, she regretted ever having unfavorably compared him with the handsome but treacherous Henry Synnotfor Lydia did not for an instant doubt it was the British officer who had discovered her father's hiding place. Her host made no effort to free himself from her grasp, yet not a word did he speak which might reveal the struggle within him, and his face was still averted when there came a knock at the door, and presently Adams entered. No sooner did the tavern-keeper behold Lydia, than a look of anger crossed his countenance—he had come to have a frank talk with his chief, and this he could not well do in her presence.

"Pray," remain said Wadsworth, motioning the girl to keep her seat, for she had risen to depart, "Adams has come to speak of matters which you may as well hear, since they concern your father's safety; yes, stay a few minutes longer."

"Well, so be it," growled the publican, tapping the hilt of his dagger, "and learn that we mean tusiness. Then bending over Lydia, and dropping his voice as if he did not wish Wadsworth to hear—"tell that villain," he whispered, "not to show himself again in Hartford; if he does, Andros will have one spy the less!"

As he spoke a grim smile played on his countenance, then drawing out the poignard, he aimed it at his heart. Lydia understood what he meant, and although Synnot's conduct had been of the basest, it made her shudder to think of the officer's fate, were he to fall into the hands of the unforgiving Adams.

"Come, come," exclaimed the Captain, touching his scout on the shoulder; "come, speak out, no whispering. Whom are you threatening? Nat Clark?"

Simon, still laughing grimly, replaced the weapon in its sheath, then, instead of replying, went on to inform Wadsworth that the guard were waiting outside.

"You see," said the chief of the train-band, turning and addressing Lydia; "you see the precautions which I am taking. A surprise is next to impossible, and this indefatigable fellow," – here he pointed his thumb at Adams—"is such an excellent scout that I can always know when the enemy leaves Boston."

"Yes, but your scout, Captain, is half inclined to change his tactics," growled the publican, again touching his dagger; "if more of this were used, Andros would not be so well informed about our

affairs;" then once more bending over Lydia, "let that spy beware!"

"Enough," said the girl, "enough, do not add to my misery, Adams;" then bowing her head, she heaved a deep sigh.

"Come, no threats," interrupted Wadsworth, perceiving the agitation of his young guest; "fair, open war, but no murder. I intended to have a talk with you, Simon, in Miss Lydia's presence, but I perceive that you are in no mood for it, therefore let us post the guard."

With this, he motioned the tavern-keeper to depart, then following him, out left the regicide's daughter to go or stay in the room as she saw fit. Lydia, however, preferred to rejoin her father, and having taken a seat beside him, she made an extraordinary effort to assume her usual cheerfulness.

Meanwhile Wadsworth directed his steps towards the watch-tower at the north end of the town, and which was not far from his house, and as he went along he endeavored to impress on the four musketeers the necessity for increased watchfulness. He told them the danger was not so much from Andros' soldiers—who, being foreign hirelings, would advance slowly and probably make no attempt to surprise the settlement—but what they were chiefly to guard against were Indians, "whom," said Wadsworth, "Andros is bringing into his ser-

vice; and you all know what these enemies are capable of doing. Six hundred dwellings were burned by them during King Philip's war, and it was feared, at one time, that every settlement in New Eugland would be destroyed."

"But the Lord is with us now as he was then," exclaimed one of the guard.

"Aye, true, He is," pursued Wadsworth.

"And He'll stay with us as long as we keep our matchlocks dry," put in Adams, with a faint grin.

But the others did not fathom the publican's meaning; they had a faith which would move mountains and gave him credit for having as much as themselves.

Simon is right," said Wadsworth, "let not a drop of rain moisten them."

Presently, they reached a pine tree, standing solitary and alone amidst the stumps of other trees which had been cut down and carried to the sawmill. Here two of the sentinels were posted; then having given them a parting word of caution, the Captain faced the others about, and marched them towards Wyllys' hill. As they passed along the street, those of the people who were out at that hour, spoke loudly their opinion of Wadsworth in words which could not help but reach his ear.

"If we don't keep our charter from the clutches of Andros, 'twon't be Captain Joe's fault," said one.

"Aye, true," ejaculated another, "but he is aiming at something more than holding fast to a piece of parchment. He'll not rest quiet till these colonies have cut loose entirely from England."

"He is over sanguine," remarked a third, speaking however in a less confident tone and evidently either a coward or lukewarm in his patriotism. "Of course, I'm no King's man, but have we not already debt enough to pay? where's the use of plunging into a war which would treble our burthen, and when we've scarce recovered from the blow inflicted upon us by the savages twelve years ago?"

"Well, we shan't have any war," exclaimed a fourth party. "I'm a born son of Connecticut, yet for all that I'm not willing to cut adrift from old England, even if I believed we had the power—but we haven't the power," and he finished the sentence with a derisive laugh. "Why look," he continued, "his majesty is at peace with Holland, and France, and with every other country, and there's not a ship in his navy nor a trooper in his army but would be sent against us poor colonists; bah!" Here he snapped his fingers—"I for one, don't bebelieve in Captain Joe."

The friends of Wadsworth who had faith in his scheme of independence, made no response to these remarks, though their ears tingled with shame, and had the malcontent dared to have uttered them at the

meeting, they would soon enough have joined the majority and voted to expel him from the trainband.

But at this moment the man happened to form one of a group of only six, and so they did not care about having angry words with him.

In the meanwhile, Wadsworth pursued his way, careless of anything he had overheard, nor did he look either to the right or the left, but hurried as rapidly as he could towards the south end of the town. As they were passing Mr. Clark's house, Adams touched his chief on the arm, then pointed towards the stoop. There with one hand covering her face, the keen west wind blowing upon her, was a figure which the Captain knew only too well.

"Aye, I suspected her father would cast her adrift," said Wadsworth, between his teeth, "for the warning she gave Lydia Goffe. Ah, poor Nancy! you're not what the people think; but God will reward you."

In a few minutes more they reached the watchtower on Wyllys' hill, where the Captain made a short but impressive address to the two guards whom he was going to leave there. "I will visit you to-morrow," he said in conclusion, "and you shall be punctually relieved at sunset. Remember, my friends, we are working for Liberty!"

The men, who were thoroughly imbued with his

own spirit, assured him that they did not mind in the least staying awake twenty-four hours, and as Wadsworth turned to leave, bade him good-bye in cheerful tones.

While they were descending the hill, neither Adams nor his chief spoke a word, The former kept muttering vengeance, now against Henry Synnot, now against those members of the trainband, who, in the meeting held at the Bunch of Grapes, had openly manifested their opposition to the Captain's policy, while Wadsworth's thoughts turned upon Nancy Clark. He was wondering if she had really been cast adrift by her father, and if so might he not offer her a home; Lydia and she were the best of friends; ought he to mind his aunt's antipathy for the young woman, who, once from under her father's influence, he felt sure would go to meeting again, as she used when her mother had been alive, and by her example might induce the regicide's daughter to own the covenant? But above all, Nancy's presence under his roof might act as a powerful check upon himself; she would be a constant reminder of his solemn covenant with the Almighty.

The sun had now been down almost half an hour and they were again within a few rods of Mr. Clark's house, when suddenly they heard one of the guards cry out, "who goes there?" and in another moment the challenge was followed by a loud hurrah. "Foolish fellows," exclaimed Wadsworth, looking round, "to shout in that manner, foolish fellows!" "And as I live," said Simon, "if they're not running from their post to greet somebody in the road; let's come back Cap' and rebuke them for their unsoldierlike behavior, and see whom they're making such an ado about."

In a few minutes Adams and his chief had so far retraced their steps, that the latter was able to recognize in the challenged party no less a person than his friend Increase Mather, and he then remembered having told one of the sentinels that the doctor might any hour be expected. The reverend gentleman was seated on a nag, which looked as if it had never had enough to eat, and the poor creature was taking advantage of the halt to stand on three legs, while its master was endeavoring to free his head from the moose-skin covering which enveloped it, and which was admirably adapted for winter weather. As the doctor's face emerged from its hiding-place, it struck you at once as that of a man of ambition and ardent temperament, one who was conscious of his own power, and with the boldness to carry out whatever he might undertake. The forehead was lofty, the nose prominent; at the same time the thick lips and fulness of habit indicated, that although he might be a fanatic, he

could now and then be jovial and shut his eyes to the follies of others, provided, of course, these were not too serious; while if he believed in witcheraft, his superstition was so tempered by good nature that a hag accused of being possessed would have stood a far better chance of her life at his hands, than if she had fallen under the judgment of his son Cotton.

Wadsworth, as he drew near, was tempted to follow the example of the guards, and likewise give a hurrah! But his natural dignity prevented any such manifestation of joy, so waving the men back to their posts, he grasped the clergyman's hand and gave it a hearty shake.

"Welcome, welcome to Hartford," he exclaimed, "welcome, Dr. Mather. We have been expecting you these three weeks. Welcome, welcome!" Then without waiting for a response, he bade the tavern-keeper hasten to the green and have the meeting-house bell rung.

"No, no; pray do not disturb the order and quiet which reigns in the settlement at this hour," said the traveller, who, to tell the truth, was in dread of the hand-shaking which the enthusiastic people might subject him to. Wadsworth, however, repeated the order, and Simon, who in his heart was anything but pleased by the clergyman's visit, (for he looked on him as the head and front

of the church in New England, and consequently the inspirer of many of the laws which brought discomfort to publicans like himself,) proceeded to obey with seeming alacrity, yet muttering words which were not at all complimentary to the eminent man. After allowing his scout sufficient time to reach the meeting-house, Wadsworth proceeded to inform the doctor that he was going to conduct him through the town to his own home, "where," he added, "you must make your headquarters during your visit to these parts."

"But can I not go round by some by-way," inquired the minister.

"Oh no, the people would never forgive me if you did. They are anxious to show their regard for you; and, besides, I have reasons of my own for wishing a demonstration. The king has partisans here, not many, it is true, but still he has some to whom the shouts and the bell-ringing, and the sight of the crowd greeting you, will prove a wholesome warning."

"Well, well, as you like, sir," responded the divine, tapping his heels against his horse's ribs, and causing the animal to move slowly along.

"But alas, Mr. Wadsworth, I fear governor Andros has more friends than you think. What I have seen on my journey from Boston has convinced me that a great many will not be prepared

to side with you when you call to arms. And now, let me ask, how have things progressed in Connecticut since I last heard from you? Is the horizon any brighter?"

"Yes, it is," replied the Captain, his eyes flashing," and for the very reason that our troubles are thickening—the darkness shows we are near the dawn. The news of what Andros has been doing in Massachusetts and what he threatens to do in this commonwealth, has determined many to side with me, who might otherwise have remained indifferent. Meetings have been held, and I have consulted numbers of influential men who appear to think my undertaking anything but fool-hardy."

"Well, well!" continued Mr. Mather, "I am with you, heart and soul; but I fear there are not enough bold spirits to make success other than extremely doubtful. Until the hour comes to fight, you cannot tell who is the brave man and who the coward; not every one who shouts for liberty is willing to shed his blood for it."

While they were conversing, the church bell kept ringing, and, as we may imagine, it did not take long for the news of the great man's arrival to spread through the settlement. Israel Barebones, who had been at work chopping wood in his naked feet, as a penance, quickly dropped his axe, and without even waiting to pull on his boots, ran to the

green, where he busied himself marshalling those who were already there in two lines, and begging them, with much swinging of his arms, to give the minister, who was approaching, a hearty cheer as he passed by—to which the people agreed, for the fame of their visitor was greater than that of any other man in the colonies, and, moreover, it was the first time he had visited Hartford; while Tom Hubbard, who had been taking a twilight walk with the buxom Dorothy, hastened to join the crowd, vowing that his lungs would spare no wind to honor the doctor—but at the same time the lad edged as close as possible to the ruling elder.

Now, be it known, although Tom was at heart not a bad fellow, he had experienced for several days past an irresistible desire to tread on the good man's toes, and the opportunity which here presented itself to gratify that impulse, seemed really too good to be lost; while his sweetheart, who guessed what caused the twinkle in his eye, did not attempt to dissuade him from it, albeit Mr. Barebones has christened her a Cherub.

Opposite Tom and Miss Philbrick, we find Nancy and Lydia. The latter, whom we left seated beside her father, as soon as she had heard what she supposed to be a signal of alarm, had hurried into the street like every body else, and falling in with her friend they had both proceeded together to-

wards the green—where they have arrived just in time—for Mr. Mather, with Wadsworth holding the bridle of his nag, is now almost upon them.

"Now, then, three cheers for the learned and glorious Increase Mather!" cried Israel Barebones, as soon as the minister had entered between the rows; and at once, as if with one voice, the crowd gave a cheer which might have been heard for a mile; the sexton pulled at the bell-rope till his face became as red as a turkey gobbler; while Miles Standish joined the chorus, his sharp bark tapering off in a prolonged howl. Suddenly, in spite of their promises, the people began to leave the ranks where they had been placed—in another moment all was confusion, first one, then two, then three rushed forward. Now was Tom Hubbard's chance; the ruling elder was swinging his arms about like a windmill, vainly endeavoring to restore order—yes, now was Tom's chance. So, quickly, and with a hard stamp, the lad brought one of his heels down on Mr. Barebones' right foot, then shouting with all his might, "hurrah for Dr. Mather!" he dragged Dorothy off through the crowd, which was too excited to pay any attention to the groans of the poor man, who had sunk on his knees as if he had been shot. The minister had long gone past when Mr. Barebones rose from the ground, and when he did he was obliged to beg somebody to help him home;

#### ROMANCE OF THE

a word of complaint escaped his lips, and although he shrewdly guessed who had committed the cruel deed, he dismissed all idea of reproving Tom Hubbard.

"Let it be taken as a punishment," he groaned, "for the scandal I gave at the husking—Oh, welcome, bruise!"—here he gazed at his bleeding foot. "How much better to have my skin and sinews mangled while on earth, than have body and soul wrapped in hell fire hereafter."

END OF VOLUME

## ROMANCE

OF THE

# CHARTER OAK

A Picture of Colonial Times

By WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

Author of Pride of Lexington, Rachel's Fate, The Pioneer, The Shamrock Gone West, Poor Millionaire, &c.

**NEW EDITION** 

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### ROMANCE

OF THE

### CHARTER OAK.

### CHAPTER XXII.

IT would be difficult to describe the feelings of Nancy Clark when she turned her back on her father, resolved at last to serve no longer the enemies of her country. She left him, as we remember, immediately after the drill, and as she hastened towards Wadsworth's house, where she hoped to find Lydia, and warn her of the danger which menaced the regicide, her countenance wore a look brighter than it had in years, yet at the same time she knew that she was doing an act which Mr. Clark never would forgive. Nancy ran almost the whole distance, and the violent knock which she gave on the door was answered by Miss Crabtree, whose eyes widened with astonishment.

"What on earth have you come here for?" exclaimed the dame, tossing back her top-knot.

"Miss Lydia, Miss Lydia, I want to see her," spoke Nancy, undaunted by the other's look.

Scarcely had she uttered the name of her friend

when the door was slammed in her face. But the young woman, who had made up her mind to carry out her purpose, hastened round to the east window, where Goody Garlic was seated with her spindle and distaff, and tapping upon it, just as Miss Crabtree was poking her head into the oven, Prudence threw it open and informed her that they themselves had only just got home, and that Lydia had not accompanied them. On learning this, Nancy hurried to the tavern where she suspected Lydia might be found, perhaps chatting with Jacob Japheth, or if the cobbler had entered the Bunch of Grapes, then watching from a short distance tne proceedings of the meeting. She did not dream, however, that she would discover Lydia actually inside of the Ordinary, mingling with the noisy crowd, for even if her natural timidity might not have prevented it, Nancy would not have considered such a place a proper one for a female to enter.

The reader will likewise remember how she found her friend about to ascend the moderator's chair, encouraged by a number of voices, which were clamoring for an address; how the regicide's daughter left the Ordinary at Nancy's summons, then having learnt the dreadful news, went back to tell it to Wadsworth; and how, while awaiting her reappearance, Nancy perceived Mr. Clark watch-

ing her, and near him two men, whom she recognized as the same to whom she had paid a quantity of gold the day before. Her father was yet standing in the same spot, when she turned and walked in the direction of her home, hoping that Lydia would overtake her, and wondering what kept her friend so long in the tavern. The excitement which had seized Nancy the moment she had determined to brave her parent's wrath, was now gradually passing away, and in its place was coming a faintness which deprived her almost of the strength to walk. The roof where she had been born, where her dear mother had died, was only a short distance off, yet at this moment it seemed as if she never would reach it, nor when she got there would it be like home. She was almost at the little gate when she heard footsteps behind, and turning saw the widow Bull, who was coming from a visit to Jacob Japheth, carrying in her hand a pair of shoes which the cobbler had been mending.

"How slow your step is, Miss Clark," said the dame; "methinks the air is crisp enough, albeit February is past, to make such a light body move more briskly. Dear knows, if I was your weight, I'd not have taken half an hour to get this far!"

"At the sight of the good-natured widow, Nancy

halted and waited for her to come up; but she had no heart to say anything—in the distance she espied her father limping along, and it would not take him many minutes to overtake her.

"What troubles you, lonely one?" continued Mis. Bull, speaking with difficulty, for the exercise had exhausted her breath. "One might suppose you were carrying in your heart a heavier burthen than usual. Oh, I know it, Nancy; yes, I know it! He's a hard man to live with, and I'd not be a single day with him if I was in your place, and yet you've been a martyr to him, just as your poor, dear mother was."

The young woman made no answer to these words, but shivered and said: "Yes, it is cold this evening."

"Well, come home with me and read the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' pursued the widow, pulling her sleeve—"'twill bring the smiles back to your face. My house isn't so large as yours, but I venture to say it is a pleasanter place to live in. Come, you can get home before he shuts up for the night—a thing, however, which I never do—the latch-string is always hanging outside my door."

"'The Merry Wives of Windsor,'" repeated Nancy; "what a funny title for a book. I never heard of it before."

"It's not a book, Miss; it's only one of a num-

ber of tales contained in a certain volume of which Shakespeare is the author."

"Shakespeare!" exclaimed the other, drawing back; "well, if I were to accompany you home, I could not read that work—it is forbidden; and when I found it in your hands, the day Lydia and I brought you the invitation to the husking, I was much scandalized, and left your cabin sooner than I otherwise might."

"Yes, I remember how you frowned on that occasion," rejoined the dame;—but I did not think you were in earnest—I flattered myself that you were more liberal, seeing that you do not go to meeting on the Sabbath. I myself only go because I'm forced, and because our good tithing-man some months ago begged me not to break the law, else he would have to report me or lose his office. So then, Miss, you are as narrow-minded as the rest of the folks, eh?" Here Mrs. Bull clasped her hands. "However, do as you like," she continued, "about coming, only I beg you do not breathe to anybody the name of Shakespeare: they'd banish me from the settlement if they found out I read his works."

Nancy promised to keep the secret, but at the same time declined to accompany the widow to her cabin—her father was now close by, so pressing the dame's hand, she wayed her off.

"Different from other gals," muttered Mrs. Bull, as she went on her way. "If my old man was livin', I'd get him to take her a cruise in the Polly Ann; a dash of salt spray would do her good."

For a reason which Nancy could not well explain to herself, she preferred to meet her parent in the street, rather than within the walls of the old stone mansion; perhaps she dreaded the effect of the gloom which reigned there—the open air, the sunbeams would give her greater nerve. As he came up, Mr. Clark's sinister countenance was fastened upon her with a stare, which had in it an ominous meaning, and although he was within a few feet of her he did not open his lips, but made her a sign to enter the gate in advance. The young woman obeyed, her heart throbbing violently, and her foot was already on the highest step of the porch, when suddenly he bade her halt.

"Young woman," he said, "are you guilty of what I suspect? have you revealed to any one, what I know about the regicide?"

"I have," replied Nancy, looking boldly at him, yet in truth frightened at her own spirit.

"Then you have dwelt with me long enough to learn all my schemes, and when that was done, you have betrayed me?"

"Oh, father, my purpose had in it no want of love for you! If they came to harm you and

I knew of it in time, I would warn you at the risk of my life. So can you blame me in your heart for wishing to save the father of my dearest friend? Oh, I beg you abandon those whom you have served only too well; let us both repent together. Be no longer the tool of the hateful Andros!"

So little prepared was Mr. Clark for this display of spirit, that at first he was taken aback and could only gaze at her with his pitiless eye. But when, after Nancy had done speaking, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears, his indignation broke out.

"You have," he exclaimed, "dealt me a hard blow; I had great plans laid out, and you were to be a sharer in my glory. Now, when everything promises success, you unmask yourself, and I find my daughter has been a snake in the grass! But that shall not stop me—foolish! wicked girl!" These words were spoken slowly and with terrible earnestness, and when he paused a moment the young woman bowed her head.

"Andros," he continued, "has all the power of England at his back, and I have Andros to support me. What care I for Wadsworth and his trainband? Aye, and for all the train-bands in Connecticut? By heaven! if the regicide escape me a second time, he will be captured if it cost ten thousand pounds."

Here he placed his hand on Nancy's shoulder and pushed her, yet not rudely, towards the edge of the porch.

"Go! go!" he said, "and tell this to all Hartford. Tell them, too, that King James is not a shadow; that unless they give up their charter they may dearly rue their stubborness. Go tell this to those who now enjoy your confidence. As for me—oh child, it is hard to speak it, but after what you have done this day I disown you, you must seek another home—go!"

Then, without waiting to see if she left the stoop or not, he turned and entered the house, locking the door behind him, while Nancy gazed after him with a stupefied air—she could not realize all at once that she must this very night seek a strange place where she might pillow her head. At length, she turned and looked towards the road, then sinking down on the stoop, remained there until Wadsworth passed by with Adams and the guard—and she was still in the same position when the meeting-house bell rang. The sound brought her to her feet; it was not the nine o'clock bell-what could it mean? might it be an alarm? It was while she was hastening toward the green, to ascertain the cause of the ringing, that she met Lydia, who was hurrying there for the same purpose, and by the side of her friend she remained while the townfolks were gathering to welcome Dr. Mather, and in broken accents poured into her ear her tale of grief.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER Dr. Mather had gone by, followed by the noisy, enthusiastic crowd, Nancy and her friend watched them a few minutes, then turning round directed their steps to the south end of the town.

"If Captain Wadsworth," said Lydia "only knew what your father has done, he would force you to accept the hospitality of his roof; though Miss Crabtree might scold till her topknot flew off, he would not listen to her."

"I believe you," said Nancy, "I believe you; there is nobody like him in all Connecticut!"

"Aye, but stop," interrupted the other, "while he is all that you say, and while I esteem him as much as any body, yet in a case like yours 'twould be only an act of charity to befriend you. Therefore, why not reconsider your purpose and accompany me to his house?"

"Not while his aunt is there," replied Nancy; "for Wadsworth's own sake I would not wish his relative annoyed. She cannot overcome her dislike for me."

Presently, they came to Little river—now almost free from ice, and which the melting snow had caused to rise far above its usual level—and had reached the middle of the bridge when they perceived a dark object moving swiftly down the current—perhaps it was the limb of a tree or a log from the saw-mill. Suddenly, Nancy clasped her hands and uttered an exclamation of grief.

"Why, don't you see," she said, in reply to her friend's inquiring look, "it is the ducking-stool. I feared the rope would not hold till spring; see, the willow to which it was fastened is half buried by the freshet—too bad, too bad!"

At these words, Lydia drew back, and gazed at Nancy with an expression more of pity than of anger. But in another moment, throwing her arms around her neck—"never mind," she said, "never mind; I shall always love you, no matter what you may think about ducking-stools and whippingposts; but for you, my father would soon have been in the power of Andros." Then giving her an embrace, she hurried her across the bridge towards the widow Bull's cabin, where Nancy, after having refused to go to Wadsworth's, had finally consented to seek refuge. While they were drawing nigh the house, it occurred to Lydia that her friend and Mrs. Bull would be an ill-matched couple for one roof to shelter, the widow's temperament being the

reverse of Nancy's, and there was nothing the good woman so much abhorred as the strict laws of the Puritans; so that unless out of compassion for the outcast she would hardly brook an opinion favorable to ducking-stools. "And yet," thought Lydia, "is not my friend inconsistent? She never shows herself at meeting. Can her lukewarmness have been forced upon her by Mr. Clark, who is accused of being an Anglican?" Little did the girl know how near the truth this surmise was, and had any one told her all that Nancy had suffered since her mother's death, she would have felt for the young woman even more pity than she did.

Soon they reached the humble dwelling at the extreme south end of the town, occupied by the good samaritan, who in former days had given hospitality to the regicide and his daughter. Mrs. Bull received them in her usual bluff, genial manner, then, before Lydia could utter a word, began asking what had caused the bell ringing. "Perhaps," she said, "it was one of Captain Joe's scouts, bringing good news from Boston. Somebody rode past a little while ago, with Mr. Wadsworth walking by his horse. Pray, girls, what was all the hubbub about?"

"In so far, as it was somebody from Boston," replied Lydia, "you are right; Dr. Mather has come. But, whether he is the bearer of good tidings or bad, is more than we can say"

"Humph! and it was to do him honor then, that the folks were called out of their houses, and such a hulla-bulloo made?" continued the widow. "Well, well, I'm glad I stayed in doors, frying my bacon." Nancy was about answering the good woman, and telling her that the minister, for the bold stand he had taken in favor of the colonies, well deserved such a reception, when Lydia made her a sign to hush.

"Do not," she whispered, "begin thus early to disagree with the dame." Then turning towards the latter, "I have come hither, good woman," she said, "on a strange errand; nothing less than to ask shelter for my friend"—at these words she clasped Nancy's hand.

"Oh! indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Bull, whose curiosity to learn what had happened quite overcame her power to say anything more—"oh, oh, indeed." Then motioning them both to a bench, she placed her hand behind her ear and began listening with wrapt attention to what Lydia went on to relate. Out of respect, however, for the feelings of her friend, the regicide's daughter spoke not an unkind word of Mr. Clark; she told the bare facts without any comment, while Nancy bowed her head and let the tears drop on her lap.

When she had finished, the widow—whose face had been gradually getting redder and redder—

doubled up her fat fist and was on the point of calling Mr. Clark a name which would have sorely grieved Nancy, when Lydia put her finger to her lips. Mrs. Bull understood what she meant, and restraining her indignation, exclaimed, "let the poor, dear, blessed creature live with me; the house is small, but there's room enough for two, and though my means are scanty since—" here she pulled from her pocket the piece of tarred rope, and gave it a kiss—" since my husband died, nevertheless I have riches enough for two; so, consider yourself at home here, Miss Clark, consider yourself at home; and by all the sharks, as my old man used to say, I'll break the broomstick over the head of anybody that comes here to worry you!"

Lydia now spoke a few words to her friend, assuring her that she would not let a day go by without paying her a visit, then pressing a moment the good widow's hand, left the house.

She had proceeded, however, scarcely ten steps, when Nancy springing up from the bench, hastened to the threshold and called her back.

"Lydia, Lydia," she said, "I want to ask you a favor—it is this: should you, as I am certain you will, hear people speak harshly of my father, add not to the hostile feeling against him by any words of your own. Promise me this, I beg you; although he turned me away from home, I love him—

oh, yes, and I always shall. This is all I want to say."

Lydia stood musing a moment, then looking up—"if I had no father myself," she replied, "I fear even my affection for you might prevent me saying Yes to what you have just asked. But if you love your parent as I love mine, then I can understand your feelings. No, not by a single word will I add to the hatred which many have for Mr. Clark. I only wonder he dares remain in Hartford."

At this, Nancy caught her by the arm—"think you he is in danger?" she said.

"Well, I have never heard him threatened," replied Lydia, "but you know the course he is pursuing may bring him into trouble."

"Oh, yes, and I am to blame for it," sighed the other. "Had I taken my present stand earlier, who knows, perhaps dear father might have abandoned the service of Dudley and Andros. Oh, God, pardon me!—how weak, how foolish I have been!"

"Well, do not grieve so much about it," said Lydia, as she saw the tears in her friend's eyes; "you may yet bring him around to the side of the colonies."

"I will do all I can," sobbed Nancy; "but you have aroused a horrible fear in my breast—my father's life may be in danger; do in time give me

warning. Oh, do! Harsh as he is, I am his child, and you know I love him. Oh, go not hence till you promise me this."

"I promise," answered Lydia, recalling at that moment the fierce look of Simon Adams, when he had pointed the dagger at his heart in Wadsworth's study only an hour before. "Much as I love New England and hate King James and his tyrant governor, I abhor an assassin, and, moreover, but for you my own dear father's life might have been forfeited. So, come what may, I will remain your friend." With this, they bade each other good-night, and Nancy re-entered the widow's cabin, thanking God for having sent her in her sore distress such a staff to lean upon as Lydia Goffe.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE arrival of so distinguished a guest as Doctor Mather, threw Miss Crabtree into a condition bordering on hysterics.

"It's quite took my breath away," she said to Prudence Garlic, after the ceremony of introduction had been gone through with, and while her nephew was ushering the minister into the study. "Lord, how the folks'll crowd here to-morrow. I'm awful proud!" Then, with a frown, she asked where Lydia was.

"The girl ran out to learn the cause of the bellringing, and hasn't come back. I'd have followed her and kept her in sight, if I hadn't been so tired looking at the drill, for her expression alarmed me; she looked as if she'd heard some dreadful news."

Miss Crabtree shook her head. "Aye," muttered the dame, "there's evil in the wind; depend upon it, there is. The girl is changing for the worse every day. She won't go to meeting; she has hardly spoken to me once this week; and as for Wadsworth—she acts so strangely towards him that I almost think he's quite given her up. But it's his fault; I begged him not to let Nancy Clark come to the husking; her evil eye has done it all."

"Well, we can pray for the dear child," said Goody Garlie, who, although she felt no small anxiety about her charge, was never willing openly to find fault with her. "I myself am a good deal to blame; yes, I am, I am; oh Lord, forgive me for having let that stranger kiss her. But I will pray for the dear child, I will."

"Well, praying won't do no harm," returned Charity, closing the oven door with a slam; "but a scolding would be worth a dozen prayers. Alas! I fear she's ruined."

"I say she ain't," rejoined Prudence, nettled by these last words; "let her alone, don't be asking her where she's been every time she comes in from a walk; don't teaze her so about going to meeting. Indeed, 'twould have been better if you had followed my advice and not spoken to Colonel Goffe about her marrying your nephew. Love matters always work better when third parties don't meddle."

"Humph! your affection for the girl has blinded you to her faults," pursued Miss Crabtree; " I wish our ruling elder had her in charge. But mark, Prudence, mark, if she doesn't alter her ways and go to meeting on the Sabbath, it'll be the tithingman's duty to report her. He can't much longer make his blind eye an excuse for not knowing whether she's there or not. Oh! Jacob Japheth, you too belong to the tribe of soft hearts! But, thank God, Israel Barebones dwells amongst us. He will stir up the people and have cages for sabbath-breakers placed at the entrance of our two meeting-houses; just as the good folks at Ipswich, Massachussetts, have done. Now, how would you like to see Miss Lydia put in such a thing, eh?" As she spoke, the dame gave a savage grin.

As she spoke, the dame gave a savage grm.

"I'd get her out of it if I had to tear eve

"I'd get her out of it, if I had to tear every bit of flesh off my hands, in opening the bars!" rejoined Goody Garlic. "Yes, indeed I would." Her friend looked at her a moment, then smiled pitifully. "Ah!" pursued Charity, "you've been so long in the wilderness that you don't know our laws. Why, Prudence, if you were to attempt such a thing you'd be put in the stocks, and if you got no worse punishment you might consider yourself lucky."

"Well, I'd tear the bars down if I could, and then they might do with me whatever they pleased," resumed the faithful nurse, stamping her foot.

Here Miss Crabtree let the matter drop; it was the first time she and her friend had had the least shadow of a dispute between them, and the breach, small as it was, might grow wider unless she held her tongue. So, for the next quarter of an hour she allowed Prudence to do all the talking.

Leaving them in this unpleasant mood, we will return to Wadsworth and his reverend guest. Heartily glad was the latter, when he found himself safe inside the house, where the enthusiastic multitude could pursue him no farther; for, so violent had many of them been in expressing their admiration for him, that his coat had been disfigured by an ugly rip, while his hands felt as if a very little more shaking would have wrenched them from the joints. His pride, however, had been much gratified by such a welcome—yes, very very much; and when Tom Hubbard—after doing

all the damage he could—had released his hold on the coat, the doctor, who had at length got both his hands free, had raised them up and solemnly blessed the lad.

Wadsworth, as soon as the library door was closed, helped the minister take off his torn vestment, then having replaced it with one of his own—which we must confess did not fit over well the doctor's portly body—begged his guest to be seated, at the same time offering him a pipe.

"My aunt," said he, "is preparing the evening meal, 'twill be ready soon; in the meanwhile drink some of my tobacco."

The minister nodded, and in a few minutes they were both sending up towards the ceiling clouds of smoke, which must have astonished the spiders, for the Captain had never before, thus desecrated his sanctum.

"I believe," said the divine, after watching in silence the first wreath or two which curled from his pipe, "I believe I haven't seen you since last summer when you were on a visit to Plymouth."

"True," replied Wadsworth, "and in the interval the state of these poor colonies has grown more critical. What news, sir, do you bring?"

"Nothing that is good, Captain. Andros seems

<sup>\*</sup> Drink tobacco a common expression in those days for smoke tobacco.

bent on destroying self-government; and in spite of my efforts to prevent him, has taken one of our meeting-houses for Anglican worship,\* while the troops whom he has brought with him, are a constant source of terror to the inhabitants of Boston. Moreover, the display which both he and Lady Andros make in their dress, and the coach in which they drive about the streets, is setting a fearful example of luxury to our simple people."

"I am glad of it," said Wadsworth, "such a ruler will force us to arms. Aye, Dr. Mather, we must have a revolution. Our ruling elder—a venerable, pious man—counsels against it; says that we ought to trust in the Almighty, who in his own good time will hurl King James from the throne. But such advice is not consonant with Scripture. The Lord helps those who dare help themselves."

"I have heard of your ruling elder, Captain; his name, I believe is Israel Barebones—a man of uncommon godliness?"

"Yes, that is his name; his influence with the people is very great. But he shall not thwart me—I have a mission—I cannot turn aside; no, the Almighty would abandon me if I did."

"Well, Mr. Wadsworth, I hope we may soon have a change in the mother country; I cannot believe the people of England will long put up with such a monarch."

<sup>\*</sup> Palfrey, Hist. N. E., Vol. 3, P. 521.

"Well, I sincerely hope for no such thing!" exclaimed Wadsworth. "I rejoice at King James' tyranny—'twill fire the powder—I am aiming at independence." Dr. Mather stared at his host a moment, then shrugged his shoulders, as though he doubted the wisdom of such an enterprise. "Do you not give me encouragement?" pursued the Captain, bending eagerly towards him.

"You may make the attempt, Mr. Wadsworth, if you like," answered the other, "and I will give you all my support; there is something sublime in the idea of these colonies governing themselves and telling Europe to stand aloof. But as I have already remarked, it is not every man who shouts 'hurrah! for liberty,' that is ready to shed his blood for it. I doubt if we are prepared for a republic, and I truly believe the majority would prefer to remain colonists, provided their lost rights were given back to them."

"I grieve, sir, to learn that such is your opinion," said Wadsworth. "You must have seen many persons on your journey hither, and doubtless speak knowingly of their sentiments." Here the Captain rested his elbow on the table, and partly covering his face with his hand, remained silent for more than a minute, thinking deeply over the words of his reverend guest. "But if I succeed in rousing the people, you will stand by me?" he ex-

claimed, suddenly uncovering his face, and again leaning towards the divine.

"Oh yes, that I will. Increase Mather is no lover of Bishops or Kings; your idea, I repeat, is sublime; and although my faith in its success may not be as great as your own, yet no word or deed of mine shall be an obstacle in your path. On the contrary, may the Lord strengthen your arms, and in the day of battle hold them up, even as Hur and Aaron supported the arms of Moses when he led the children of Israel against Amalec."

For a few minutes there was a lull in the conversation, during which the elergyman went on drinking his tobacco, and at the same time studying attentively the face of his host, which struck him as being thinner and paler than when he had seen him last.

"Mr. Wadsworth," he said at length, taking the pipe from his mouth and laying it on the table, "you ought to get a wife."

Had the minister risen up and dealt the Captain a blow with his fist, the effect could scarcely have been greater than that produced by this unlooked-for speech. Wadsworth's hand, which just then was pressing his brow, dropped as if paralyzed—his eyes seemed to recede into his head—his iaw fell. "Indeed you ought," pursued Increase

Mather, not minding in the least the dumbfounded expression of his host. "A good wife would make you sleep sounder at night. I know it is organizing this conspiracy against Andros, which has made, you like the ghost of your former self. Beware, Captain, beware!"

"Marry?" exclaimed Wadsworth, recovering a little from his bewilderment—"me take a wife? It cannot be!"

"And pray, why not, sir? Have you proposed to all the maidens in Hartford, and have they all refused you?"

Here Doctor Mather laughed. But Wadsworth groaned, and folding his arms, cast his eyes upon the floor, repeating half aloud, "It cannot be, it cannot be; no, no, I must keep my vow." At these words the minister's face became grave. Was his host the victim of some hallucination? Had his mind already been thrown off its balance by a too intense devotion to one great idea?

"What a pity!" thought the clergyman, who during the five or six years that he had known Wadsworth, had always admired him, "what a pity!" At this moment his host's countenance was violently agitated, different passions seemed to be contending for the mastery. Now, the heavy eyebrows would contract—then his forehead would suddenly become smooth again; at another in-

stant a groan would escape him, then the lips would be pressed firmly together, and a dark look overspread his face. At length bowing down his head until it rested on the table: "Lord, Lord!" he murmured, "give me strength to keep my covenant with Thee! Satan begone!" and as Wadsworth spoke, he clenched his fists as if to strike.

"My dear friend," said the doctor, in a voice which betrayed much uneasiness, "when you greeted me a short hour ago at the entrance of the town, you appeared sane enough; pray, what has come over you since then? are you mad?"

"No, no, I am not," exclaimed Wadsworth, lifting his head, "I am not mad."

"But you are suffering—I know it—I can read it in your countenance."

"Suffering! oh, I am indeed,"—and as Wadsworth uttered these words, there was in his tone a depth of melancholy which filled the reverend gentleman with pity—"and I will suffer on to the end; my vow shall not be broken."

"Pray, sir," continued Mr. Mather, drawing his chair nearer; "tell me what was your vow? Mayhap 'tis that which has caused you to become like unto a ghost. The devil at times tempts us to do rash things—making us believe we are serving the Almighty, and all in order to get us

more firmly in his clutches." For more than a minute Wadsworth did not answer. At length, looking full at the minister the very fixedness of his gaze marking the struggle which it cost him to lay bare his heart—"you must know sir," he replied, "that some years ago, I fell in love with a young woman named Nancy Clark. Her mother was a gentle soul, and a member of our first church. Her father, who is still living, is a bad tempered man, and has never concealed his partiality for the Anglican form of worship. This difference in religious belief was a source of great unhappiness to his wife, and I believe it was that which brought her to her grave. Well, as I have said, I fell in love with their daughter—the only child they had. I used to take long walks with her in the evenings; I made her presents; I even told her I wanted her to become my wife—once, but only once—I kissed her!" Here, Wadsworth's voice faltered, but by a strong effort he suppressed any other sign of emotion.

"Well, it was just about that time that I begand turning my thoughts to the affairs of the colonies. The self-government which we enjoyed did not satisfy me; I pondered deeply over our condition, and at length I came to the conclusion that we ought to cut loose from the mother country. Well, from the moment that idea entered my mind I felt like another being. A fever seemed to seize me; my arm was strengthened ten-fold; my ambition grew with my strength. The vision of America governing herself arose before me in a more vivid way than I can describe. I lived in ecstasy during my waking hours; at night my sleep was a heavenly dream. But I recognized the difficulty of achieving such an end, and I spoke to Nancy Clark about it. At first, she did not appear struck by its grandeur. It grew upon her, however, yes, it grew upon her, until soon she was as full of enthusiasm as myself. Well, one morning after having passed a strange night—I call it strange because I could not tell whether I had been asleep or awake—I found, on entering this room, a map of North America—and here it is."

As Wadsworth spoke he produced the map and showed it to his guest. "This discovery," he continued, "I took for a certain sign that the Lord was befriending me. 'Twas what I had been longing to possess. It showed me, as you perceive, the whole continent. Well, after I had examined it with much care, after I had feasted my eyes upon it until I scarce could see, I fell on my knees and began to pray; and while I was praying, the thought flashed upon me that I ought to meet this proffer of divine assistance by some great sacrifice. The Almighty had stretched out His hand—what ought I to do, to bind

the covenant? And then I said, 'Oh Lord, if Thou wilt indeed help me free my native land, I will renounce the object most dear to me on earth—aye, I will give up Nancy Clark, nor will I ever take any other woman for my wife.' Well, from that day to this, by mutual consent, I have avoided her and she has avoided me; and although I have now and then been tempted to renew our former intimacy, saying a short prayer has always strengthened me to keep my word to the Almighty." Here Wadsworth paused and knit his brow—he was coming to the hardest part of his confession.

"A few weeks ago," he continued, "there came to my house, a girl younger than Miss Clark, with far more sprightliness and enthusiasm, and in face and figure more beautiful than language can express—just the being I could have sworn, if such things, were pre-ordained, to be my wife. Oh, Dr. Mather, you cannot tell what a struggle I have gone through since her arrival! I meet her a dozen times a day, and as often do I tremble and call on God for strength. But, as with Nancy Clark, prayer has overcome my passion, and beautiful though this girl is, I will stay rooted to my vow; and in return the Lord will grant me the independence of my country."

When the Captain had finished speaking, the doctor sat awhile as if digesting what he had heard;

and when at length he opened his lips, his voice showed how gravely he viewed Wadsworth's case.

"Believe me, sir," he said, "the vow which you took, is not binding—God's finger was not in it; it was the work of Beelzebub! Aye sir, you start—but I am in earnest; the devil was whispering in your ear when you took that vow, and this map was put here by Satan. And has he not been at work on Nancy Clark?—does she show no signs of having fallen from grace? When the Evil One steps between a couple, it is often to the injury of both. Tell me, sir, does the young woman retain her former godliness?"

Wadsworth, at this question, shrank back from the table. It flashed upon him that perhaps Nancy's absence from meeting on the Sabbath and lecture days might be indeed the work of the arch-fiend.

"Believe me," continued the minister, with greater warmth, and lifting his hand, "believe me, Beelzebub is stalking through the land; more and more men and women are falling under his influence. Why, in Dorchester, waere I preached last month, there were three persons accused of witchcraft; and in Salem full as many more, and it will require renewed fervor on the part of the people to arrest a great calamity. When the imps of hell begin to take possession of us, who knows where it may end! But, Mr. Wadsworth, you have not yet replied to my

question—what sort of a life does this Nancy Clark now lead?"

As Increase Mather spoke, he fixed his eye on his host, as if to discover whether the answer which he was going to make would be prompted by a pure love of truth, or whether some remnant of affection for the young woman might not bias his words.

The struggle lasted only a moment. To tell how Nancy had not for years been inside a meeting-house, to describe her lonely habits, would be certain to draw on her the suspicion of the great man; and had she not already few enough friends? Had not Charity Crabtree used her tongue among the Hartford gossips during the past few years, until now there were not wanting those who believed the young woman had sold herself to the Evil One.

"I know nought against her, sir!" replied Wadsworth, folding his arms and boldly meeting the clergyman's gaze.

"Then," continued the latter, "I urge you to take her for your wife; it will be an act of justice to one whom, pardon me for saying it, you certainly deceived, albeit you were led on by a supernatural influence. New England needs godly children, and here you are a man of thirty and not one in this large house to call you father! Wrong, sir, wrong. You could serve your country better if you had a wife. So, toss to the winds your sa-

tanic vow, and renew your courtship. Nancy Clark first received your addresses, and this new comer, whose beauty it seems is so far superior to hers, should not make you hesitate a moment—Nancy Clark must be your spouse."

Dr. Mather expressed himself with intense earnestness, and Wadsworth gave him an attention which he would have accorded to no other living man; for in his estimation Increase Mather was the greatest divine the world had seen for centuries, and his counsel was not to be lightly thrown away.

"Dr. Mather," he said, after a rather lengthy pause, "did not Jephthah vow to the Lord that if He would deliver into his hands the children of Ammon, then warring against Israel, that he would offer up for a burnt offering the first who came from his home to greet him, as he returned from battle? And did it not happen that Jephthah's daughter, his only child, came first to meet him? And did he not keep his vow? Is my sacrifice greater than Jephthah's?"

At this question the minister bit his lip, but quickly answered: "'Whoso findeth a wife, findath a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord,' is likewise in Holy Writ. No, no, Captain; the covenant you made is one you must not keep; the devil had a hand in it. Therefore, I repeat, and most solemnly, marry Nancy Clark!"

At these words, Wadsworth's frame quivered, his eyes flashed. If indeed his vow was one not to be kept, could he renew his addresses to Nancy while Lydia Goffe was under his roof?

"Yes," he muttered, "I will take your advice, and marry; but——"

Ere be could finish the sentence, there was a knock at the door and rising from his seat, he hastened to open it—he knew whose finger had tapped. "I only want to announce that supper is ready," said Lydia, blashing, and at the same time looking at her host with surprise—for he had caught her arm and was drawing her into the room—while the blood which for a moment colored her cheek, her full rounded form, her countenance not only beautiful but intellectual, caused Increase Mather to bend forward and gaze at her more sharply than he did at most young women.

Having closed the door, Wadsworth presented her to the minister, and in a low tone informed him that she was the daughter of Goffe, the regicide.

"What!" exclaimed Dr. Mather, "Goffe, who sat as one of the judges at the trial of Charles the First? Is this a child of his?"

Here Wadsworth turned to Lydia, from whose face every trace of color had suddenly vanished.

"Have no fear, Miss," he said, "of my reverend

guest; I am going to tell him all about you and your parent."

The Captain now, in a few words, related how the girl had come to visit him; and he concluded by saying that Goffe was not only alive, but actually under his roof—"And when the evening repast is over you shall make his acquaintance. Until to-day he has generally taken his meals with us, but—" here he glanced at Lydia, "but since he has been discovered to be living with me, I have thought it best that he should not show himself below. The danger may pass over."

"Discovered!" exclaimed Mr. Mather, who had risen to greet the girl. "Discovered! what do you mean?" Wadsworth now related how that very afternoon the regicide's daughter had been informed by Nancy Clark that her father's hiding-place was known.

At the mention of Nancy's name, Lydia interrupted him. "Alas!" she said, "my friend is already suffering for that brave act. Mr. Clark has turned her from home, and she has sought refuge with the widow Bull."

Here Wadsworth pressed his hand to his brow. "Can I offer her a shelter under my roof?" he asked himself. "Can I, can I?" Had not the object of his wild passion been standing at this moment by his side, we believe that his first, generous

impulse would have prevailed, and Nancy Clark have found a happy home with him. "But, no," he groaned, "her presence would be a torture; if my vow is one which I am not bound to keep, then will I go through fire to win Lydia Goffe; I am carried away by a Power which I cannot resist. God pity me!"

"This Mr. Clark then is a king's-man?" said Dr. Mather, who had not noticed his host's agonized look.

"He is," said Lydia, "and a great stumbling-block in the Captain's path. But you will brush him aside, you will triumph"—here she turned towards her protector and pressed his hand.

Her touch sent a thrill through every nerve of Wadsworth's body "I will crush him like a worm," he exclaimed, "not a hair of your father's head shall the villain touch."

"I lean upon you," murmured Lydia, "heaven bless you now and always." Yet ere the words had escaped her, she half repented of her earnestness—her host's eyes seemed to be devouring her —she felt his hand tremble."

"Although I admire Mr. Wadsworth," she said to herself, "I must not deceive him. He is a great man; but love him I cannot." They now left the room, and as the girl passed out, Increase Mather

thought that in all his life he never had seen a more fascinating creature than the regicide's daughter.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE following morning, while Wadsworth was writing a letter to a friend in Boston, which Dr. Mather had promised to deliver, and while Goody Garlic and Lydia were up in Colonel Goffe's room, Miss Crabtree seized the opportunity to hold a private conversation with the minister. The indifference which Lydia, almost from the moment of her arrival, had shown for her nephew, was more than the dame could any longer bear without complaining to somebody else besides Prudence Garlic, who from the way she had spoken the day before, seemed not a little inclined to take the girl's part. The clergyman was walking slowly back and forth, his promenade bounded at one end by the door leading into the entry, at the other by the oven in which the old maid was setting a batch of bread; while his hands were clasped behind him, and from the way he bent his head he seemed to be pondering deeply over some weighty matter. His knowledge of the people of New England was as great, if not greater, than that which Wadsworth possessed, and while he was stubborn in opposing Andros, he yet could not contemplate the scheme which his host had unfolded to him, without much uneasiness.

"Independence!" he said to himself, "aye, that is indeed a sublime idea; but I am afraid the Captain is ahead of the age. What rivers of blood would have to flow to accomplish it! Has he reflected on the power which Sir Edmund has to back him? Would our train-bands be a match for the disciplined warriors England would send against us? - and she would sacrifice her last man, spend her last penny to keep us dependent? I would have more hope if the union of the colonies was what it used to be. But alas, it is now all but destroyed, and I fear Wadsworth's attempt at revolution will only end in fastening the chains more tightly upon us." Here the minister suddenly raised his head. "Nevertheless," he continued, "I shall not oppose the Captain; it is a sublime idea -a country governing itself and extending from ocean to ocean. Sooner or later his dream will come true. Aye, Mr. Wadsworth shall have my voice to help him, albeit my judgment tells me the time has not come."

While he was thus soliloquizing, Miss Crabtree's grey eyes would now and again glance towards him. She felt a little embarrassed how to begin the con-

versation; yet she must not delay too long; her nephew, or Prudence, or somebody else might appear at any moment, and then her chance for a private interview would be gone. Suddenly, an ingenious thought struck her. Opening the cupboard, she took her dream-book off the top shelf, then, as if by accident, let it fall on the floor, and, as it fell, exclaimed, "Oh dear, that's my dream-book!"

Doctor Mather looked round, and with an approving nod told her he was glad that she kept a record of her dreams; and as he spoke, he stretched out his hand and took the manuscript, which she had hastened to pick up and offer him.

"Oh yes, I believe in dreams, sir," said the dame, smoothing her apron and feeling intensely flattered.

"Aye, good woman, we are surrounded at all hours, awake and asleep, by the supernatural; and I am even now preparing a work, of which I shall send you a copy when completed, wherein are given many remarkable Providences." Here he glanced a moment at the manuscript, then gave another approving nod. "I am pleased to find," he continued, "that you once awoke out of a dream in a terrible fright, having heard a peal of thunder, and that when chided for your screams, you declared that the devil was the author of thunder and lightning. Surely Satan, when he has the vapors and materials out of which the thunder and lightning are

generated, has the art to bring them into form. If chemists can make their aurum fulminous, what strange things may not the infernal chemist effect? The holy scriptures intimate as much as this cometh to. In the sacred story concerning Job, we find that Satan did raise a great wind which blew down the house where Job's children were feasting, and it is said that the fire of God fell from the heavens and burnt up the sheep and the servants. This was no doubt thunder and lightning!"\*

As he had gone on speaking Miss Crabtree had felt more and more flattered, yet at the same time she feared the learned minister might continue making comments on her dreams—of which she had a record of dear knows how many—and thus prevent her saying to him what she wanted; and he did go on and read at least four pages of her book, when the dame hit upon a second ingenious method of drawing his attention.

"Last night, sir," she said, lowering her voice,
"I had a strange vision about somebody who is
living in this house. I dreamt about Miss Goffe;
I give you her true name, for I'm sure my Joe has
not kept it from you."

"Pray, what was your dream?" exclaimed the minister, at once giving her all his attention; for Lydia had made such a deep impression upon him,

<sup>\*</sup> See Mather's Remarkable Providences.

that anything relating to her must needs, he thought, be worth hearing.

"Lord, pardon my fib!" groaned Charity, "but being as I've commenced, I must finish." Then, clearing her throat, and putting on as solemn a face as she could: "I thought, sir, that I saw my nephew walking by the side of Miss Goffe, towards the meeting-house. Joe was persuading her to go with him to divine service; and oh! how earnestly he did beg her to own the covenant. But she appeared undecided. Well, on and on they went, until just as they reached the green, where the house of worship stands, I saw another figure glide swiftly up, and put her mouth to Lydia's ear as if to whisper something. And lo! the regicide's daughter immediately turned away from my nephew, and walked off, accompanied by this figure. At that moment I awoke, with a loud, mocking laughter ringing in my ears."

"A dream of bad omen!" said Dr. Mather, shaking his head. "Does the girl go to church?"

Miss Crabtree made no response; but her expression, as she shrugged her shoulders, spoke as plainly as words, exactly what she thought.

"Do you guard her carefully when she goes out?" continued the minister.

"I try to—I ain't to blame."

"But you seem to intimate that she has already

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fallen from grace; be frank, good woman, this girl is too precious a flower to be lost."

For a moment, Miss Crabtree paused; she seemed as if loth to repeat any tales about Lydia, and the clergyman had to urge her once more to be frank with him.

"Well," she continued, heaving a deep sigh, "I will be frank, sir. She's beautiful, aye, uncommon beautiful, as you may perceive with half an eye, and smart, too, and I once had hopes of seeing a match between her and my nephew—she'd be just the girl to make him happy, if—if she—well, I won't be too hard on Miss Lydia, if she only showed a more docile spirit, and went to meeting."

"What! has Miss Goffe gone so far astray?" and as the doctor spoke, he raised his eyebrows, and clasped his hands. "I wonder at this; for, from my conversation with her father last evening, and indeed from what I had already heard of him before we met, I believed that he was a most religious man; but alas! he has failed in his duty towards his child."

"It is not the old gentleman's fault," pursued Charity; "I don't blame even my friend Prudence Garlic, who is considered like a mother to the girl, and who should never have allowed her to go out of her sight. You must know, Dr. Mather, that there is a young woman living in this

town, who has been a cause of scandal for years past; she openly defies the tithing-man—a good-natured, weak-minded individual, with only one eye, which he takes good care not to turn towards the sinner—she is never seen at meeting, while from the way she holds aloof from the rest of the folks, I've begun to think she is under an evil influence. There are witches around, and it would not surprise me if she were one."

"Her name, her name?" inquired the minister.

"Nancy Clark—the figure I saw in my dream;" and as the old maid uttered these words she closed her eyes a little, then put her finger to her lips, for the door of the library was opening.

In another moment, Wadsworth stood before them, looking more cheerful than usual. The excitement caused by the doctor's visit would alone have sufficed to bring the color to his cheeks; but the thought that his vow was one which he might break without committing sin, that the way lay open to marry Lydia if she would have him, was what gave to his whole appearance such an air of feverish joy. As he left his study, he whistled once or twice, then called Miles; but the dog did not respond to his summons. "He was not in my room last night," he said, "nor did I hear his bark outside, strange!"

"Glad of it," muttered his aunt; "very glad of it."

She had scarcely spoken when the outer door opened, and the tramp of many feet announced the advent of visitors. In they came, a stern, heavy-bearded throng, every man dressed in his best suit, and at their head Israel Barebones, who, whatever certain members of the train-band might think of him, had acquired among the people an influence nearly equal to that of Wadsworth; not so much perhaps on account of his age and religious habits, as because he had aimed to make his stronghold the women, who, if they did not go to town-meetings were nevertheless the true rulers of Hartford.

The good man's right foot was bandaged in flannel, and this as well as the stick on which he leaned, caused Wadsworth to ask what accident had befallen him. But Israel Barebones was not one to complain of his sufferings, especially when his conscience told him that they were well deserved, and he replied to the Captain's question by waving his hand and saying, "'tis something, sir, for which I am thankful; pray do not pity me, do not even notice my foot again."

At this answer, those who were nearest him gave one another inquiring looks, and wondered what he could mean. But Tom Hubbard put his hand to his mouth and laughed, then exchanged winks with Adams.

In a few minutes, the last of the visitors had

entered; then, at a sign from her nephew, Miss Crabtree withdrew to the upper story, where she took a position sufficiently near the head of the steps, to hear all that might be said below.

The next quarter of an hour was devoted to shaking hands with the minister; and considering that these same people had almost shaken his wrist off the evening before, the present ceremony was borne by him with wonderful good nature.

When it was over, Wadsworth requested his guest to favor the visitors with a few remarks, to which doctor Mather assented, and the following may be taken as the substance of what he said:

"My good friends, I have no words to express the gratitude I feel for the warm welcome of yesterday, as well as for this unexpected compliment; and much do I regret that my stay among you is to be so brief. Even this very day, or at furthest to-morrow morning, my steps must be directed towards Boston. But to the last hour of my life the ringing of your meeting-house bell, which so joyously announced my arrival, will sound in my ears and keep fresh the memory of my visit to Hartford."

Here Tom Hubbard clapped his hands, and was on the point of giving one of his horrid cat-calls, when his father's eye warned him to keep quiet.

"I came here," pursued the clergyman, "to consult with the captain of your train-band about the condition of the colonies, and this shall now be the subject of my remarks. As you know, New England is in a sad condition. We believed when Mr. Dudley was sent to govern us, that we should be put to no further trial. But an all-wise Providence has seen fit to allow Beelzebub to take entire possession of the King, who has lately sent over a new Governor, compared with whom Mr. Dudley was an honest man. The very flag which Sir Edmund Andros has brought is enough to make my heart bleed, for it bears a popish emblem upon it—a cross! Indeed it would not surprise me were Andros a papist in disguise." Here a groan rang through the assemblage, and Wadsworth's flashing eye met the savage glance of Mad Adams. "Then again the troops which have accompanied him," continued the speaker, "do nothing but drink and blaspheme, and by their lustful ways deeply afflict the godly people of Boston. Moreover, the charter of Massachussetts has been declared null and void; and when the Bay is forced to submit, Plymouth, Rhode Island, and your own Plantation must needs show a most determined front if ye do not wish to lose your charter likewise."

"By Jehovah," cried Adams, striking his breast,
"I'm ready for Andros; let him come."

"I verily believe," continued the minister, "yo shall sin against the Lord of Heaven if ye vote to submit. The scripture teaches ye otherwise. That which the Lord your God has given you, shall ye not possess it? God forbid that ye should give away the inheritance of your fathers. Nor would it be wisdom for ye to comply. If ye make a full and entire resignation to pleasure, ye fall into the hands of men immediately; but if ye do not, ye still keep yourselves in the hands of God. And who knows what God may do for ye? Therefore, I urge ye to be brave and do not tamely bow your necks to the yoke. I came here to awaken ye to the dangers ahead; let me depart in the belief that ye are brave and determined men." For several minutes after he had finished speaking, there was a hum of voices; the people were earnestly discussing his words, and the white locks of the ruling elder might have been seen moving hurriedly to and fro; the good man was evidently anxious about the effect which the address might have on the freemen. At length, he commanded silence, then after closing his eyes and breathing a short praver, speke as follows:

"My brethren, with all my reverence and love for Increase Mather, I differ with him as to the course which ye ought to pursue in these unhappy days. He would have ye take up arms, but why not leave

it all to God. He who piloted the Mayflower across a broad and stormy ocean, will not abandon ve now. Trust in the Lord! He will deliver ye without using sword and powder. What we are suffering, and may yet suffer, take as a penance for your sins. My counsel is-do not oppose Sir Edmund Andros; but while ye submit, redouble your fasting and prayers. Let him not drive ye to rebel. Dr. Mather has told you that Massachusetts, the strongest colony, has been deprived of her charter; how then can we keep ours? We could not prevail against King James' armies and fleets, and the desolation which would come over the land would be indescribable. It is therefore to counsel ye against rebellion which has caused me to raise my voice in opposition to Dr. Mather, whom I revere as much as any of ye. The rock is not harder to break than my Puritan faith. Episcopacy I hate as I hate the devil; but I love ye too dearly to see ye take a mad step, without speaking plainly all that is in my heart. Again I say, trust in the Lord; and instead of seeking bloodshed, I would urge Mr. Mather to go to King James and tell him of the injustice which he has done these poor colonies. To appear at court and plead for us would be a daring act; but even as Daniel was left unharmed by the lions, even so would our great divine be respected by our enemies at court. Yea.

God will walk at his side. I know that Andros has forbidden any one to leave the country without permission, and it will be no easy matter to reach England; but He who led the Israelites dryshod across the Red Sea, will provide a means for Increase Mather to escape from our tyrant Governor. Therefore, lay aside your muskets and pikes, and trust in the Omnipotent God; instead of seeking for independence, as Mr. Wadsworth would have ye, devote your whole attention to religious matters, now also wofully neglected."

At these words, Tom Hubbard slipped into the entry, where he was soon joined by Mad Adams; and Mr. Japheth had better have followed the lad's example, for presently, Israel Barebones inquired if he were in the room; and when some one pointed him out, the ruling elder raised himself an inch higher on his toes, and administered a lecture to the tithing-man, such as the latter had never before received.

"You do not enforce the Sabbath law," cried Mr. Barebones; "beware, beware, or the Lord will snatch you away and send you to hell in the twinkling of an eye."

Poor Mr. Japheth groaned and would have given all he possessed in the world—not much, it is true—if only the floor could have opened and let him down into the cellar.

"Because," went on the ruling elder, "an accident has deprived you of the use of one of your orbs, you make that an excuse for not detecting the sinner. Oh, Jacob Japheth, Jacob Japheth, do your duty, or God's hand will be upon you!" Then taking his gaze off the cobbler, he spoke to the people about having an iron cage erected for sabbath-breakers—and here the speaker's countenance became fairly radiant, it was the joy of a fanatic. As for Wadsworth, it was not easy to tell what his thoughts were. Nobody was more scrupulous than he in obeying the laws of the Church; but were he to behold Nancy Clark in a cage at the meeting-house door, would he have the grace to pass by and say, "Well done?"

When Mr. Barebones had finished his address, the Captain was in hopes that he would accompany Dr. Mather into the library, where they might argue together the great question of independence. But the heart of the ruling elder was too full of religious matters to care about discussing aught relating to this world; and while the visitors were making their way out of the house he hobbled up to the minister and urged him to call on a few of the sabbath-breakers, at the same time offering to be his guide.

"But are you not too lame, sir?" inquired the divine, gazing down at the bandaged foot,

"If I could come here," responded Israel Barebones, "to pay my respects to a human being, ought I to think it a hardship the going a greater distance to serve the Almighty?"

In about five minutes the last of the freemen, who had come to call on Increase Mather, had departed, and Wadsworth stood in the entry waiting for the minister, who was listening to something Mr. Barebones was telling him—and whenever the divine would shake his head and appear astonished, the Captain would grind his teeth and mutter harsh things of the ruling elder, for the latter, he knew, was speaking of Nancy Clark. At length, they sallied forth on their inquisitorial tour—the grey eyes of Charity Crabtree following them as far as the green, and her countenance beaming with jo, for she guessed where they were going. As they passed the Bunch of Grapes, Wadsworth earght a glimpse of Adams peeping out of one of the windows, and looking dark as a thunder-cloud; nor did the scout pay any heed to his chief when the latter made him a sign to join them, but continued muttering curses upon the ruling elder, whose peaceful address had nettled him fearfully.

"If Captain Joe," he growled, "after all the trouble he has had in organizing an insurrection, allows this religious old fool to talk him out of it, ther —" But we shall not repeat Adams' blasphem-

ons words; let us follow the captain of the train-band, who went by the tavern with a heavy heart, and who did not open his lips until he reached the green. Here Wadsworth's thoughts turned upon the gallant fellows whom he had so often drilled, and he was about launching forth into praises of their skill and bravery, when the ruling elder interrupted him by seizing the minister's arm and drawing the latter towards the jail.

"It is empty," said the good man with a sorrowful voice, "and these stocks might as well be used for fire wood, and so might that locust tree in which those rings are fastened. Alas! sinners in Hartford grow fat on their transgressions."

"What has brought about this unhappy condition of souls?" inquired the minister—who, to speak true, began to think Mr. Barebones not a little of a bore.

Giving our minds to the affairs of this world, instead of dwelling on Zion. Politics, sir, and wild schemes for throwing off allegiance to the mother country," responded the other, with a glance at the Captain.

"And perhaps those whose duty it is to look after the flock have become negligent," said the divine, meaning this as a sly hit at the fault-finder.

"Well, my conscience is clear," rejoined Mr.

Barebones; "not a family in Hartford that I do not visit, and my inspections are thorough. Our one-eyed tithing-man, however, by always turning his blind side towards the sinner hath done much to place the flock in the hands of Beelzebub."

"Bless Jacob Japheth," murmured Wadsworth, who, strict as he was himself in observing all the church laws, could not share in this attack upon the good man; for what might not have befallen Nancy Clark if Mr. Japheth had strictly performed his duty? Would not her habit of breaking the sabbath have brought her into trouble?

"Aye," he repeated, "bless Jacob Japheth."

After leaving the green they continued on towards Little river, and as they approached the stream, Mr Barebones stretched out his crane-like neck and gazed at the willow near the bank. If the empty jail, and the unused stocks, and whipping-post were signs that the discipline of the church in Hartford had grown lax, what would Mr. Mather say when he looked on the rickety ducking-stool, which the ruling elder was now straining his eyes to find. There stood the willow—a piece of decayed rope dangling from the limb which stretched over the water—but where was the chair? As he gazed the goodman's jaw fell, and his face assumed such an expression that the minister looked at him in wonder.

"Somebody hath been serving the devil," he exclaimed; "our ducking-stool has been cut adrift."

"Ah, indeed!" said Dr. Mather, lifting his eyebrows, and on the whole rather pleased at this new source of unhappiness to the speaker.

"But we shall have another one put up at once," cried Mr. Barebones, "aye, at once"—pulling out of his pocket the paper on which was the drawing of his improved ducking-stool. For the next five minutes and until they had passed Mr. Clark's house-which Wadsworth had intended pointing out to his reverend guest—the ruling elder kept the latter's attention close fixed upon the drawing, every part of which was pressed by his cold forefinger; nor was the clergyman allowed to take his eyes off it until he had confessed that it was a vast improvement on the old chair and rope. Mr. Barebones had now worked himself into a great state of excitement; his ash-colored cheeks had a tinge of red upon them, and he walked without limping. This sudden change in his appearance was caused by the hope of seeing his ducking-stool immediately brought into use, and before they arrived at the widow's he had come to the conclusion that it was a special Providence which had cut the old chair adrift—in order that a better one might be brought into the service of the Lord. Presently, they reached the log cabin, but before knocking, Mr. Barebones halted and informed Dr. Mather whom they were going to visit. He touched briefly on the life of Mrs. Bull since the death of Captain Bull, her absence from meeting until quite recently, her fondness for dress, and her blustering ways. "She is as often asleep as listening to the exhortation," he said, "and a Sabbath or two ago, her nose was tickled by the tithing-man's rod." He then went on to relate how a young woman named Nancy Clark had lately taken up her residence with her, and that she likewise was a sabbathbreaker; but more hardened even than the widow, for she had not yet mended her ways ever so little. At this allusion to Nancy, Wadsworth bit his lip and wished the tell-tale ruling elder at the bottom of the sea. Dr. Mather, however, expressed no surprise at this information; nevertheless he did think very strange that a man as upright and religious as Wadsworth should have given him such a different account of this young woman. The Captain might be right in his judgment of her, yet there was arrayed against him the ruling elder of his church and his own aunt, whose last dream had made a great impression on the doctor's mind. We will here inform the reader that such domiciliary visits as they were about to make, were far from uncommon in those days. The ministers, the selectmen, the grand jurors, all had the right to enter into any

person's dwelling, and satisfy themselves as to the spiritual and moral condition of the family; but especially was this a duty of the ruling elder-and Mr. Barebone's inspections, as he himself has told us, were always thorough. When the good man had given all the information he thought necessary about the inmates of the cabin, he knocked on the door, and during the few moments they were waiting for it to open, his countenance took an expression which Raphael, or Michael Angelo would have given anything to have had on canvas, or in marble-it was so full of burning zeal, so radiant with fanatic joy. Visions of ducking-stools, and whipping-posts, of gibbets for witches, were dancing through his brain, and his eyes had a glare which made Dr. Mather believe he was in a frenzy. When, presently, the door opened, Wadsworth was the last to enter-nor did he look up at the young woman who was greeting them; but Miles Standish, who had already found his way here, wagged his tail, licked the Captain's hand and showed, dog-fashion, how glad he was to see his master. Still Wadsworth did not lift his eyes. "I can't help thinking she knows all about it," he said to himself. "How she must despise me!" He remembered how cheerfully Nancy had submitted to his yow of celibacy; how she had even expressed her delight at his covenant with the Lord. And

now he was going to break it! oh, how Wadsworth's conscience stung him at this moment. Increase Mather had told him his vow need not be kept, and this barrier, once removed, could he overcome his passion for Lydia Goffe? Alas, this he felt he could not do, and already remorse, black remorse was beginning to gnaw into his soul. Hard, unrelenting, worm! "If any one is to be my wife, it should be Nancy," he groaned. "But no—no—l am a poor, weak wretch not worthy even of God's pity."

The unexpected coming of so many visitors, among whom she recognized the great man in whose honor the meeting-house bell had rung out such joyous peals the evening before, made the young woman blush. But quickly recovering her self-possession, she bade them take a seat on a bench, then hastened to call Mrs. Bu l, who had gone out a moment to the well. But ere she reached the threshold, Israel Barebones checked her.

"Stay, Miss Clark," he said, "We have come to inquire into your spiritual condition, and the presuce of the widow is not necessary."

At these words, Nancy turned deadly pale, and sancing at Wadsworth, in whom she hoped to find a protector, wondered why he kept his eyes averted. "Remain calm," continued the inquisitor, "and

truthfully answer the questions which I am going to put to you." Here he coughed and rubbed his throat. "First, how long is it since you have studied the Assembly Catechism?"

Nancy in a firm voice. Wadsworth now, for the first time, looked at her, and his countenance showed how much her answer had pleased him.

"Let us see," continued the goodman, with a faint smile, and his heart throbbing at the prospect of an easy victory over the father of lies, who he believed was speaking through Nancy's mouth. "Let me see!" Then drawing from his pocket a small volume he handed it to Dr. Mather. But the latter told him that he had better go on and examine the young woman himself. Accordingly, Mr. Barebones commenced, his eyebrows raised as high as they could get, and half pitying Miss Clark, whose calm bearing he attributed to the devil. But although he put the questions at random, skipping from the first to one in the middle of the book, Nancy gave correct responses to all of them, nor did she once hesitate. In fact, she showed herself so perfectly familiar with the catechism, that Dr Mather told Mr. Barebones he need go no further. The ruling elder obeyed, crumpling the leaves of the book as he returned it to his pocket, and groaning at this unexpected triumph of the

Evil One, who of course had whispered the answers.

"How happeneth it, Miss Clark," he continued, after saying a prayer to drive away the devil, "how happeneth it you never come to meeting on the Sabbath?" To this Nancy made no reply. She loved her father, cruel though he was, and nought would she let pass her lips which might be used against him.

"Answer!" exclaimed Mr. Barebones. "Why, for so many years, have you persisted in breaking the Lord's day, to the scandal of every man, woman and child in Hartford?"

Still Nancy remained mute, while the catechiser smiled triumphantly—Satan, he thought, was cornered at last. "I know the reason," exclaimed Wadsworth, who felt tempted to choke the fanatic, "Yes, I know the reason!"

Instantly, Nancy put her finger to her lips and gave the Captain an imploring look. This sign of an understanding between them so astonished Mr. Barebones as well as the clergyman, that for more than a minute neither of them spoke a word. What Satanic communication might this be? Had the strict and pious Wadsworth fallen under a spell? Was Beelzebub working upon him through this young woman? They had scarcely recovered from their wonder when a large cat came down

from the upper story, and jumping on the table, seated itself upon a volume lying there. The ruling elder, whose mind was always disposed to see the supernatural in the most trivial incident, immediately bade the creature begone in the name of the Lord; after which he took up the book and opened it. It was the widow's copy of Shakespeare. "From the snares of the devil, O Lord deliver us!" he cried, letting the book drop out of his hands.

"What work is that?" inquired Dr. Mather.

"One forbidden to be read—lewd—full of profane language—foul in the extreme. I wonder not that those who peruse it stay away from meeting."

"Is it a quaker tract?" continued the minister, stretching out his hand. "Allow me to see."

"You'd not touch it with the tip of your finger," replied Mr. Barebones. "'Tis Shakespeare!"

"Shakespeare!" repeated Mr. Mather. "Has a copy of his works found its way as far as this? it must be destroyed; throw it into the fire a once."

The ruling elder cheerfully obeyed; then as the leaves were twisting and crumbling in the flame, he asked Nancy Clark if the book had belonged to her. The young woman was tempted to say Yes; for she wished to take upon herself all the blame, rather than have it fall on the head of the kind-

hearted widow. But even for the sake of Mrs. Bull she could not tell a falsehood, so she remained mute.

"She will not answer," exclaimed the ruling elder. "Beelzebub hath sent a dumb spirit into her." As he uttered these words, Nancy gave him a look of withering scorn, while her bosom heaved. At the same time Wadsworth approached nearer to her; he could not bear to have this scene go any further; to do violence to Mr. Barebones was out of the question, but at least he might leave the house and take the young woman with him. Such was his intention when suddenly the door opened and Mrs. Bull appeared. The sight of so many visitors—one of whom was seated on the bench. two standing close to Nancy—caused the dame to lift her eyebrows. What did it all mean? The young woman was evidently in trouble; the countenance of Mr. Barebones were the same expression as when under his supervision the constable had ducked Hannah Otis in Little river; Wadsworth, if his lowering eyebrows indicated anything, was in no gentle mood; while the clergyman, whom she guessed to be Increase Mather, gave her only a glance, then turned his eyes again towards the fire-place.

"What's going on here?" she exclaimed, quickly recovering from her embarrassment, and her ire roused to its highest pitch by the sight of the burning book and the disturbed expression of Nancy. "Tell me, Miss, what have they been doing? What's that yonder?" pointing towards her smouldering Shakespeare. The young woman could not utter a word; but Israel Barebones, raising himself on his toes, responded for her. 'We have come, Mrs. Bull," he said, "to purify your dwelling, to search out the nooks and corners wherein Satan hideth himself. Even at this moment—"here he pointed at Nancy—"she is possessed by a dumb spirit; but we'll draw the imp out!"

"Well, it aint a dumb devil that's in me." returned the widow, advancing in a threatening manner, while at the same time she thrust her hand into her pocket. "No, no, indeed."

"Wretched woman," continued Mr. Barebones, "Off with these gaudy ribbons, and give thanks to God that we have destroyed a sinful book."

He had scarcely spoken when the dame drew forth a coil of rope—the same tarry piece which she kept as a relic of the Polly Ann—and flourishing it over his head, "I'll do something better than take off my ribbons," she screamed, her rage now quite ungovernable. "By all the sharks! as my dear, dead husband used to say, I'll teach you what it is to enter uninvited an honest woman's house! You have burnt my Shakespeare, but I know it by heart. Here's from Henry the Fourth-'Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt, stale juggler you!'— and her speech was accompanied by such violent blows on Mr. Barebones' shoulders, that the good man did not wait to manifest his pity for her, but ran to the door with a speed which did not slacken for a bandaged foot; while Nancy turned towards the window, and throwing it open made Wadsworth and the clergyman a hurried sign to escape. They obeyed with an alacrity which was anything but dignified-Increase Mather jumping out first, and the Captain without waiting to free his coat from a nail which had caught in it and made a very ugly tear; but his hurry saved him from a sound castigation. Mrs. Bull did not pursue the ruling elder further than the threshold, then turned to punish the others. "Oh, Nancy, you're too good to live," she cried, when she saw the open window, "why did you let 'em escape? By all the sharks, I'd have whipped some practical theology into Dr. Mather, and I'd have made Joseph Wadsworth learn a lesson of independence which might have been of use to him. He wants us, forsooth, to rebel against King James! Better first, overturn our fanatical church laws. Oh, Nancy, Nancy, you're too good to live! I say, why did you let 'em escape?" But the young woman did not

reply; she had thrown herself on the bench, and was giving full flow to her tears, while Miles Standish, with his head on her lap, was gazing up at her in his peculiar, solemn way. "Oh, wouldn't I have thrashed the other two," continued the widow; "ha! ha!" Then pressing the rope to her lips. "dear relic of the Polly Ann," she said, "you'll make Israel Barebones' coat smell of tar for a month." The good woman now seated herself beside Nancy and endeavored to comfort her. "They've been catechizing you," she said, "and warning you about not going to meeting. Oh, yes, I'm sure they have, damn 'em!" At these words Nancy started. "My dear, dead husband used that expression once in a while," pursued the widow. "It kind of flurries you 'cause you ain't used to it; but. Nancy, it eases me to say it—it lets the hurricane out of my bosom. Ave, damn these ruling elders, teachers, ministers, grand jurors, damn 'em all. The only decent man in town is Jacob Japheth. But he won't be tithing-man much longer; they're after him because he turns his blind side towards those who don't toe the mark. They'd rather you'd not reach Zion at all unless you travelled their way. Damn 'em!"

"Had you not better fly to the woods? or go to Manhadoes?" said Nancy, drying her tears, and

not a little shocked by Mrs. Bull's language. "After what has happened, can you remain another day in Hartford?"

"Let'm do their worst," continued the other.

"Let'em duck me till I'm drowned. I'm a sea captain's widow, and I'll go down with colors flying, just as the Polly Ann did in the hardest gale that ever blow'd on Cape Cod; yes, by all the sharks, I will." Then bowing her head, she again pressed the rope to her lips and murmured, "my dear, dear husband."

In vain did Nancy urge her to change her place of residence—in vain. The dame swore—yes, swore, for she was in no godly mood—that she would stay just where she was. "I'll lay to," she cried, "I'll founder, but I shan't save myself by scudding. The Polly Ann never showed her stern to a hurricane, and I won't either."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

This unlooked-for ending of their visit to the midow Bull so incensed Increase Mather, that he refused to accompany Wadsworth to see the field which the town had granted for school purposes,

and of which Andros had lately given a deed to Nathaniel Clark.

"I'm in no humor to see more of Hartford, sir," exclaimed the divine. "A community wherein dwelleth a woman such as we have just visited, needs something more than schools to elevate it. There is profanity, sinful reading matter, deception where I expected only godliness."

"Deception!" said Wadsworth

"Ave, forgive me; but I can use no other expression," pursued the minister. "I was told by your ownself hat Miss Nancy Clark was a good Christian, and I advised you to take her for your wife—but lo! it turns out she is a sabbath-breaker, dwelleth with a sinner, and—"."Ought to be placed in a cage," interrupted Mr. Barebones, limping up. Wadsworth folded his arms and gave the ruling elder a fierce glance—which, however the good man did not notice - then, presently, putting his mouth to the doctor's ear, "when we are alone," he whispered, "I will say more to you; now I keep silent." This, undoubtedly, was the wisest course for the Captain to pursue—Mr. Barebones during the past half hour had deeply wounded his feelings; never would be forgive the ruling elder's harsh behavior towards Nancy; and if he now allowed himself to enter into a discussion with the fanatic, he might compromise himself by some rash

expression, if not by some act scarcely less violent than that whereby the widow had freed herself from their presence.

In a few minutes more, the party had so far retraced their steps as to have arrived again opposite the humble abode of Jacob Japheth, where they found Lydia standing by the door with a basket on her arm, filled with cakes and good things for the tithing-man's children. She and Mr. Japheth were conversing in undertones, and from the way the latter kept shaking his head, you could tell that something had gone wrong. "Never mind," the girl was saying, "never mind; God will help you." Then, of a sudden, she stopped, for she had discovered the eyes of Wadsworth, Dr. Mather, and Israel Barebones fastened upon her.

"She must be saved," whispered the minister to the Captain, "your aunt's dream must not come true." Wadsworth started, and was on the point of asking his guest what he meant, when the ruling elder interrupted him. "If this girl," said the latter, "could be made to own the covenant she'd be a perfect angel on earth.' Then turning towards Lydia, "Good morning, Miss," he continued "good morning. On some charitable errand bent?"

For a moment, Lydia faced the speaker with a look which would have made any one else lower his eyes, and which told as plainly as any language

she could have used, in what contempt she held him. Presently, the good man's icy middle-finger was stretched towards her; this was more than she could bear, and without opening her lips, she turned her back on him and entered the cobbler's house.

- "What means this?" exclaimed the divine.
- "Are we witnessing the contagion of evil?"
- "Our friend here," responded Mr. Barebones, turning towards Jacob Japheth, "must indeed awake from his lethargy. Religion is at a low ebb, when people not only stay openly away from meeting, but treat with gross disrespect their ruling elder." At these words the tithing-man bowed his head as if he were expecting to receive a blow. He knew how remiss he had been in performing his duty, and that if he escaped with nothing worse than a lecture he might indeed congratulate himself; but he had reason to fear that a more severe punishment would ere long be meted out to him. "Alas," he sighed," my days as tithing-man are numbered."

"In Ipswich and other towns of Massachusetts," continued Dr. Mather, "a tithing-man, who would allow any person to break the Lord's day, would be dismissed at once, while those who might have profited by his indulgence would be set in iron cages. Oh, Mr. Japheth, you may thank your stars

that you are living in Hartford." "And you know, Jacob," put in the ruling elder, "that I have time and again warned you to do your duty. If Nancy Clark's soul be damned will you be held guiltless before the Lord?" At these words the poor fellow groaned. "And if through the intimacy which exists between her and the girl you have just been conversing with, the latter become also a sabbath-breaker, will you not be responsible for two souls instead of one? Oh, Jacob, I speak as a friend, as a brother. My own conscience would rack me if I held my tongue. To save souls is man's noblest duty; wake up, wake up, speak out your contrition!" Slowly Mr. Japheth raised his head. But humbled as he was and fully pursuaded of his sinfulness, his jovial nature still lingered in the corners of his mouth and in his twinkling eye; so much so that Dr. Mather half believed he was only shamming humility.

"I know I've done wrong," he replied; "but do not be too hard on me, do not have me turned out of office; I am poor; in this little cottage lies a bed-ridden wife; work is slack, favor me with your indulgence."

"Henceforth, then, you will do your duty?" pursued Mr. Barebones. "Promise me that, and Jacob, I am the last man to go against you. Promise me that henceforward every sabbath-breaker shall be

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driven to the meeting-house, and you will find me your truest friend. But if you will not make such a promise, then must we have another tithing-man; even this very morning I consulted about the matter with Mr Genness and our minister, but we came to no fixed decision. Speak, Jacob, speak out, say 'yes, I will do my duty.'"

But Mr. Japheth remained mute. "The road to Zion is a rough road!" he said to himself, again bowing his head. "Aye, a very, very rough road. Oh, Lord, Lord!" Here Wadsworth took Dr. Mather's arm and drew him away. The truth is the Captain was at last thoroughly disgusted with Mr. Barebones, and did not care to wait and see what might be the result of the lecture. He doubted, however, whether Jacob Japheth would give in and promise to become more strict. Twice, as they proceeded along the street, Wadsworth turned and gazed towards the tithing-man's cabin, and as he did so hoped to find Lydia following them. But the girl did not appear. She was engaged in her charitable work, distributing cakes and tarts to the poor man's children, speaking words of comfort to the bed-ridden wife, and had no idea of returning to his house for an hour or more. When the Captain got home, he found Prudence and Miss Crabtree engaged in a violent dispute about something, and it required all the reverence which his aunt felt for Dr. Mather to make her hold her tongue. But even the minister's presence could not calm her all at once, and her topknot continued jerking backwards and forwards for several minutes after he had entered.

"Prudence, Prudence!" she kept saying between her teeth, "you've spoilt the girl; aye! \ 'iss Lydia's spoilt, ruined, unless she owns the covenant. And she's taken away my best basket too. I'll never see it again!"

While she was thus giving vent to her rage, Prudence slipped up the staircase, and presently Wadsworth, without stopping to ask what was the matter, ushered his guest into the library. As they went out of the room, Charity stopped her angry mutterings and eyed them closely. Oh, what would she have given if her nephew had only invited her into this forbidden chamber! "Well, if I can't see I can hear," she said, gliding to the door and putting her ear to the key-hole. But just as they had taken their seats and were entering into conversation, she heard Prudence coming down the staircase; so with as little noise and with as much speed as possible she went back to her oven, where she made believe she had been steadily at work. Yet at the same time her cars tingled, for she was afraid lest the other might have detected her eaves-dropping.

In the meanwhile, Wadsworth proceeded to explain to Dr. Mather how Nancy Clark had been situated since her mother's death; how that good woman and Mr. Clark had disagreed on the subject of religion—he being an Anglican; how the daughter since her mother's death had, without doubt, been forbidden to attend meeting; and he finished his apology for the young woman by reminding his guest that it was she who had warned Miss Goffe of her parent's danger-a noble act, which had already caused her to be driven from home. Increase Mather listened attentively, now and then raising his eyebrows, and at one time frowning when the Captain spoke of Mr. Clark as a believer in the Anglican Church, which he declared was little better than Popery.

"What you have told me," he said, when his host had got through, "hath taken a load off my heart; for I did greatly wonder at your saying Miss Clark was a god-fearing body, while your aunt gave such a different account of her. I hope your explanation is correct. Certainly the knowledge which she displayed of the catechism proves her to be more devoted to religion than anybody supposed, unless, as the ruling elder declared, 'twas the devil whispered the answers. I advise you, however, to pray for light; the Lord may reveal if the young woman is as good as you believe."

"Oh, I am as certain of it as I am of my existence," exclaimed Wadsworth; then covering his face with his hands, "would," he murmured, "that I had her chance of salvation."

"But what an awful dream your aunt had," pursued Mr. Mather; "really it haunts me."

"Pray, repeat it," exclaimed the Captain, uncovering his face and turning eagerly towards his guest; "do repeat it to me."

The clergyman now related word for word the vision which Miss Crabtree had told him, and from the solemn way he spoke it was evident that it had made a deep impression on his mind, while Wadsworth shuddered, for he did not doubt that his aunt had had such a vision. Yet he could not believe that Nancy Clark had done anything to keep Lydia from meeting; no, despite his faith in visions, this Wadsworth could not believe—if the regicide's daughter stayed away it must be of her own free will. He knew that his aunt had never liked Nancy, and the good woman's aversion had doubtless influenced her even during her sleeping hours.

"Well," continued the divine, "if you really have such faith in the young woman, then you ought to take her for your wife. Now that she is living away from her father she ought no longer to break the Sabbath, but should tread in the foot-

ateps of her venerated mother; and if she does reform then I repeat you ought to marry her and not let a satanic vow keep you in your present lonely state. The Lord calleth on us to praise Him, yet if we do not raise up families, where will be the voices to sing hallelujahs when you and I have passed away? Miss Goffe far excels Nancy Clark in beauty; but beauty is a fleeting thing; it is varnish which time rubs off. It was Miss Clark whom you first courted, and to her you must bind yourself."

"You give me wise counsel," said Wadsworth, "and if I follow it my soul will be at peace; but I'm a weak mortal; pray for me Dr. Mather, pray for me!"

"Yes, I will remember you on the Sabbath and on week days, for something tells me that you will need more than ordinary grace not to stray from the path. Souls like yours are the most severely tried; but your victory will be all the more glorious. The beauty of the regicide's daughter as far exceeds that of Nancy Clark as a blooming rose in May is more lovely than the humble violet hidden in the grass. But remember, beauty is not everything, and Nancy Clark has a claim upon you which no other woman possesses."

"How well he knows what troubles me," thought Wadsworth, pressing his hand to his brow; "unhappy mortal that I am!"

For a little while neither of them spoke. Mr. Mather, at length, broke the silence, by informing his host that he would have to set out for Boston that very afternoon; then went on to repeat what he had already told him about defending the charter. But he did not speak of the scheme for a revolution and independence, wisely thinking that it was best not to discourage the Captain. He warned him, however, against dwelling too much on this exciting subject; "and although," concluded the divine, "your ruling elder is a man not altogether to my liking, yet he deserves praise for his zeal in religion. Endeavor, Mr. Wadsworth, to correct evil-doers, not alone by good example but by frequent visits to their domiciles; let not Beelzebub get more headway; witches are becoming numerous in the land, a sure sign of spiritnal darkness."

The doctor now ran his eyes over the Captain's books, which for those days formed quite a respectable collection, and remarking that there was no Pilgrim's Progress amongst them, told his host that he would send him one immediately. He likewise promised, as soon as it should appear, a copy of his work entitled Remarkable Providences. With this, doctor Mather left the study and passed a pleasant hour in the company of the regicide, several times asking the old gentleman where his

daughter was, and saying how much he would regret if he departed without enjoying a conversation with one whose appearance had struck him as that of no ordinary woman. Yet it was perhaps well that Lydia and he did not again meet, for it had been the minister's intention to question her about Nancy, and likewise impress upon her the danger to her body, as well as her soul, if she did not go to meeting, and there can be little doubt that the result of his lecture would have been a quarrel. So. Increase Mather shook hands with Colonel Goffe with a heavy heart, nor was it till long after he had drawn the moose-skin covering over his head and started on his way back to Massachussetts, that the girl made her appearance, with Charity's basket on her arm, and a smile on her face, which seemed to grow all the brighter when Goody Garlic told her that the great man had gone. That evening, when Lydia took her place at the supper-table, it was remarked that she did not speak a word about the divine. But what annoyed Miss Crabtree more than anything the girl had done since she had come to Hartford, was the violent fit of laughter she gave way to when the aunt inquired of Wadsworth how he had got such an ugly tear in his coat? Yes, Lydia laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, nor did Prudence's beseeching countenance have any effect—the widow's account of the story was

dancing through her mind, and all the Goody Garlies in the world could not have made her look grave.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE address which Increase Mather had delivered to the freemen when they had called on him at Wadsworth's house, and the reply of Israel Barebones, was for several days the sole topic of conversation in Hartford. Among the members of the trainband, the peace policy of the ruling elder found at first little or no favor; but the old men, those who had fought against the Pequots, and whose declining years had witnessed the struggle with King Philip, expressed their belief in the wisdom of his counsel—they wanted no more bloodshed. Whenever Adams, however, heard any of these greyheads talking in this strain he would frown and swear in undertones, while, if they entered the Ordinary, he would show them very little respect; and (nce when he felt Mr. Barebones brush past him, and heard the goodman impressing on Mr. Genness the folly of taking up arms against Andros, he clenched his fist and came very near shaking it at the ruling elder. As for Nathaniel Clark, his jubi-

lant countenance told plainly enough what he thought of this growing diversity of sentiment among the people, but he wisely refrained from saying anything; while the one to whom the trainband looked for cheering words, maintained an unaccountable reserve. "What does Captain Joe think about it?" was asked a dozen times a day, and it required all the reverence which Simon had for his chief not to class him among the renegades. Poor Wadsworth! little did they know the trials of his soul during the few days after the minister's departure. How often did his eyes glance at the sword hanging on the library wall, then on the map! How often did he beat his breast and struggle to overcome the Evil Spirit, who was tempting him with greater violence than ever! It was while he was in one of his darkest moods that there came a tap on the door. At first he did not answer, nor was it until it had been repeated that he said in a hoarse tone-"come in." In another moment, Lydia stood before him. Her host's disturbed look made the girl fear lest she might have been indiscreet in intruding just then, and so she hesitated about speaking; while Wadsworth, too, was silent, but his heart throbbed, the blood rushed to his cheeks. "Oh why," he said to himself, "why have you come at this moment to tempt me?" yet he did not close his eyes, he did not wave her back, but gazing at her an instant with an expression which terrified her by its very intensity, he threw himself upon his knees, then taking one of her hands, pressed it against his brow.

"Mr. Wadsworth," said Lydia, concealing by a strong effort the astonishment she felt at his behavior, "Mr. Wadsworth, I am here to comfort you; I know your grief, nor do I wonder at your making a prisoner of yourself in this room. I know that the words which Israel Barebones addressed to the freemen a few days ago, have caused a number of them to fall away from your conspir. acy; shame on them! O God, would that I had not been born a woman!" Here she paused and glanced at the Captain's sword; then, without endeavoring to free her hand from his, she went on urging him not to cease his efforts to rouse the people to arms, and as her words, so full of enthusiasm, fell upon his ear, he gazed at her countenance and quivered in every limb; then, suddenly, with a cry of anguish, he flung her hand away and told her to begone. Lydia was startled, and well she might be—his constant brooding on one great idea had certainly turned his brain. "Oh yes, it has it has," she said half aloud, "I was wrong to speak about revolution."

"Why do you stay here?" he continued, impatiently motioning her away. "Have I not sinned

enough? pluck out my eyes that I may not see you, or draw a hot iron across your face, 'twill rob it of that which may prove my damnation! then bowing his head, he murmured, "Nancy, Nancy!"

"Aye, well may your voice falter at her name,' pursued Lydia, who of course did not dream what a bitter memory was torturing him.

"Oh, spare me, Viss Goffe, spare me!" he groaned, "yet no, do not; I am a miserable wretch! heap on my head coals of fire. Better that I should suffer in this life than hereafter."

"I know well," pursued Lydia, "that my friend was cruelly wronged the other day by Mr. Barebones, and that you stood by a silent witness. Dr. Mather, too, was there. Poor Nancy! well may you reproach yourself for not having taken her part. Alas! the shadow of Increase Mather was pressing upon you like an avalanche. Is he inspired that he should lead you like a sheep? And our ruling elder--why do you not brush him aside? The cruel fanatic! Wake up, Wadsworth, there hangs your sword! defend Nancy from Israel Barebones, who will have her soon in an iron cage unless she go to meeting. Oh, I would sit in one until my hair turned grey before I would bend to your intolerant laws. I lean upon you, sir; you are my father's protector; do not refuse to help another friendless creature?"

Unspeakable was the relief of Wadsworth, as soon as he discovered that Lydia was not alluding to the intimacy which had formerly existed between himself and Nancy Clark. When she had begun to speak he had felt as if he would have sunk on the floor for very shame. But now, when he found that the girl was only referring to the inquisitorial visit which he had paid the widow Bull, he drew a long breath—aye, a very long breath. "I will protect her; yes, I will," he exclaimed. "Our ruling elder, who is obliged to visit the places where he suspects sin abideth, is rather harsh in the performance of his duty, but he never shall harm Nancy Clark, who I know is not a willful sabbath-breaker; no, never."

"Well, you ought to be her friend," continued Lydia, little dreaming what a stab she was about to give the figure kneeling at her feet, "if it's only for her kindness to Miles Standish. Nancy fondles him and—"

"Hush," cried Wadsworth, springing up and clenching his fists, "hush, tell me no more! Oh, God! were you sent here to rack my soul, and give me hell on earth? go, go, go!"

His wild expression warned the girl that she must not hesitate to obey, and more convinced than ever that her host was demented, she turned and left the room. Miss Crabtree, who had seen her

enter the library, narrowly scanned her countenance as she re-appeared. The dame, be it known, had cherished great hopes from Dr. Mather's visit; she was not ignorant of the advice he had given her nephew, and still believed that if the latter only made a determined effort, he might win the hand of his fair guest, while her anxiety to have him marry the regicide's daughter had at length become so great that she would have been willing to have had him abate somewhat his fasting and prayers; nay, she was even beginning to wish that the Sabbath sermons had been less full of brimstone and hell-fire, for then Lydia might have been less shy about owning the covenant.

"Is Joe going to ride with you this afternoon?" she inquired, seeing the girl putting on her cloak, and speaking as mildly as possible.

Lydia shook her head and replied, "I wish he would, yes, I really do."

"What is the matter now?" thought the dame, who fancied that she perceived in Lydia's words a certain tenderness for her nephew. "Here is the girl wanting Joe to go out and he won't go; what is the matter now? It must be Nancy Clark."

Leaving the old lady in this perplexed mood, the regicide's daughter hastened to the widow Bull's, where she had resolved to pass as many hours as possible during the next few days, for she felt that

Nancy needed some one to comfort her. As she walked along the street she appeared to those who met her, or who gazed at her from the windows, to be more than usually sedate. Her step, it is true, was as elastic as ever, yet she did not wear the careless, somewhat haughty expression, which she generally did; and Mrs. Philbrick, who had dropped in to gossip with Tom Hubbard's mother, declared that Charity Crabtree was mean not to tell more of what was going on between her nephew and this handsome stranger, who had caused such a stir among the young men of Hartford. Mrs. Hubbard rejoined by expressing her belief that the Captain could not do otherwise than marry the girl. She had been with him now almost a month, he had taken her riding on his pillion, a thing he never had done to any other young woman; in fact she declared that Wadsworth would be little better than a fool if he allowed such a handsome lass to escape him. Perhaps, had Mrs. Hubbard been blessed with daughters of a marriageable age, she might not not have discoursed in this charitable vein of Miss Goffe; certain it is, that Mrs. Philbrick, who had a couple of bouncing girls of nineteen and twenty, with faces a little too round, it is true, yet on the whole comely enough and with bodies no less finely developed than the regicide's daughter, felt extremely jealous of the latter. Her mother's eye blinded her to the fact that they lacked the air of nobility, the ambition, the breadth of mind, which had given Lydia such a hold upon Wadsworth, and that, had they been ever as beautiful, they could never have inspired him with a similar passion.

"True," said Mrs. Philbrick, "she's passably good-looking. But is she possessed of a spirit of godliness—which, after all, is the main thing? Mark my words, Captain Joe ain't likely to take a girl for his wife, who stays away from meeting and passes half her time in company with Nancy Clark—a strange being, as everybody knows, one who wanders off by herself when we're singing psalms and listening to the sermon, and in my opinion holds communion with the powers of darkness.

This was an objection which the other gossip found it difficult to answer, and so she kept silent. Her friend, however, went on and in a more animated voice—" don't you remember?" she said, "the queer turn things took at the husking party Captain Joe gave? I watched this new comer pretty sharp the whole evening, and I know she was at the bottom of the sin we committed on that never to be forgotten occasion. 'Twas she who got us to dance, and yet didn't dance herself—not she! She sat whispering to the stranger who was blowing into that horrid looking bag which squeaked

like so many dying pigs; and I believe if the truth were known, you'd find that 'twixt him and her there's more intimacy than there'll ever be 'twixt her and Captain Joe."

"Well, but she may change, now that Increase Mather has passed a day at Wadsworth's; the doctor has wonderful influence over folks, and one lecture from him would cure the girl of sabbath-breaking. No, I cannot believe that such an uncommon fine creature—and to tease her friend she laid great stress on the word uncommon—will refuse much longer to own the covenant."

"Well, she'd better make haste if she expects us to treat her any way civil. I don't believe in hold ing communion with the ungodly," rejoined Mrs. Philbrick, her jealous eyes all the while following Lydia, who by this time had nearly reached the bridge.

"Well, to change the subject," pursued Mrs. Hubbard, drawing her chair a little closer to her friend, "have you heard anything new to day? The times is awful dull; anything new, Mrs. Philbrick?"

"Not a word," replied the other. "Provoking, too, for I know there's lots going on; always is when things look smooth. My gals has been spinnin', and I've been churnin', and we aint heard a word."

"Well, I have got hold of something, something that'll cause a heap of talk—just guess what it is, Mrs. Philbrick."

"Shah! don't keep me waitin," returned the other, withdrawing her head from the window, "for goodness sake, speak out."

"Well, Miss Clark has been driven from home and is now staying at the widow Bull's."

"No! really?—truly?—Is it a fact?"

"True as I'm here," continued Mrs. Hubbard.

"Well, that—is—news!"

"But, Ma, you ain't heerd all," said Tom Hubbard, who had just dropped in to visit Dorothy. "I've heerd something that's done me more good than if I'd found a hundred pine-tree shillings in the road. Ha—ha—ha! I wish I'd been there to see it. Ha—ha—ha!"

"What is it, my boy? what is it?" cried his mother. "Don't fool us Tom, or I'll box your ears; speak out, or go about your business." But the lad who wanted to try their patience did not say a word, and it was not until he had placed himself next to Dorothy, and nudged her with his elbow, that he went on. "Old Israel Barebones," he said, "got a drubbing. Yes, Mrs. Bull laid a rope across his back, and made him scamper and 'holler' as if a nest of hornets was after him—ha, ha, ha!"

You'd never have thought he had a sore foot to see the tracks he made for the door, ha, ha, ha!"

"Not possible?" exclaimed in one voice his mother, Mrs. Philbrick, and the Misses Philbrick.

"Why, she's bragging about it all over town," pursued the lad; "her tongue's a goin' clatter, clatter, like a mill wheel in a freshet."

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated Mrs. Hubbard, "that is news worth hearing."

"Verily, we live in wonderful times," returned Mrs. Philbrick, "in wonderful times. How will it all end?"

"Don't know and don't care," pursued Tom, grinning. "If there's only a jolly row, that's all I want; ha, ha, ha!"

"But when did this happen?" inquired Dorothy.

"The day Increase Mather was here, my love. Old Barebones took him to the widow's to see if there wasn't a devil livin' there, and sure enough the ruling elder found one—ha, ha, ha!"

Leaving them to discuss this exciting piece of news, we will return to Lydia, who is now within a step of the bridge, at this moment crowded with people, among whom she espied Adams, and as he was gazing down at the stream she hoped he would not discover her going by. In this, however, she was disappointed. Scarcely had she set foot on the bridge when he turned round, and on his

face was the same bloodthirsty expression which had shocked her so much once before.

"Why do you shrink from me?" he said, in a smotherd tone and placing himself beside her. "If you knew how I feel toward you, Miss Goffe, you would treat me differently. When I tapped my finger on this dagger a few evenings ago, and swore vengeance against a certain person, you grew white with terror and havn't got over it yet. Stay—do not walk so fast—listen to me."

Half afraid of opposing him, Lydia halted: "We used to be friends, Adams," she replied, "speak, I will listen."

"Oh yes, Miss, friends, firm friends—and if you have liked me as I have liked you, our friendship will not break for a trifle. Havn't I known you since you were a babe? Didn't I guide Prudence Garlic through the wilderness, she carrying you in her arms, to where your father was concealed? Think of the reward I might have obtained had I revealed the place of his retreat. Many a time have I been asked by the King's friends, who knew that I roved through every part of the country, if I could tell them ought about Goffe the regicide. But I was never even tempted to betray him, no, never."

"May the Lord bless you for your fidelity," murmured Lydia, who saw in him now, only the same kindly being whose visits to the log cabin had made such happy breaks in the monotony of her forest-life.

"Well, Miss, it is because I am your friend that I wish to shield you from every evil; even this will I use if need be to prove it," and as he spoke he again clutched the handle of his dagger. "But tell me, who was that stranger who played the bagpipes at the husking?" The girl did not answer. "Can you feel any thing but hatred for him?" continued Simon, in a voice low and soft—yet no tiger's eves had ever glared with more fury than did his at this moment—"since it must have been he who caught that fatal glimpse of your father, for I am sure the old gentleman peeped into the barn to look at the dancing. Oh tell me, Lydia, tell me his name? Do not fear that I will reveal it to others; my tongue is not a woman's tongue; it can keep a secret. However much you may once have liked him, now you can only view him with loathing. Do tell me his name; only this dagger and myself shall possess the secret."

Lydia trembled—what could she do? One of Simon's rough hands was clasping her wrist, in her very agitation he could read the truth of all his dark suspicions.

"Yes, he betrayed me," she sighed, "but I will not betray him. Synnot's blood shall not be on

my hands; no, no!" Then fearful of meeting Adams' glance, she turned her face away and stood without answering his question. It was whilst she was in this perplexed state, hardly knowing what to do, that Jacob Japheth came up. The poor fellow had evidently some trouble of his own, for he did not whistle, or offer his hand in his usual frank, jovial way, but without any ceremony pulled Lydia's sleeve and told her that he wanted to speak with her apart. This proved for the girl a happy escape from Mad Adams, who with a muttered oath allowed her to free her wrist and walk off with the tithing-man.

"I suppose, Miss," began Mr. Japheth, looking her full in the face, "that the tavern-keeper has been telling you what happened yesterday at the widow Bull's, and I see it has worried you. Well, so it has me. Nothing that has occurred in Hartford for a twelvementh past has made me feel so bad."

"Oh, yes, the poor widow!" exclaimed Lydia, glad to have the current of her thoughts changed.

"And the poor young woman now living with her," pursued Jacob, "'twas thinking of her, that kept me awake the past night. Oh, what am I to do?"

"Well, what is the trouble now, is my friend ill?" inquired Lydia.

" No, not ill. But you must know that our

ruling elder has proposed to have a cage got for sabbath-breakers—he's been talking to the people about it the whole day, and somehow they appear more willing to listen to him than for merly. And Mr. Barebones has threatened to have me put out of office unless I make a complaint against Nancy. He says my blind eye shau't excuse me any longer; and I have promised him to do my duty more faithfully. But how can I complain against her—dear, good soul? No, by jingo, I won't! I'll sooner resign. Folks 'll not think so much of me perhaps; they may not give me any more shoes to mend, and as my wife can't do a stitch of work I'll be hard pushed to get enough to feed and clothe my family; but for all that I'll let them turn me out of office, rather than injure your friend." Here he paused a moment and brushed away a tear. "But you'll promise me, Miss," he continued, "to try and get Nancy Clark to go to meeting. Oh, do! not that such a religious, gentle body needs to sing psalms, and listen to sermous on hell, an hour long; but the law against sabbathbreakers is plain, and unless she obeys she'll have to suffer."

"I promise, Mr. Japheth, to do as you request," replied Lydia. "But what if she were to go to meeting and I still continue to absent myself—what then?"

"Then, Miss, 'twill be you they'll set in the cage.
Oh, dear, dear! may I never live to see that day!"

"You never will, sir," exclaimed Lydia in a firm tone. "A revolution is coming, and these absurd laws will be trampled under foot. Yes, Mr. Wadsworth's sublime idea will be realized, and we will enjoy religious as well as political freedom."

Mr. Japheth shook his head. "I wish I had your faith in the success of the Captain's conspiracy," he added. "But now, Miss, I must leave you; yes, I'll have to go. See! yonder is Mr. Barebones waving his hand." With this Jacob Japheth hastened down to the river bank where the ruling elder was calling him, while Lydia remained a few minutes watching the movements of the latter, and found that he was having one of his new-fangled ducking stools placed between the willow tree and the bridge. Although the air was chilly, Israel Barebones had thrown off his coat, and with sleeves tucked up, was evidently much excited over his work, while his hat, which had blowr into the water, did not seem to give him a moment's thought, nor did he say thanks to the urchin who was trying to fish it out. "It's not to punish the flesh, I'm doing this," he exclaimed, in a loud tone, as Mr. Japheth came up, "Oh, no, it's for the good of men's souls and, for the honor and glory of God."

These words so vexed Lydia, that she would not

stay to hear more, and with a defiant expression and a toss of her head, resumed her walk to the south end of the town.

"Aye, you and I agree about him," whispered a voice, after she had proceeded a few steps. "But there are so many Israel Barebones in the country that I'm afraid ducking stools won't be done away with, unless Captain Joe succeeds in rousing the people to revolution."

"May the Lord prosper his scheme," replied Lydia, quickly recovering from the agitation which Adams' unwelcome presence had caused. "Oh, if I were only a man."

"You'd be worth a regiment," pursued the tavern-keeper. "But, Miss Goffe, do you know, what I am going to do, if I get a chance? I'll cut this new-fangled machine adrift, as I did the old one. Ha! what'll Barebones say then?"

The girl smiled, and was on the point of telling him that if the cage for sabbath-breakers arrived, it, too, must be thrown into the river, when her attention was drawn to a woman who was running towards them, snapping a rope above her head, and whose whole appearance was that of a creature escaped from Bedlam.

"I thrashed him yesterday," screamed the widow Bull, for it was she—"the hypocrite! the toad! the scullion! And he won't get over it in a month; no, by all the sharks he won't! This rope, God bless it, has thrashed many a lazy lout aboard the Polly Ann. But it never was laid across such a varmint as the one it walloped yesterday. Oh, Israel Barebones, don't your coat smell of tar?"

Mrs. Bull's voice was vibrating between a roar and a yell; her face was livid with rage, and her hood, which had fallen back, had let loose a mass of flaming red hair, done up in ringlets and tied with ribbons of various colors. Lydia perceived at a glance the danger to which the good woman would expose herself, unless she immediately held her tongue; so, catching the rope, she endeavored to pull it out of her hand, and at the same time implored her to be still. But as well might she have tried to hold fast one of the shrouds of the Polly Ann when it was blown about in a squall.

"I can't, Miss, I can't help it," cried the widow, softening her voice a little when she recognized her friend. "No, I really can't help it. There's a hurricane inside of me and it's got to blow out; let me go!"

But Lydia, who firmly believed that the dame was bent on giving the ruling elder another castigation, grasped her frock and held her back with all her might and main, and as she was strong, though not quite as powerful as the widow, the course of the latter was sufficiently retarded to allow a third party to overtake her. This was Nancy Clark, who had been chasing Mrs. Bull all the way from the cabin.

"Oh, Lydia, do help me bring her home," the young woman gasped; "or, or, dear knows what'll happen."

"But you can't stop me," screamed the widow, breaking loose from both of them, "make way, folks; room, room. I want to show up the biggest varmint in Connecticut."

With Lydia, still retaining a slim hold of her gown, and Nancy following as close as possible, Mrs. Bull now pushed her way among the people, who, as soon as they had heard her voice, had turned from the ducking-stool and given her all their attention.

"I say, Israel Barebones," cried the rash creature when she had gained the side of the bridge and looking down at the river bank, "I say, how does your back feel to-day? you vile persecutor of women! Things may be workin' to suit you, but by all the sharks you'll be sot on your beam-ends yet. See if you won't, you long-faced, shabby old devil!" By this time the multitude was pressing so close upon her, that she was nearly forced over he railing; the rope was cutting all kinds of figures in the air, while her left arm, as well as her right, was moving swiftly to and fro, up and down and in every direction.

For a moment, but only for a moment, the ruling elder turned and gazed at her. "Miserable creature," he sighed, "it must be done; but 'twill be for your own good. I bear you no ill will, no, not a mite. The assault which you committed on me I take as a punishment for my own transgressions. God's laws must not be broken with impunity. Oh, unhappy woman!"

The younger members of the crowd appeared to relish the scene immensely, and amongst them was the irrespressible Tom Hubbard, who, after telling his budget of news to Mrs. Philbrick and his mother, had gone out and joined the stream of people who were directing their steps to the river.

"Hurrah! scold him, pitch into him, he deserves it," yelled the lad; then dropping close to the ground, he remained hidden a moment until the effect produced by his words had passed off.

"Aye, but if she gets ducked for this?" whispered Dorothy, who had followed her lover unawares, "you'll wish you hadn't encouraged her; and yet what she says is all true; Mr. Barebones is a detestable man."

The elder portion of the crowd, however, were very grave and shook their heads, while one of them, a tall woman—who held herself so erect and stiff, that you might have thought she could not

have swerved from the road to Zion, if she had tried—declared that it was time to call the constable. "The law says, whoever uses too freely his tongue shall be ducked three times over head and ears," remarked this pious soul. "Methinks Mrs. Bull meriteth such a punishment." So thought Mr. Barebones as he tapped Jacob Japheth on the shoulder, then spoke a few words to him.

"Aye, let her be ducked," cried a number of voices, "let her be ducked."

The widow heard what they said, and sudder ly stopping the movement of her arms, turned and faced them with a bold, contemptuous air. "Sharne on ye," she cried. "I'm only one against a hundred, and it is too late to escape your verdict. I was advised the other day to flee from Hartford; but it ain't in me, a sea captain's 'widder' to scud. I'll face the storm, no matter how hard it may batter my timbers, and like the Polly Ann, I'll go down with colors flying."

While she was speaking the wind kept tossing her ringlets about, fluttering scandal in the eyes of the spectators and causing many a groan. In vain 'did Lydia implore her to be silent; in vain did Nancy tug at her frock. Once set a going, Mrs. Bull was not to be stopped by any human being, and her husband when alive had often and often wondered how she had been able to scold by the

hour without losing breath. The dame had just told the people that she would go down with colors flying, when a short, bandy-legged individual pushed his way up to her, and taking her arm, informed her that she must go to jail. For a moment she turned on him her flashing eyes; the hand which held the rope trembled; she was hesitating whether to surrender peaceably, or serve the constable as she had served Mr. Barebones. Lydia shrewdly guessed what she was thinking of, and snatching the cord out of her hand, thrust it into her own pocket, then turned and left the crowd.

"We can do no further good by staying here," she whispered to Nancy, "I've got the piece of rope which I'll keep till Mrs. Bull is released. Let's be off and not remain and see her carried to prison."

The two friends, accordingly, walked away in the direction of the widow's cabin, anxiously canvassing the scene which they had witnessed, and grieving over the certain punishment which would be inflicted on the good woman.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The door of the Hartford jail was a hard door to open, and the bandy-legged official grew red in

the face and looked compassionately at his fingers before he could make the key go round. It took at least five minutes to overcome the rust which had accumulated in the lock, but the delay was a god-send to those who had followed the prisoner from the bridge, for it gave them an excellent opportunity to study her countenance. During the paroxysm of rage which Mrs. Bull had given way to, her dress had got much disordered. One sleeve was torn, so was her apron, while the rosettes with which she had decorated her shoulders had gone fluttering down into Little river, and were by this time far on their way to the Connecticut.

"Mrs. Philbrick, of course, was among those who were now staring at her. So was Mrs. Hubbard, and their groans and the occassional rolling of their eyes showed how much they were scandalized. Mr. Japheth, too, was present, his arms folded on his breast and evidently profoundly affected; while Tom Hubbard's countenance indicated a violent struggle between the pleasure he took in the exciting scene and compassion for the victim. But Wadsworth was not among the gaping crowd. His aunt, however, who had been looking out of the window and seen the people hastening towards the south end of the town, was standing with Mr. Genness surveying the culprit as if she wanted to devour her. Quick and nervous

were the jerks of Miss Crabtree's top-knot, more cat-like than ever were her eyes.

"Tis a punishment she hath richly merited," quoth Mr. Philbrick to Simon Adams, as he rested his arm on the publican's shoulder. The latter instantly drew back with a scowl on his face, and nothing restrained him from openly expressing his opinion of ducking stools, whipping posts, and cages, but the fear of losing his position as keeper of the Bunch of Grapes. "What aileth thee, sir?" inquired Mr. Philbrick, greatly wondering at his conduct.

"Oh, would that I dared speak out," muttered Simon. "May damnation rest on those who approve of such persecution as this." And now the door swings slowly back on its hinges, a damp, grave-yard odor comes out of the prison, and with a shove from the constable Mrs. Bull passes in. In another moment the door closes, Mrs. Philbrick and Mrs. Hubbard congratulate each other on the reformation which has began in Hartford, and the crowd slowly disperses.

The room where the widow found herself was not mean as to size, for it covered the whole length and breadth of the building. Two diamond-shaped windows, one on each end, and sufficiently high to prevent anybody escaping, allowed a dim light to penetrate barely enough to reveal the names of former

prisoners rudely carved upon the wall, while in a corner was a pile of straw, threshed out dear knows when—certainly it looked as if it might have been brought from Massachusetts by the Rev. Mr. Hooker, or some of his parishioners, in 1636. After surveying her new quarters and deciphering a few of the names, Mrs. Bull put her hand in her pocket to feel for the old tarred rope, which had kept green so many happy memories; then sighed as she remembered that Lydia Goffe had taken it away.

Long, very long did that day seem -it was more like a week than a day; but at last the nine o'clock bell rang and she lay down on the heap of straw and tried to fall asleep. It was midnight, however, before she got dreaming of the Polly Ann. The little vessel was hove to under storm staysail, the wind howling through her shrouds and spars like ten thousand demons; horrible sea monsters were swimming around her, and the captain, standing at the wheel, with a death look on his face, was crying out, "wife, wife, farewell!" Oh, it was a dream to make one's blood run cold, and glad, very, very glad, was the widow when she opened her eyes, and heard the cocks crowing, for she knew that morning had come again. The rain was pattering on the roof, but that did not matter; fair weather or foul, this day would end her imprisonment and she would be once more with Nancy and Lydia, the kind friends who had tried so

hard to prevent her falling into the hands of the constable, and who were now the first to enter her mind, as she awoke out of her troubled sleep. After she had arisen, and whiled away about an hour walking back and forth the length of the jail, she heard footsteps and voices, then the door turned on its hinges and the constable, accompanied by Israel Barebones, entered. Hateful as was the sight of both these men, the good woman smiled and even said, "how d'ye do," as they appeared; for she believed they had come to lead her to punishment, after which she might be allowed to return home. In this, however, she was mistaken. The constable carried on his arm a basket well filled with good things prepared by Nancy and her friend-and which the widow would certainly not have needed if she were so soon to have been set free-while the ruling elder held a ponderous bible in one hand and the Bay Psalm-Book in the other. "Why, you bring me enough, methinks, to last a week," she exclaimed, raising the lid of the basket. "What does it mean?"

"You may have need of all these tarts and slices of bread and bacon, unhappy woman," responded Mr. Barebones, his solemn voice dying away in a ghostly echo among the rafters. "Although you have merited the punishment of ducking for the foul language you used yesterday in presence

of the whole town, yet I would not have it inflicted such weather as this. It raineth pitchforks."

"Well, what if it does?" said the widow. "Oh, I beg you deliver me from this vile hole. I'm sure there are rattlesnakes under the floor—ugh!—since I'm to be plunged into the river what matters it if I get wet going there? Oh, sir, duck me to-day, do, do!" But the good man shook his head, then presented her the books.

"Although the light here is dim," he said, "typical of the condition of your soul—yet your vision is good, and these volumes will help pass the time, besides furnishing wholesome and much needed nourishment to the spiritual part of your being." Here the prisoner burst into a jeering laugh, and turned away, declaring by all the sharks that she would never read the scriptures again as long as she lived, norsing another psalm.

"Unhappy creature," sighed the ruling elder, "the Evil One hath thee in his clutches sure enough; but I shall pray for thee—" then addressing his companion, "and do you likewise pray; it may not be too late." With this he placed the books on the floor, the basket near them, then gazing a moment at the prisoner with a mournful expression, he made the constable a sign and they departed—the door creaking dolefully as it hid them from view—while Mrs. Bull was left listening to the rain drops,

cursing the laws of Connecticut, and wondering how she had ever lived in Hartford one hour after the foundering of the Polly Ann.

All that April day she paced back and forth in a frame of mind, which was not very becoming a Christian, and when the dim light grew dimmer and night once more closed around the jail, she threw herself on the heap of straw and cried herself to sleep.

The second morning of her incarceration opened warm and clear, and her heart was so filled with joy at the sight of the sunbeams which came streaming in through a crevice in the wall, that she fell on her knees and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving. "Surely," she said, "Israel Barebones will have no excuse now for prolonging my imprisonment."

The sun, however, had risen many hours before she was allowed to catch a glimpse of the blue sky—yes, it was noon ere the people began to gather in the vicinity of the jail. But when she heard them coming, oh how glad she felt, and among the voices she could distinguish Tom Hubbard's burly laugh, and Mad Adams giving somebody an angry response. Then in a few minutes more, the key turned in the lock and the constable, followed this time by the selectmen, entered.

The latter cast an approving glance on the Bible

and Psalm-book. But their edification lasted only an instant, for Mrs. Bull hastened to declare that she had not touched either of the volumes, then urged them to perform their duty at once and not afflict her with a sermon; while Tom Hubbard poked his head in the door and shouted—"bring her out! a day and a half is long enough to be shut up in that hole."

Presently, the widow appeared before the assembled crowd, and as she descended the steps of the jail she tossed back her head in a defiant manner and clenched her fists.

"That's right, give it to them!" again shouted saucy Tom, his eyes sparkling with excitement. Suddenly, the prisoner turned and gazed haughtily on the ruling elder, who had glided to her side.

"Yea, verily have I prayed for thee yesterday and this morning; oh, sinner, repent ere it be too late," were the good man's words, as with hands clasped he accompanied her across the green.

"Get away from me!" she exclaimed, "the like of you destroy religion ins ead of giving it to folks."

But Mr. Barebones heeded nought that she said to him-his lips moved in silent prayer—burning zeal was stamped on his countenance, and Miss Crabtree, Mrs. Philbrick, Mrs. Hubbard, and nearly every woman who gazed at him, declared he had the look of a prophet.

Thrice as they went along did young Fubbard glance at the good man's toes and sigh for another chance to stamp on them; while Jacob Japheth, with head bowed low, walked close to Mad Adams, whose angry expression pleased him, for it showed that the tavern-keeper did not approve of the widow's punishment.

Little river, owing to the rain, was found to be very much swollen; and its dark, angry current, broken here and there by whirlpools and clashing logs which had escaped from the saw-mill above, was roaring under the bridge with an ominous sound; while it had so over-flowed the bank that the ruling elder had employed a man to construct a causeway of stones as far as the ducking-stool, in order that the prisoner might not wet her feet going there. This foolish piece of work sorely tried the gravity of the spectators, while the widow showed how little she appreciated the goodman's attentions by wading through the water-which was ankle deep—till she reached the chair. There she stopped and as she gazed at the flood rushing past, her undaunted bearing for a moment gave way and turning round, perhaps for sympathy, she met the indignant countenance of Adams who was standing near the tithing-man. Without wasting any time, Mr. Barebones now divested himself of his coat and prepared to assist the constable in the

performance of his duty; for this improved piece of mechanism being an invention of his own, the good man was very anxious that on its first trial it should work well.

The bandy-legged official suggested that owing to the freshet a cord might be prudently used to secure the culprit in her seat: whereat Mr. Barebones nodded, and drawing a rope out of his pocket was about to step on the narrow causeway when he hesitated—but only for an instant, then regardless of a titter which he knew came from the lips of Tom Hubbard, walked boldly through the water to where Mrs. Bull was standing, murmuring as he went, "I, too, am a sinner, so let wet feet be a part of my penance."

It required but a moment for the chair to be drawn on the bank and the prisoner placed in it, after which he proceeded in the gentlest manner possible to make her fast.

"No need of that," cried the dame, snatching the rope away and flourishing it over her head (to Tom Hubbard's inexpressible delight, for the lad was sure she was going to give the ruling elder another thrashing.) "I vow I won't be tied; I'm Captain Bull's widow and the Polly Ann didn't fear the waves; come, do your duty." With this, she flung the cord into the stream.

"May the Lord give thee to see the light," sighed

Mr. Barebones, eying her compassionately. "Unhappy creature, how I pity thee!"

"Hold on tight, goodwife," cried Adams in an earnest voice, "hold hard to the iron braces; do, I beg you."

"Aye, aye, when I get to sea man," answered Mrs. Bull, then in a lusty tone—"heave away, lads," she shouted, "heave away!" Whereat not a few of the spectators burst out laughing; the majority, however, seemed moved with indignation at what they considered her perverse spirit of ungodliness and shook their heads.

The constable now seized his end of the pole (the other end, as we remember, was inserted in a ring at a point where the three braces met above the sinner's head) and endeavored to push the chair into the current. But Mrs. Bull was an exceedingly heavy woman, so he beckoned Adams to assist him. At this request the tavern-keeper ground his teeth-could be refuse when all Hartford was looking on? His wrath, however, got the better of his judgment, and approaching the official he whispered, "I'll see you in Limbo first." The constable's under jaw fell, but quickly recovering from his astonishment, he beckoned to Mr. Japheth. Poor Jacob! What a sinking of the heart came over .him at this moment! How he wished he might have exchanged places with Mrs. Bull! The

struggle, however, was brief; his kindly feelings prevailed, and telling the constable that he was a poor hand at such work since his last attack of rheumatism, which had left him with very stiff joints, he slunk back in the crowd.

"Why don't you heave away?" exclaimed the prisoner, impatiently, and with her hands grasping the iron rods. "I say, why don't you heave away?"

"We will, we will," responded Israel Barebones, going himself to the aid of the constable. Then closing his skinny fingers round the pole, and rolling his eyes towards the heavens, "push," he said, "push."

Their united strength just sufficed to shove the chair four feet beyond the bank; then elevating the pole, down went the widow deep, deep in the stream. Then, presently, up she came dripping and shaking her locks. Half a minute was allowed her to catch her breath, when once more the chair disappeared beneath the surface. As it rose for the second time, Mrs. Bull—who till now had kept her mouth pretty well closed—shouted, "Hurrah! I feel like the Polly Ann with her storm-staysail set. Hurrah! heave away! who wouldn't be a sea-captain's widow?"

"Unhappy woman!" groaned Israel Barebones, he allowed the ducking-stool to plunge again into the raging torrent, "verily, Satan hath a firm hold on thee. But I'll pray, I'll pray."

"Enough, the law's fulfilled; she's been thrice dipped; enough,"\* exclaimed Tom Hubbard, as soon as she re-appeared.

"Yea," said the ruling elder, drawing the chair on the bank. "And yet a dozen plunges would scarce get Beelzebub out of her."

"If I were she," whispered Miss Crabtree to Prudence, "I'd do nothing the rest of this blessed day but drink hot catnip tea, 'tween as many blankets as I could wrap round me."

"Aye, the chill must have got deep in her bones," returned Goody Garlie; "poor creature!"

"Poor creature! Bah!" exclaimed Charity. Then raising her arm—"but look," she continued, "look! As I live, if there isn't Miss Lydia!"

Sure enough, the girl at this moment was seen advancing towards the widow—who had refused the help of the ruling elder's hand, and was now standing on dry ground, brushing back the hair from her face.

"That's right; don't let him touch you," cried Lydia, giving Mr. Barebones a withering glance. Then taking the widow's arm she led her away, regardless of the gaping multitude, who wondered at

<sup>\*</sup> Mass. Rec. Vol. IV. P. 513—"Three times over head and ears."

her daring to show so much compassion for a sinner, and not a few of whom declared that the Captain of the train-band would make a great mistake if he chose such a lass for his wife.

"Alas!" sighed the ruling elder, as he watched them depart, "alas! what is the world coming to?"

As for Miss Crabtree, she did not he sitate to tell Prudence that if Lydia was not yet a fallen angel, she was going down hill very fast. At which remark the faithful nurse shuddered, and sighed—"it all comes from that meeting in the forest. Oh, Lord forgive me! why did I not take better care of her that night?"

But, whatever others might think and say of Goffe's daughter, Jacob Japheth and Adams did not conceal their satisfaction; and while the latter gave a cheer, the cobbler whistled a merry tune and declared that his rheumatism had suddenly left him. Tom Hubbard likewise smiled and squeezed Dorothy's hand, nor could little Faith Genness help rejoicing in her own quiet way.

But where was Wadsworth? why had he not shown himself on this occasion, when his presence might have made the tavern-keeper more respectful to the vindicators of the law? More than one member of the train-band questioned his aunt about him, and it grieved them to learn that their chief was confined to his bed with a fever. Mr. Bare-

bones, especially, was anxious to know why he had stayed away, and begged Charity to tell him that a reformation had commenced, and that the widow's ducking would bring a blessing on the town.

In the meanwhile, Lydia was hurrying Mrs. Bull to her home as fast as the corpulent dame could go. "Nancy," she said, "is all ready with hot tea and warm blankets, and there's a fire burning that'll do your heart good to look at."

"Thanks, thanks," replied the poor woman, her teeth chattering and leaning heavily on the girl's arm—"oh, what would I do without you?" Then after a pause, "but, Lydia dear—I—I hope there's a little—a little rum mixed with the catnip?"

When they reached the cabin they found Nancy waiting for them on the threshold, nor would the young woman let the dame enter until she had given her a hearty embrace; then, without any ceremony, Mrs. Bull was brought as near the fire as she could get without scorching, after which she was disrobed and buried deep in a feather bed, then covered with dear knows how many blankets and quilts, until she implored the girls not to pile on anything more. As soon as this part of their duty was accomplished, Lydia threw a fresh armful of wood on the fire, while her friend began pouring out the tea—at the same time telling the goodwife that she must drink a pitcher-full.

"But don't blow on it, Nancy," cried Lydia. "It must be scalding hot or it won't do a bit of good."

Nancy, always obedient, at once put the cup to the dame's lips and poured a few drops down her throat. Instantly, the poor woman raised her head and gave a cry of pain. "Oh, you're killing me." she said, rubbing her throat, "you're killing me."

"But you have to drink it," pursued Lydia, advancing and taking the cup in her own hand, "yes, you have to drink it; the hotter the better."

But strong-willed as Lydia was, in the widow she had her match, and the latter vowed she would not touch another drop until it had been cooled, and some rum added to it.

Accordingly, the tea was placed outside the door for a minute, after which a little of the dame's favorite beverage was poured into it, and then, to to their great delight, she swallowed the mixture.

The whole of that day and the next the good woman kept her bed, Nancy Clark anxiously watching by her pillow, and at one time the latter feared she was going to be very ill. But the dame always assured her that she would weather the storm, and that when once she got on her keel again—she was fond of using nautical terms—she would be all the better for the ducking. Lydia, too, was devoted to

the poor soul, and visited the cabin morning and evening, and during one of her visits she held a long conversation with Mrs. Bull about the laws of Connecticut, and the widow was enchanted to find that the regicide's daughter agreed with her on every point. Nancy, however, did not open her lips while they were criticising her native colony, and from her silence it was evident that she did not view the Puritan statutes in the same light as her friends; for however harsh these might be, she knew that the men who had framed them had followed as near as possible the code of Moses. Moreover, the young woman had made up her mind to be in future what her mother had been, a strict member of the Church.

The morning after the ducking two persons called to inquire how Mrs. Bull was getting on. The first who came was the ruling elder, bringing with him some herbs gathered the summer before, and which he urged Lydia to give the dame in case fever set in. But after she had allowed him to unfold the object of his visit, the girl scornfully motioned him to leave the house, and he went away murmuring a prayer.

The other visitor, Jacob Japheth, received, we need scarcely say, a very different welcome; and the honest fellow stayed more than an hour cracking jokes and inspiring the regicide's daughter with a greater regard for him than ever. "I'm no longer

for me and my family, even as he sent ravens to feed Elijah. Folks are pointing their fingers at me, and few are the shoes I now get to mend; but God will provide enough –I trust in Him," and he ended by whistling a merry tune. Before he said good-by, however, he became grave, and turning to Nancy urged her to change her ways. "Do, Miss Clark," he said, "go to meeting. I have been dismissed from office because I refused to complain of you; but the man who has taken my place is as unbending as iron, has two eyes instead of one, and will bring you to grief unless you change. Oh, yes, do go to meeting, and take your friend with you."

"No, no," exclaimed Lydia, "Nancy and I will say our prayers at home—no brimstone sermons for us. If they dare put us in a cage we'll teach them a lesson which they'll not soon forget."

Alas! Miss, what could you do?" pursued Mr. Japheth. "The whole settlement would be arrayed against you, and——"

"Enough!" interrupted Nancy, speaking in a tone which surprised him as much as it did Lydia and the widow. "Enough! I will take my friend to the house of worship; so dismiss all fear, sir, on our account. Next Sabbath you will find me in the old seat which my dear mother occupied, and Lydia next to me,"

At these words the regicide's daughter gave her friend such a look that the latter almost burst into tears. But the cloud quickly passed from Lydia's face, then seizing Nancy's hand, "we are very unlike," she said, "in our natures; very, very; yet our friendship shall not be broken; no, never. If you wish to go to meeting, go! My prayers shall be said at home. We journey by different roads, yet, I hope in the end we will both reach Zion."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

A WEEK has gone by since the ducking of the widow. The snow has entirely disappeared, except, perhaps, on the north side of some rock where it seems determined to remain as long as it can; the song sparrows and robins have returned; the swallows are chasing one another in and out of the barns, and skimming over the meadows, where they greet the bees who have ventured out of their old-fashioned straw hives in search of dandelions and daisies; while towards evening the frogs croak in chorus along the river bank and tell you that spring has really come. Every plow is at work, and Tom Hubbard, after he has taken his supper, amuses himself making a scarecrow, which he intends to

set up in his father's field, and which he declares will frighten off the cunningest raven that ever stole corn. Mrs. Bull has suffered no ill effects from her punishment, and with a couple of bran new rosettes on her shoulders, is at this moment standing on the threshold of the cabin enjoying with Nancy the delicious air, and wishing there was no such season as winter.

"Why doesn't Lydia come?" said the young woman gazing up the road. "I've a mind to go see what keeps her."

"Humph! perhaps the Captain's fever is worse." responded the dame. At these words the countenance of Nancy fell. "I only wonder, Miss, he didn't take sick long ago, seeing how he has bothered his brains with that wild idea of driving Andros out of New England."

"What he aims at will one day come to pass," rejoined the other. "God is with him; Wadsworth cannot fail." Here Mr. Japheth came up, and shaking the widow's hand, told her how glad he was to see her looking so well. "And what a beautiful evening!" he continued. "I wish my Kitty could enjoy it."

"How is she," inquired Mrs. Bull, stepping back to let the cobbler have a seat on the threshold.

"As usual; no change, and there won't be any until the death-rattle. I don't know what she'd

do if it wasn't for her Bible. That's a wonderful comfort. What a misery 'twould be if she couldn't read! then she'd have nothing to do all day but stare at the wall."

Presently, he clasped his hands and with a bitter laugh—"it's going," he said, "to be hard scratching for me this year."

"And why more than last, unless you get bedridden, too? Then indeed your cup would be full to the brim," remarked the dame.

"Well, there's not much fear of that," replied Mr. Japheth. "But work will be slack—aye, very slack; for since I've been deprived of the office of tithing-man, folks look upon me as a black sheep, and I'm not getting a single shoe or boot to mend. But let's talk about something else -here comes Miss Lydia. I call her the blessed Lydia; and you Miss,"—turning to Mr. Clark's daughter—"I call you the blessed Nancy; you are both so kind to my wife and children."

Lydia, though her step was firm and her bearing erect, wore on her countenance this evening a look of uneasiness which startled the friends who were advancing to greet her.

"How is he?" whispered Nancy.

"Worse! I watched at his bedside all last night and this is the first time I've been out to-day."

Mrs. Bull repeated Nancy's question, while the

cobbler listened attentively to everything that was said about Wadsworth, and when the girl had told them all they wanted to know, Mr. Japheth shook his head.

"Poor Captain Joe," said he, "I don't wonder he's ill; aftersetting his heart on a republic, to have Mr. Barebones talk the people out of it is enough to drive a body like him crazy. True, I always thought it a wild scheme; but it must have taken no common brain to conceive it, and if the people hadn't had their heads so full of ducking stools and cages, and were not so afraid of taxes, why I do believe there might have been a chance of our becoming free under such a leader as Wadsworth. But as it is, I think the ruling elder's peace policy will prevail."

"Shame on him," exclaimed Lydia, the blood rushing to her cheeks. "He's an arrant coward. I'm a woman, but I'm worth a hundred Israel Barebones."

"Wadsworth will see his dream come true," said Nancy, "the Lord is with him." This remark was followed by a deep silence, and Lydia who had entered the cabin, turned and gazed out of the further window which commanded a view of the school land. She was yet looking in that direction, when Nancy approached and put her arm round her waist. But the regicide's daughter still kept her eyes fixed on

the same spot and appeared not to notice her friend. She saw Mr. Clark leaning against a plow and with him two men, one of whom she recognized as the same who had been dismissed from the train-band, and the sight made her blood boil. "There," she murmured, "is the father of my friend taking possession of what does not belong to him," and anything but gentle words were on her lips when, presently, Nancy pressed her cheek to hers. The struggle, however was brief; no, she could not quarrel with the poor outcast.

"We will stay friends," she said, "in spite of that," pointing towards the group in the field.

"Oh, I see," replied Nancy, "may the Lord forgive me for the part I myself took in bringing it about. Father, father!"

"Well, at least you need have little fear on his account," pursued Lydia. "Since the pusillanimous address of your ruling elder, all spirit seems to have vanished from the train-band, and your parent can now go about praising Andros and his royal master with impunity. Indeed, I have half a mind to return to the wilderness; yes, I do believe I would if it were not for my father—I hate to dwell among cowards."

Presently, Nancy drew her friend away from the window and Mr. Japheth, who was tired of listening to the tirade against the laws of the colony, which

Mrs. Bull had been pouring into his ear, sat down beside them on the bench and asked how much hope there was of the Captain's recovery.

"A great deal," answered Lydia. "Low as he is, death would have hard work to master him—he has so much vitality. He'd fight it inch by inch and not do as I think Israel Barebones would—cross his arms, say 'God's will be done,' and exchange worlds as humbly as if he were going to meeting."

"Is he delirious?" whispered Nancy. "Do you think he'd know me if I went there?"

"Yes; although his mind wanders, you are constantly in his thoughts. Once last night he rose up in bed and called your name, and in such a loud wailing voice that his aunt must have heard him. He spoke, too, of a horrible dream which she had had about you and me; oh, it was awful to listen to."

At these words, Nancy fell on her knees and clasping her hands, began fervently to pray. The widow motioned Mr. Japheth not to interrupt her, while Lydia scarcely breathed, as her friend supplicated Heaven in behalf of Wadsworth. At length, with a cry of joy; "God has heard me!" she exclaimed, "God has heard me! No, no, he will not die!" then rising to her feet she threw herself on Lydia's breast and burst into tears.

Mr. Japheth turned to the widow as if to ask

what she thought of this strange scene, while the dame with uplifted hands and a look of awe on her countenance, murmured, "she's had a sign from the Almighty—Captain Joe is sure to live!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

NEVER did sister watch by a sick brother more devotedly than Lydia nursed Wadsworth during the next ten days. She wore herself out at his bedside, for she knew that she owed him the deepest gratitude for his hospitality to her aged parent, and moreover, the welfare of New England, perhaps of all the colonies, depended, she firmly believed, on the Captain's recovery. She did not yet realize the change which had come over the people, since the speech which Israel Barebones had delivered in reply to Increase Mather, wherein the ruling elder had denounced the conspiracy against the government and had counseled them to rest all their faith in the Almighty.

Miss Crabtree would often knock at the door and ask how the patient was getting on, as well as offer to relieve Lydia from her tiresome duty. But the girl preferred not to have Charity in the room.

The dame's hatred of Nancy Clark was already bitter enough, and to have heard Wadsworth so often mentioning her name in his delirium, and the strange revelations which he sometimes made of their early intimacy, would but have intensified the aunt's aversion for the young woman. Mad Adams, however, she allowed to enter the sick chamber as often as he pleased, and sometimes she would let him take her place for a while in order that she might enjoy a little fresh air.

"What a puzzle she is," he would say, "what a puzzle she is. If she doesn't love the Captain, why is she so devoted to him?" Then a fierce look would spread over the publican's face as he thought of the stranger who had been so friendly with her at the husking party; but it would quickly pass away when he recalled her inspiring words to the train-band on the green. "No, no," he would murmur, "my suspicions must be groundless. Why should she be other than what she appears? was ever a countenance more frank? No, the girl cannot be a hypocrite." Every day, Lydia would take a hurried walk as far as the widow's cabin and report to Nancy the sick man's condition. But it was no easy matter to reach the other end of the town, for on all sides she would be hailed by anxious people, every one of whom had a dozen questions to ask about the Captain. Moreover. Adams had told

them how devotedly she was nursing Wadsworth, and many a knowing wink would accompany the question—" How is Captain Joe to-day?"

To which she would sometimes respond by saying that it was their base falling away from his scheme of independence which had caused the brain fever; and that they deserved to have the school land taken from them and given to Nathaniel Clark, since there was not enough courage left to fight for their rights. Once Nancy's father overheard her speaking thus to one of the train-band, and he could not but admire her spirit and think what a dangerous person she might have proved if the rest of the townfolks had agreed with her. "Yes," said he, "her personal appearance, her stinging words, her boldness, are well calculated to make her a woman of influence, and such as Wadsworth might indeed covet for a wife. Oh, why have I not a daughter like her? If the Captain recover, I wonder will she marry him?" This question Mr. Clark was asking himself one afternoon as he stood in front of the tavern and while the girl was approaching on her way to the widow's house. He observed her careworn face and knowing the cause, determined to inquire how the patient, whom she had been so tenderly nursing, was getting on; and should she tell him that the chances of his living were few, what good news it would be! "Yes,

I will speak to her," he said, as she came up, "and get as much information as I can. Ha! how her eye flashes as she sees me looking at her." But Mr. Clark was not to be deterred by Lydia's repelling glance. His impudence equalled his cunning; and assuming as mild an expression as he was capable of, he thus addressed her: "Pray, Miss Garlic, how is Mr. Wadsworth to-day? Although I frankly confess he and I are not of one mind on certain weighty questions, nevertheless, as a fellow townsman I take no little interest in him. 'Twere a pity to lose him—has his fever broken?"

It would be impossible to describe Lydia's contemptuous look as this wily partisan of King James thus dared make believe he wished anything but ill to the chief of the train-band. She could have struck him, so deep was her indignation; and, moreover, he had called her Miss Garlic, when there was little doubt that he knew her real name.

"Do you take me, sir, for a fool," she exclaimed, "that I should lose a moment talking to the basest citizen of this commonwealth? What care you about Wadsworth? His death would fill you with joy, and you'd not lose an hour sending the glad tidings to Andros. Learn, however, that he is recovering and will live to thwart your wicked machinations and punish you for so cruelly treating the gentlest and worthiest woman in Hartford.

Oh, Mr. Clark, your soul ought to wither at the thought of your daughter cast adrift from home. I almost wish she might die and haunt you. No ghost would ever have done a better work."

"Well, how is she? living with Mrs. Bull?"—remorse for a moment getting the better of his selfish, unfatherly heart, and speaking in a milder tone than Nancy herself had ever heard him use.

"Yes, and loving you more than you deserve. But enough, sir; let me go my way. I have already lost too much time." With this, she left him.

It was Thursday, lecture day, and the green in front of the old meeting-house was crowded with people, among whom she could readily distinguish the commanding figure c? Mr. Barebones, as usual the center of a group of men and women, whose grave countenances in acted the interest they were taking in his words, and although anxious to reach Mrs. Bull's house—for Wadsworth had passed an excellent night and she wanted as soon as possible to give Nancy the cheering news—Lydia could not help tarrying a few minutes to hear what the ruling elder was saying—she suspected it was something about whipping-posts and ducking-stools.

"Why have ye allowed these instruments of punishment to fall into disuse?" he was exclaiming. "Can ye expect the Lord not to visit ye with severe trials if ye do not immediately hearken to the voice of His Church? Cease, therefore, to plot against the King. God in His proper time will cast him from his throne. What would independence benefit ye, if your spiritual condition were neglected and Beelzebub installed sovereign over ye? Already I tremble when I hear of the increase of witches in the land. It is a woeful sign—beware! Mend your ways in time, brethren; let religion, not politics, have the first place in your hearts."

The tavern-keeper, who was one of the group, scowled and uttered an oath at these remarks; but Mr. Philbrick and nearly all the others nodded approval, while Tom Hubbard, jr., uttered a cat-call and dropped on his knees so that his father might not discover him. Lydia's countenance, however, like that of Mad Adams, flushed with anger—to stay and not give Mr. Barebones her opinion of him was an imposibility. Let him serve her as he had served Mrs. Bull, it mattered naught to the daughter of the regicide.

"Men of Hartford," she exclaimed, pushing her way among the people," do you value your rights so little that Israel Barebones can make you bow your necks to Andros? Is self-government worth nothing in your eyes? Think you that when the tyrant has crushed Connecticut as he has Massachusetts,

he will stop there? Will he not close your meeting-houses, and bring over bishops like Laud, who will root out every vestige of the Pilgrim fathers: I detest many of the laws which your ministers have induced the General Court to pass; but when episcopacy shall have been set up in your midst, it will entail even greater evils than ducking-stools and cages for sabbath-breakers. Men of Hartford, independence is worth fighting for; be not afraid of heavier taxes and bloodshed; Joseph Wadsworth will lead you to victory."

We need scarcely say that every eye was turned on the bold intruder; Mr. Barebones' under jaw fell, Adams' face was wreathed in smiles, Tom Hubbard Clapped his hands and gave a faint cheer, while those who were members of the train-band felt their ears tingle with shame.

It were difficult to say what answer the ruling elder might have made to this appeal, had not an incident occurred just as Lydia had finished speaking, which quite changed her own thoughts as well as diverted the attention of the crowd.

Riding towards them at a leisurely gait, clad in the scarlet uniform of the British army, and with lace and epaulettes betokening an officer of the staff, was the same person whom they had seen more than once before carrying dispatches from Andros to Governor Treat. Captain Synnot had already espied Lydia, and it was perhaps because her eyes were fixed on him that he had drawn in the reins so as not to pass too quickly by. He made no sign, however, that he recognized the girl whose face had become all at once deadly pale, and who had to summon all her resolutions to keep from falling to the ground.

Mad Adams, with the expression of a tiger, had viewed Henry Synnot a moment, then turned and was now piercing Lydia through with his flashing eyes. Did the tavern-keeper read her thoughts? Did he know the agony she was suffering, believing as she did that the officer had come with a troop of horse to take away her father? Adams' hand clutched the hilt of his dagger. "It is a mystery," he said to himself—"a dark, damnable mystery! but 'twill soon be unravelled—with his heart's blood I'll find it out."

Captain Synnot had gone perhaps fifty paces from the green, and was about touching his horse with the spur when he heard a voice calling him, and looking round saw Lydia approaching. This action on her part filled him with astonishment. What might not the people suspect? Was there any danger brewing which she wished to warn him against? She seemed agitated, and the hand raised towards him trembled.

"Do you come alone, sir, or with a band of hire-

lings?" she hurriedly asked, and paying no heed to the words of greeting which he addressed her.

"Alone, Miss Goffe," he replied, bending down and speaking in a whisper. "Why need I attendants? Have the townfolks risen against the King's authority? Pray, what does your look and question betoken?"

Anxiety for my father, whom it seems you have discovered. Alas! the fatal secret which escaped me the night we first met, and which I rashly believed was safe in your keeping, has been followed up with all the adroitness of a practiced spy; and you have revealed it to Nathaniel Clark, and of course Andros knows it, and—oh, base betrayer!" Here her voice failed her, she did not weep, her feelings were too deep for tears; while Captain Synnot, who as soon as she had begun speaking had dismounted, was too overcome by the accusation brought against him to answer at once with the energy he otherwise might. He endeavored to grasp her hand, but she indignantly repelled him.

"Begone! do not touch me," she said.

"By Heaven! you have not spoken what was true!" he exclaimed, at length, seeing that she was about to leave him. "Listen but a moment—give me a chance to prove my innocence. Your father's hiding-place was discovered, not by me, but by Mr. Clark, and I confess that he urged me not to lose a

day bringing the news to Sir Edmund; but never will I betray you—no, not for a kingdom; I would sooner die."

"Well, how, sir, could Mr. Clark have found out my parent's hiding-place," said Lydia, fixing her eye steadfastly upon him, "unless through you? He did not come to the husking."

"But he hovered round the house, Miss, and looked in through a window and saw the old gentlemen as he was peeping out of an inner room. I did not tell you of this, knowing the anxiety it would cause, and I need scarcely add that the information I am now giving you must be kept from reaching Mr. Clark, or 'twill fare ill with me."

"God be thanked!" cried Lydia, in her joy unable to restrain her tears, and now letting the officer take her hand. "God be thanked! my dear father is safe; oh, yes, Henry Synnot, I will trust you; I will indeed, and you may trust me."

"And let me continue your faithful lover," he said, pressing the hand which but for the curious eyes staring at them he would have brought to his lips.

Suddenly, brushing away a tear and looking towards the green—"I must caution you, sir," she whispered, "against a great peril; your life may be attempted while you are in Hartford. This I would have told you, even had I not ceased to be-

lieve you had betrayed me, for I could not forget that you once saved me from death."

"I am armed, Miss Goffe," he replied, with a slight curl of his lip, "and will deliver the despatches I carry in my saddle bags to your Governor at every hazard. But tell me at what hour and place can I meet you before leaving the settlement?"

"Nowhere," a blush rising to her cheek as she spoke. "The less we are seen in each other's company the better. Beware of an assassin. My own eyes shall be on the watch for you. Good-by!" With this she withdrew her hand, and giving him a glance full of meaning, continued her way to Mrs. Bull's cabin. Nor did the expression of wonder which sounded in her ear as she passed along the edge of the green, cause her to stop a single moment, nor did she make any reply to one or two ill-natured remarks. She walked on as though she heard nothing, and in a little while reached her friend's house.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

HAVING delivered his dispatches to Governor Treat, Captain Synnot hastened to Nathaniel

Clark's. The warning which Lydia had given him he could not disregard, and the more he reflected upon it, the more he wondered that the people should so often have allowed him to pass to and frounmolested; for the accounts which Sir Edmund had received since his arrival in Boston, all indicated a great though subdued excitement throughout the colonies, which at any moment might break out into open rebellion.

Nancy's father evidently expected him, for the two arm-chairs were drawn close to the hearth, the fire was burning brightly, and several arm-loads of hickory were piled near by.

"It is not the first time I have seen you to-day," remarked his host, with a knowing smile, as he took the Captain's hat and sword.

"Ha! I saw Miss Goffe stop you. What a bold thing she is!"

Did any lurking suspicion cross the speaker's mind as he thus addressed his guest? If so, nothing on his countenance revealed it. And as if this meeting between the Captain and the regicide's daughter had left but a slight impression, he immediately went into an adjoining room to give an order, and on his return introduced quite another topic.

"Now, tell me, sir," he began, laying his hand on the officer's arm, "what did Andros think of my great discovery?" This was a most natural question for Clark to put; one, too, which his guest had fully prepared himself to meet; and knowing that his answer would not be satisfactory, he looked the other full in the face as if to repel the scowl which might come over it.

"I have not yet informed Sir Edmund," replied Henry Synnot. "His Excellency has business enough to worry to death stronger men than he, and this piece of news will bear keeping until a future day. The regicide is safe enough under your watchful eye; surely, he will not leave Hartford unless he suspects danger."

Mr. Clark, as we may imagine, was thunderstruck by this announcement. He could not control his feelings and with an angry shake of the head—"wrong!" he exclaimed, "wrong!—unwise! —perhaps too late—alas! why, Captain, I did not believe you could be so lukewarm in the matter.'

The blood for an instant rose to the officer's brow, and his flashing eye showed the temper which these words had provoked. But having, as we have already said, expected his host to manifest some displeasure, he allowed the remark to pass unheeded.

"Oh! yes, sir, you have been very remiss—pardon me for saying it," continued Mr. Clark. "Goffe

already knows that his retreat is discovered and he may any hour return to the spot which so long effectually concealed him. No, it would not astonish me if he were to escape this very day."

"Well, 'twould be your fault if that were to happen," rejoined the other. "Have you not been careless in speaking with the town-folks? You think you have friends among the train-band; are you sure they have not been playing false?"

"I have not breathed a word of it to any of them; I was too shrewd. But—" here he covered his face with his hands and for more than a minute did not open his lips; the hard-hearted parent was struggling with himself. Yet, when he looked up you could perceive no softer expression on his face; nothing to indicate that Nancy was forgiven. No! his thin lips, firmly pressed together, told only of pitiless resentment.

"Well, then, who did let out the secret of your discovery?"

"Who? Ah, one I confided in as I did in my own self. It was she betrayed me—she whom you must have already missed since you crossed my threshold to-day. Aye, my own daughter divulged the secret." Here, Vr. Clark could not restrain his feelings, and a tear moistened his eye. But it was indignation, bitter disappointment, the crushing of so many bright hopes, not remorse for his

treatment of Nancy, which caused this momentery exhibition of grief.

"I have punished her well, however," he continued. "I have sent her off. I don't care what becomes of her." With this, he rose and began pacing up and down the apartment, while Captain Synnot remained in his arm-chair, thinking what a brave young woman Miss Clark was, and how little her meek face revealed her true character. Of course, he could not openly take her part, but he said nothing in condemnation of what she had done and allowed her father to call her many harsh names, until, tired out and irritated by his calmness, Mr. Clark resumed his seat and began questioning him about Sir Edmund's plans in regard to the charter.

"His Excellency." replied Synnot, "has made a further demand for its surrender, and it is this brings me again to Hartford. Perhaps, you think the Governor is lukewarm in the matter—" as he spoke he turned towards his host with a smile—" and that he ought to make haste and seize the instrument. But the truth is, he has so much to occupy his thoughts in Vassachusetts, that he cannot spare time to come to these parts. Moreover, you yourself counseled against using any force at present. But tell me, has not Dr. Mather been here lately?"

"Yes, and such a ringing of bells you never heard as when he passed down the street with Mr. Wadsworth—in whose house he lodged during his stay holding the bridle of his nag. The day after he arrived there was a meeting held there, at which he urged the people to resist by force of arms any encroachments on their liberties; which advice accorded well with Wadsworth's great idea of revolution. But when he had done speaking, Israel Barebones, the ruling elder, answered him with wonderful boldness conjuring his hearers to abstain from bloodshed and to leave everything to the Almighty. It was, indeed, a very important meeting, and has wrought a great change in the feelings of the people, who from being loud in their boasts of opposing His Excellency, now speak only of the heavy taxation which war would surely bring upon them. But to make matters still more in our favor, Joseph Wadsworth, the head and front of the opposition, is very low just now with brain fever. In fact, I believe nothing has saved him from the grave but the nurse who, for ten days and nights, has watched at his bedside. Oh! what a girl she is!" At these words he glanced slily at the officer. "Who may she be?" inquired the latter.

"Why, the one whom I once told you he longs to marry—the same who has proved to be the regicide's daughter - the lass who made so free as to stop you to-day while you were passing the green. Did you not notice that her cheeks had lost much of their bloom? It was the sick room took their color away." For a moment Mr. Clark was tempted to ask his guest what Lydia had said to him, but he feared the latter's hasty temper, and moreover, it was not his policy to break with one who held a position on the staff of the Governor of New England. He, therefore, changed the subject and began speaking of the school land which now belonged to him; and rubbing his hands, informed Captain Synnot that the town folks had not made much ado about it—a sure sign that their spirit was broken.

"And it shows how tame a brave people may become," said the other, "when their leader is not with them. Wadsworth's recovery may, perhaps, kindle anew the flame which once burned so fiercely in their breasts."

"I doubt it," said Mr. Clark. "Besides, 'twil' be months before he recovers strength enough to go about and harangue them; and by that time Sir Edmund will have the charter safe in his pocket." Here he stopped and gazed earnestly at the burning embers. "But I would rather, "he continued, "they might keep their charter and all their rights; aye, I'd rather be dispossessed of the

school land than have Goffe escape. No, no, that must not be. Captain, I beg you return as soon as possible to Boston, and implore His excellency to send without delay a body of troops to arrest the hoary-headed regicide. Do, sir, do."

"I mean to return this very night," said the officer, whose mind, at this moment, was occupied with the warning Lydia had given him. "Strange," he thought, as he leaned back in the chair, "strange! here is Mr. Clark assuring me that the excitement among the people has subsided, and yet the girl told me to beware of my life Might it be some private vengeance? Did this Joseph Wadsworth recognize me through my disguise at the husking, where I showed her so much attention? And to-day every body on the green must have observed the manner in which she addressed me; and how I took her hand. Butnever mind; I have a brace of pistols and a sword, and I'll make a good fight against a dozen of these rustics." During the next half hour and until the servant announced that the evening meal was prepared, Captain Synnot hardly opened his lips. He felt for his host a greater contempt than ever, a the same time he could not help despising his own self for the part he was playing. All the promptings of his nature bade him side with liberty, yet every day he was proving himself more and more

the trusted officer of the tyrant Andros. His was indeed an unpleasant position, and yet to throw up his commission would draw upon him the suspicion of his excellency unless he were immediately to return to England. And were he to adopt this last course he would place the ocean between himself and Lydia Goffe, But one thought offered him any comfort, and that was rebellion at home. "Aye," he said to himself, "if the King were dethroned and succeeded by a wise monarch, then these colonies would I believe remain tranquil, and I might continue in the army without doing violence to my feelings. But alas, I see no immediate prospect of a change. Oh, Wadsworth! Wadsworth! your vision of independence deserves to come true.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

AFTER her brief interview with Henry Synnot, Lydia continued her way to the widow Bull's, where she spent the rest of the afternoon helping the good woman mend some house linen and filling Nancy's heart with joy by giving hopeful answers to all the questions the latter put regarding Wadsworth. But her friends noticed that whenever she was not directly spoken to, she would relapse into a brooding state, quite unusual to one whose spirits had always seemed as gay as a lark's; and although Miles Standish, whom she had found at the cabin, did his best to cheer her up by rubbing his head against her gown and putting first one paw, then the other on her lap; it was all in vain, she paid no attention to him. Nancy, who had seen the British officer arrive, guessed that Lydia must be dreading some danger to her parent; and when, just as the sun was going down, the girl rose to depart, she accompanied her a short distance beyond the threshold. "Tell me," she asked, "has Captain Synnot brought any soldiers with him to arrest your father? If Wadsworth is not yet able to leave his room, you and I might rouse the trainband! Where is Mad Adams? Yet surely I must be mistaken; there can be no immediate danger or you would not have remained with us so long this afternoon."

"You are right, Nancy," said Lydia, "were father in peril I'd before this have rallied around the the few brave spirits left in Hartford. Although Israel Barebones has made many cowards, still I know there are some who would hasten to defend Colonel Goffe."

"And Simon Adams would be a match for half a

dozen of Andros' men; he's a tiger when he's roused," said Nancy.

At these words the other shuddered—she recalled the savage look of the tavern keeper, and the way he had clutched his dagger, when he had arrested her steps on the bridge a fortnight before. Then pressing her friend's hand, "I must hurry away, dear Nancy," she said, "I must hurry away. Although my father is not in danger, I cannot remain a moment longer—good night!"

Her friend would fain have detained her, and inquired the cause of her anxious expression;—she knew something must have happened. What could it be? "Has her strange manner anything to do with Captain Synnot," thought Nancy, "I believe she loves him, yet I know she hates the master he so faithfully serves."

Presently, the young woman re-entered the house—herself less cheerful than a few minutes before—and Miles Standish, planting himself at her feet, gave her one of those solemn looks which Wadsworth had so often observed. "What does the oreature mean," thought Nancy, "staring at me in that way? one might believe he was trying to tell me something. Oh, Wadsworth, Wadsworth! it seems an age since I gave you Miles. What a link he is between us! when you see your shadow think of me, when you think of me—remember your vow."

Leaving Nancy and the widow we will now follow Lydia and again enter with her the abode, where the regicide has found such a hospitable retreat. The sun had disappeared below the horizon, and when she opened the door she found Miss Crabtree in the act of lighting the lamp, while to her wonder and delight there sat the Pequot, in front of the blazing fire, telling her father and dame Garlie all that he had done since they had left him alone in the log-house; and she smiled an instant as she heard him say that the cow and sheep and old Jack had safely arrived and were at that moment in Wadsworth's barnyard. Presently, she glanced towards the library where she thought she could distinguish the sound of voices, and among them that of her host. She had hoped on her return to find him seated with Colonel Goffe in pleasant conversation and not worrying himself about any exciting subject-who could he be talking to unless Mad Adams? It was not likely he would invite any body else into his sanctum. "What a pity," thought Lydia, "to have a man just recovering from brain fever and scarcely fit to leave his bed, roused as Captain Joe now is."

"No—I do not approve it—open war," exclaimed a voice which she knew to be his, "open war; but not—" here the tone fell as if the speaker did not wish to have the rest of the sentence over-

heard. The girl fancied, however, that she could distinguish the word-Murder; at the same time Colonel Goffe shook his head and declared it was a pity the chief of the rain-band could not be kept quiet a few days longer-while Miss Crab. tree, who since Lydia's unceasing care of her nephew during his illness had become thoroughly convinced that she loved him, whispered to her not to let Mad Adams trouble Wadsworth with politics. "I'm sure that's what's brought him here," she added. "He came a half hour ago looking glum, and scarce nodded to any of us-but making a sign to Joe who was warming himself by the fire-took his arm and led him into the library where they've been ever since, disputing about something. Pray, Lydia, has anything unusual happened?" The girl shook her head, then turning to the Pequot—gave him a look which he understood, and rising from the bench, the youth followed her into the barn. But even there, where it was almost certain no one else was present, she scarcely dared trust a whisper; since she had learnt how Nathaniel Clark had discovered her father's hiding-place, even the walls, might have ears; not an evening had passed that she had not drawn the curtains over the windows—and now before she opened her lips she gazed up into the dusky hay-mow-then into each one of the stallsand even raised the lid of a bin where corn was kept, and thrust in her arm to feel if perchance it might not conceal an eavesdropper.

"I want you, Christian," she began, "to render me a service for which I shall ever be grateful. It may incur some risk; but you are no coward. Are you willing to help me?"

"What you say is true," replied the Indian, "Christian no fear anything. My tomahawk is hanging in the big room; my arrows are new; who has wronged my flower?"

"Oh, do not speak of your weapons, nobody has injured me. I only want you to go somewhere with a message."

"But you talked about risk; then why not take tomahawk and arrows?"

Seeing how determined he was, she made no further opposition. Indeed, the only thing she feared was that in going to Mr. Clark's abode—where Henry Synnot was probably staying—he might be discovered by Adams, and thus draw on himself the suspicion of the erratic tavern-keeper.

"I am ready—speak—I go," pursued the Indian.

"Hush, not so loud," whispered the girl—then, after listening a moment, she began: "I want you to follow the road which runs by this house until you come to a bridge, cross it, then continue on till you reach a stone dwelling on the left hand side.

You can't miss it—'tis the only stone house in Hartford. There ask for Captain Synnot, and if he is in, give him the following message: 'She whom he once saved from death begs him to leave the settlement this very night—he must not stay till morning.' You understand?"

Christian slowly repeated her words, then going back for his weapons sallied forth into the street, and in less than ten minutes was knocking for admittance at Mr. Clark's door.

When Lydia returned to the fireside she found Miss Crabtree with a frown on her face, which passed away, however, as soon as she appeared.

"He's still in the library worrying my nephew about dear knows what," said the dame. "Henceforward, Miss Lydia—at least until he's quite strong I'll put my foot down and not let Adams cross the threshold. No, nobody but, you shall go near Joe. 'Twas your nursing saved his life, and I'll not have your good work undone by a scapegrace—half crazy tavern-keeper."

The girl made no response, but stood quietly beside her father's chair, now gazing down on his white locks, then turning her eyes towards Wadsworth's study; while Goody Garlic, who narrowly watched her countenance, felt sure her charge had some trouble on her mind, for it was not her habit to be so silent. Why had she gone into the barn with the Pequot? And why had the

Indian come back, then departed, carrying with him his tomahawk and bow?

In about five minutes the door of the library opened and Wadsworth advanced towards the hearth, his feeble gait and wan face indicating how very ill he had been. Adams was following, but instead of taking a seat by his chief and waiting to partake of the evening repast, he walked sullenly out of the house, glancing at Lydia as he went and muttering something she could not understand, but which she had only too much reason to dread were words of evil omen for Henry Synnot. Nor could she wonder that Simon entertained bitter feelings against him. "Poor fellow!" she said to herself, "he has set his heart on my becoming the wife of Wadsworth. Yes, he hinted it broadly enough the last visit he paid us in the wilderness; and indeed such a match would strike most people as very proper, for my views quite agree with those of the Captain of the train-band in regard to independence; and, moreover, my parent and myself are sojourning under his roof. But no, no, I cannot be his wife—I love another. Adams suspects as much and knows that he is an officer on Andros' staff. Yet, alas! while Henry Synnot is serving King James, I would not accept his hand should be offer it." And the sorrowful expression of her face grew deeper as she thought of this barrier between them.

The fire continued cheerfully to blaze; her father, garrulous old gentleman, tried to make her see fantastic images in the embers; Miss Crabtree patted her every few minutes on the head; Prudence rallied her for her despondent looks—all no purpose. The crackling sparks flew up the chimney - the cricket chirped—still Lydia remained in moody silence; and when she took her place at the supper table she hardly ate a mouthful.

The only person who did not seem surprised at her manner was Wadsworth whose countenance was if possible even less cheerful than her own. He had learned from the tavern-keeper how she and the British officer had met that day near the green; and distressing as were the suspicions which Adams had conjured up, he could not altogether disbelieve them. Yes, his scout had actually seen the officer press her hand, and had offered to produce a hundred witnesses of the fact. Then, he recalled the dream which his aunt had told Dr. Mather. Was it coming true? Had the devil, indeed, whispered in Lydia's ear? She certainly went no more to meeting on the Sabbath, nor did she attend the Thursday lectures. "But in that vision," he soliloquized, "my aunt saw Nancy Clark whispering to her-no, it was a lying dream as far as that young woman is concerned-Nancy is good -Nancy is sure of heaven-O would I were half as sure of it as she! Poor Nancy! Haunting memory! Wherever I go I hear her warning voice. When I was ill I could swear I saw her kneeling near my bed, and Miss Lydia declares that once I shrieked her name. Here Wadsworth looked nervously round and shuddered as if he had seen some horrible object, while drops of perspiration moistened his brow.

"Ah, Joe!" exclaimed his aunt, shaking her top-knot over him, "you're not looking as well as a couple of hours ago; you're excited about something. If you're not careful, you'll get a relapse, and then even Miss Lydia's nursing may not rescue you a second time from the grave. I was in hopes since Israel Barebones had delivered his harangue in favor of peace, that you had given up your scheme of rebellion; yet I'm sure you and Mad Adams have been talking war. Fie on him, for not knowing better than to worry a sick man with such matters! Fie on him!"

Wadsworth let her talk on, and we may rely upon it the dame did not finish her scoring of the publican, till the latter had been called many a rude name; and she wound up by handing her nephew entirely over to the keeping of Lydia. The girl could not help blushing and casting her eyes on the floor when the aunt came to this part of the exhortation, for she did not doubt that Simon

had informed her host all about her interview with the officer; and while the old lady entertained so exalted an opinion of her, what place must she hold in Wadsworth's estimation?

"I thank Miss Lydia, a thousand, thousand times for her unceasing care of me, during my illness," murmured Wadsworth; "you could not have handed me over to the keeping of one in whom I take a profounder interest." These words he spoke without lifting his eyes from the fire; his arms were crossed on his breast, and his voice, though low, was earnest and full of deep feeling. "Which ever way I turn," he soliloquized, "the horizon is dark. If my vow was a vow which I am not bound to keep and the learned and pious Dr. Mather says it was prompted by the devil-then am I powerless to resist the passion I feel for the regicide's daughter. I have prayed for strength yet I am weaker than ever. O Nancy, what would you say if you could read my heart? How you would despise me! And Lydia, bewitching creature! what is this Adams has been telling me about you? Oh, who will explain my aunt's horrible dream?" Here his head sank on his breast and he remained with closed lips for more than an hour. Colonel Goffe tried to engage him in conversation, Prudence pulled Lydia by the sleeve and urged her to say something to rouse him from his stupor, Charity almost cried; but there he sat

heedless of their entreaties to return to his couch. Once only did he look up and then his cavernous eyes turned upon Lydia, but the girl seemed to shun his gaze. Her own arms were folded. She was not thinking of him, nor of her father, nor of Nancy Clark, nor of the widow Bull, nor the bedridden Mrs. Japheth, but of one whom she loved with an intensity which she could not explain to her own self—the very spot on her hand which he had once kissed seemed again to feel the pressure of his lips. She could not much longer remain indoors. The hour was growing late, it was time for her to seek repose, but for Lydia Goffe, there was to be no sleep this night; Henry Synnot's life was in danger, she would hazard her own to save it. "Woe to Adams if his dagger finds its mark," she said to herself, suddenly rising from her chair—"I can strike as desperately as he."

She was anxious that the family should retire to rest, so that she might slip out of the house unseen, and rightly judged that if she led the way up stairs the others would presently follow, and then, when they would be all asleep, her chance would come. Accordingly, she bade them good night, and withdrew to her bedroom, wishing that dame Garlic were with her, for ever since Wadsworth had appeared to her there in his sleep, she had felt a horror of being in it alone. But never had she felt

so nervous as now. The lamp flickered and seemed every moment on the point of going out; the ancient chair, in which her host's father and grandfather had breathed their last, loomed up to double its usual size, and when she glanced at the horseshoe on the bed post she half fancied she saw a witch standing by it. "What a fool I am to be so agitated," she said to herself, just as Goody Garlic appeared; "and yet I can't help it; I may see blood to-night."

Half an hour later the house was silent. Lydia had heard her father, Miss Crabtree and Wadsworth ascend the staircase; Prudence was already snoring—now was her opportunity. With heaving heart she rose and softly put on her gown. There was no fear, however, of awakening the old nurse—scarcely anything less than an Indian war-whoop could have done that—it was Miss Crabtree's ears the girl most dreaded, for they seemed ever on the alert.

In order, therefore, to make as little noise as possible, she discarded her shoes and put on her moccasins, then having clasped her hands and breathed a short prayer, glided out of the room and down the staircase, which creaked in the most provoking manner. Once on the lower floor she was safe and felt tempted to stay a moment and warm herself by the smouldering embers. But

there was no time to lose—perhaps Adams had already set out on his evil mission; so throwing her scarlet mantle over her shoulders, she gently raised the latch and went on her way. It was a sweet spring night—the frogs were croaking—the air was scented with clover blossoms and wild flowers-and under other circumstances Lydia would have enjoyed a walk at this hour. But now only one object engrossed her thoughts-where was Mad Adams? The nine o'clock bell began to ring as she hurried along in the direction of the Bunch of Grapes, and when she had got to within a short distance of it, she halted and listened. "Yes," she said, "that's his voice bidding some one goodnight. Honest publican, how careful he is to close his door at nine! Thank God he has not yet gone to lay in wait for Henry." Presently, she heard footsteps approaching, and in another moment Christian was by her side. "Did you deliver my message?" she whispered, eagerly seizing his arm.

"Yes, he go way before morning," was the lad's response.

"Good! but tell me did Mr. Clark or any one else see you speaking to the officer?"

"Mad Adams saw me coming out of the gate, Miss."

Lydia started: "sorry, very sorry," she murmured. "This Clark is a partisan of the tyrant

Andros, who they say is enlisting Indians in his service. Oh, I am sorry. Adams will suspect that you went there for a bad purpose." To this Christian made no reply, but asked if she wanted him to do anything more. "Yes," said Lydia, "I want you to approach a few steps nearer the tavern, and see who that is shutting the windows." The Pequot obeyed, and soon came back to report that it was Simon. In another moment they heard him walk away. "Now give me your tomahawk," whispered Lydia, "and then return to Mr. Wadsworth's; but if you meet anybody don't tell where I am."

Christian, although sarprised at her strange request, allowed her to take his weapon; then shrugging his shoulders turned on his heel and proceeded towards the Captain's abode. It was not his purpose, however, to leave one in whom he felt such an interest, alone at this hour of the night, and bent on dear knows what mad freak. So, after he had advanced about fifty paces he stopped, listened a moment, then noiselessly retraced his steps.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

SWIFTLY Lydia glided along the street. She could not distinguish Adams' figure in the dark-

ness, but the sound of his footsteps guided her in the direction he was taking. As she had suspected he was bent on an errand of vengeance, and once when she had app ached perhaps a little nearer than was prudent, she heard him cursing the British officer, who he firmly believed had robbed the Captain of the wain-band of a priceless jewel. Then a laugh followed the curse-a laugh so wild that it sent the blood to her heart, and several windows flew open and the inmates looked out wondering at the sound. As it died away she clutched the handle of the tomahawk-Adams might accomplish his purpose but not without bringing swift retribution on his own head. Soon Lydia and the one she was following had crossed the bridge, and in a few minutes more the tavern-keeper's footsteps ceased-he had stopped at Mr. Clark's gate. The girl's heart beat louder, and gliding on she presently caught sight of his figure leaning against the fence. At once she crouched down, and straining her eyes through the darkness anxiously waited for his next move. It was some time, however, before he changed his position; then, opening the gate and with body bent low, he glided up towards the stable, which was partly in the rear of Mr. Clark's mansion, and in the open door of which a lantern was glimmering. Lydia rose to follow, and had already entered the path when suddenly he came running back and she had barely time to throw herself flat on the ground when he hastened by. "He must have discovered something," she thought, springing to her feet just as he gained the road, "perhaps the Captain is saddling his horse, in which case I'd better warn him to leave town by another way. With this object in view she was on the point of going up to the house when the door opened and Mr. Clark appeared with his guest.

"A fine night," said Nancy's father.

"Yes, I would as leave travel now as in the day time," the officer replied.

Fearful of being seen by Mr. Clark, Lydia did not wait to hear more, but withdrew, resolved to follow Adams, whose tread she could distinguish going in a southerly direction, and who, little dreaming that anybody was on his tracks, did not stop again until he had gone a full mile beyond the confines of the settlement. There he halted and began carefully examining the ground on both sides of the road, at this point densely lined with haze't bushes, while a few paces back the forest trees reared their shadowy forms; and in the branches of one of them a screech-owl was uttering its doleful cry. It was the very spot to accomplish his fell design. The report of his pistol would hardly reach the ears of the guard on Wyllys' hill, should they be awake, which, however, was not at all

probable, for since Wadsworth's illness, the discipline and soldiery habits of the train-band had woefully relaxed.

Having selected his place of ambush he disappeared from view, and presently the girl, following his example, likewise hid herself among the bushes, whence she began anxiously listening for the approach of her lover. There was something awful in the stillness of the night, broken only by the voice of the owl, and it was perhaps to keep his courage up that Simon commenced in a few minutes to whistle and hack at a tree with his sword.

"He has taken more than one glass of liquor, before starting out," thought Lydia; "yes, I'm sure he has." Now and then the whistling would cease, he was doubtless listening for Captain Synnot. At length he became perfectly quiet, and she wondered if he might have changed his hiding-place. Yet this did not seem probable, for she had not heard a twig crackle; could he have fallen asleep? As this thought struck her, she got up and was on the point of advancing to reconnoitre, when she was startled by hearing her name whispered, and looking round beheld the Indian close by. "You move like a spirit," she said, "I thought you were at Captain Wadsworth's?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;No, Christian here," was the stolid answer.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Why did you not obey me?" To this there

was no response, and knowing how useless it would be to argue the matter with him, Lydia in a few words explained the object of her coming out at such an hour; then informing him that Adams was lying concealed not many paces off—bade him try and discover if he were sleeping—"and if he is," she added, "steal his weapons."

The Pequot nodded, then telling her to lay down again, proceeded to carry out her instructions. A quarter of an hour must have elapsed before he reappeared. How the girl's heart beat during that interval? Were Adams awake, what might happen, if he found the Indian crawling upon him? But Christian was a full-blooded Pequot and he performed his mission without stirring a twig or a leaf—as Lydia had said, he moved like a spirit, and almost before she could distinguish his dusky form he had placed on her lap the tavern-keeper's sword and pistol.

"Good, good," she whispered, "oh, I cannot thank you enough; and now, Christian, I once more beg you return to Mr. Wadsworth's. But as you cross the bridge throw Simon's arms into the river. Also, take back your tomahawk, I shall have no use for it."

The youth again pretended to obey; then, after he had been gone about five minutes, Lydia, rose and followed in the same direction. She wished to speak a few words with Henry Synnot, and preferred to meet him at a spot further away from Adams, who might be roused by the horse's tramp, and who, as soon as he missed his weapons, would suspect her of the theft if he found her conversing with the officer.

Captain Synnot and the daughter of the regicide met half way between Mr. Clark's house and the tavern-keeper's place of ambush, and it would be difficult to describe the astonishment of her lover when he found her all by herself on the high road at that time of night. Hastily dismounting, he asked what had brought her there.

"To make more certain of your safety," answered Lydia. "A short distance ahead lies one bent on taking your life. But I have stolen his arms, and now the danger is averted. Do not punish him, or heed aught that he may say, should the tramp of your steed wake him as you go by—he was sleeping soundly, however, when I left him a while ago."

"Brave girl!" exclaimed Synnot, "you are just what I took you to be the first time we met. Yes, Goffe's blood runs in your veins; to please you the wretch shall go unpunished. But tell me who was the Indian you sent to give me notice of this peril? I met him a short distance back, walking towards the settlement."

Lydia now briefly narrated what she knew about the Pequot—his faithful services to her father in their home up the Connecticut; and ended by expressing her sorrow that Mad Adams should have discovered him as he was leaving Mr. Clark's that evening. "All his race," she went on, "are suspected of being in the pay of Andros, and poor Christian may fall under the suspicion of the town folks."

Captain Synnot remained silent a moment. He could not deny that many of the Indian tribes had been bribed by Sir Edmund to side against the colonists, should the latter rise against his authority -and as Lydia went on speaking, he felt more keenly than ever, the difficult part he was playing. While he remained on Sir Edmund's staff he wished loyally to perform his duty; yet had he not already proved faithless? Had he not concealed what he knew of the regicide? Ought he now to reveal to Lydia Goffe, whom he almost worshipped, what he knew of Andros' plot with the savages? "No, I cannot, 'twould be dishonorable," he said. Then gazing up on the starry heavens, he uttered a fervent prayer that a change might take place in the mother country; that a more liberal monarch might come to the throne, one who would better understand how to treat the colonies. "Then," he continued, "this noble-spirited girl might return my

love; but while I serve King James, she never will."

Suddenly, and as if she had read his thoughts, Lydia withdrew the hand he was clasping, and in a voice which betrayed a shadow of scorn, "go sir," she said; "delay no longer. You have doubtless important dispatches for your master in Boston—go! I will stay and do my utmost to thwart his wicked schemes."

"We cannot tell what is in the womb of the future," returned Synnot.

"Do not reproach me, Miss Goffe. Let us hope a day may arrive when you will view with less disfavor the colors I serve under. Judge me with charity; and in Boston, or wherever else I may be, I vow that you—you alone shall have all my heart."

With this he dropped on his knee, and again seizing her hand pressed it to his lips. Lydia's bosom heaved. Oh, what would she have given to have spoken out all that she felt.

"May I hope," continued the officer, rising up, "that you will think of me now and then, and when you hear those who wear my uniform spoken ill of, say to yourself, 'there is one among them who loves liberty."

"I will," murmured Lydia; "oh, yes, I will." With this she turned away and left him to re-

resume his journey. Mad Adams did not hear him go by—at least the publican did not show himself—and with his heavy cloak wrapped round him the officer gave himself up to visions of happier days, which he could not help believing would come sooner or later; and neither the dismal voices of the owls nor the danger of perhaps being overtaken by Adams, prevented this night-ride through the forest from being the pleasantest in many a year.

Lydia, on her part, kept thinking of him as she hastened towards the north end of the settlement. "I love Henry," she said, "as I never could love Mr. Wadsworth; and yet the Captain of the train-band has all my sympathy, and I will uphold with my feeble power the cause he so dearly cherishes. Yes, these colonies have been long enough tied to England—the hour has come for them to govern themselves." As she passed the widow's cottage she thought of Nancyand breathed a prayer for the poor outcast. "Does Wadsworth," she said to herself, "know how much that young woman loves him? From the way he called her name during his delirium, I'm certain there was a time when he loved her. What secret reason can have made him turn against my friend? I hardly believe his aunt has influenced him."

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Suddenly, she came upon Christian standing on the edge of the green, evidently waiting for her. The girl's first impulse was to scold the youth for this second disobedience—but a moment's reflection convinced her, that he had refrained from going home through fear lest some mishap might befall her, and when he announced that Adams' sword and pistol were at the bottom of the river, she burst into a hearty laugh, then told him he would one day be well rewarded. To her astonishment, the Pequot shook his head, and in a sad voice murmured, "No, Christain never get his reward." What could be mean? Little did she dream how this untutored savage had fallen under the same influence which had captivated Synnot and Wadsworth, and that but for her he would not have remained so contentedly serving her father in their home up the Connecticut—"Oh yes," she went on, "you shall have plenty of wampun and a new blanket, and whatever may become of us, you shall be taken care of. I have friends in other towns besides Hartford."

"No, Miss Lydia," replied the youth, "when you leave me I go on the war-path." Here he brandished his tomahawk and gave a loud war-whoop.

"Hush! for mercy sake, hush!" exclaimed the girl. "That's a fearful sound to the white man's

ear. 'Tis well the folks are asleep, yet the guards may hear it." He did not repeat the cry, but walked beside her without opening his lips again, and in a few minutes they found themselves at Captain Wadsworth's.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

It is a lovely Sabbath afternoon in May, and since the night Lydia had thwarted the tavern-keeper's bloody design, two weeks have elapsed-weeks of sore trial for the girl. Miss Crabtree had unfortunately discovered her entering the house with the Pequot after Adams' sword and pistol had been taken from him, and we can imagine what the dame must have thought, and what she said next morning when the household met in the large first story room. Of course she had heard of Lydia's interview, in broad daylight, and before the eyes of half the town, with Andros' bearer of despatches, and had naturally concluded that the girl's nocturnal expedition had had something to do with the British officer. The result had been a violent quarrel between herself and Prudence, who through good and evil report stood by her darling Lydianot altogether disbelieving what was said of the girl-yet remembering how much she herself was to blame for the unhappy turn which affairs were taking. "Yes, 'twas all my fault," the old nurse would sigh, "all my fault; why did I let him kiss her hand that night we were entering the settlement? But if prayin' 'll do any good she'll vet get the best of the world, the flesh and the deviloh Lord, Lord, have mercy on her!" Then again, Christian, whom Lydia and her father were so attached to, had been warned by the select-men (who although they had lost faith in Wadsworth's scheme of rebellion, nevertheless dreaded what might follow, should the savages be given a fresh supply of powder and ball,) to leave Hartford, Adams having told them how he had discovered the youth coming out of Mr. Clark's house where no doubt he had gone to receive a bribe and swear fidelity to Sir. Edmund. And this tell-tale act had widened the breach between Simon and Lydia, who, whenever he appeared anxious to make friends, would turn on him an expression full of disdain; then suddenly a faint smile would play on her lips as she remembered the trick which she and Christian had served him while he lay asleep among the hazel bushes. And this smile would irritate Adams beyond measure, for he shrewdly suspected that she knew more about his lost weapons than sho cared to divulge. Moreover, to add to her un-

happiness the health of Colonel Goffe had grown worse—his rheumatism obliging him to keep abed and she saw that she must continue where she was instead of seeking a place of refuge with the widow Bull. Yes, had the regicide been able to move about, Lydia would certainly have left Wadsworth's roof. Not that her feelings towards the Captain had changed in the least, no, she esteemed him as much as ever, and never let an occasion pass to tell the people what fools they were not to rally round him and begin a struggle for independence. But Wadsworth's passion for her had become more open than when he had first fallen under her influence; his every look and word, gave warning that he would not delay much longer asking her hand. And can we wonder at his renewed fervor? His vow was not any more an obstacle in his path— Increase Mather, in whom he reposed greater faith than in any other human being, had called it an inspiration of the devil—while her devotion to him during his illness, he looked upon as proof that she returned his love. He believed what Adams had told him about her interview with Henry Synnot. He likewise believed that the bagpipe-player at the husking had been the same officer in disguise, but this had not for a moment shaken his faith in her patriotism. "For secret reasons," he would say to himself, "she has held communication with this

bearer of despatches; mayhap she is making use of him to obtain news of the doings in Boston, and her bewitching face is well calculated to throw the stranger off his guard. Did she not fly to me as soon as she heard that her father's retreat was discovered? Did she not tell me she never could be grateful enough for my hospitality to the old soldier? No, no, Adams is a wily fellow, but he has not yet fathomed the heart of Lydia Goffe. Why should she not be my wife? I can forgive all she said about stocks and whipping-posts; yes, her enthusiasm for independence makes me forget all that; would to God my train-band had her spirit." Such were the thoughts which passed through Wadsworth's mind as, leaning on her arm, he went his way to meeting this Sabbath afternoon. The girl herself remained silent, and to the wondering glances which many of the townfolks cast on her, she returned a look of haughty contempt. Israel Barebones whispered to Mr. Philbrick that she was the hardest nut he had ever had to crack. "Here she has been nigh three months in Hartford, and only once has she been to meeting; she ought to be punished. But although the new tithing-man has made a complaint, somehow folks ain't willing to treat her as they would other sabbath breakers."

"Aye," rejoined Mr. Philbrick, "'tis Wads-

worth's influence shields her. Strange to see such a godly man in her company. Alas! I fear Captain Joe has allowed her uncommon beauty to master his good sense."

"'Tis an old story," pursued the ruling elder, rolling his cadaverous eyes towards the sky. "Women give more trouble in this world than they're worth. True, they show great fervor at meeting and do most of the psalm signing, but it aint genuine piety; and I sometimes think, when I hear 'em schreeching out 'praise the Lord,' that it's only one of Beelzebub's noisy spirits has got into 'em. Alas, alas!"

"And it was this girl," resumed Mr. Philbrick, "who set us dancing and made us commit other sinful acts, at Capt. Joe's party."

"Speak not of that unhallowed gathering," grouned Mr. Barebones; "to this day am I doing penance for the sins I committed on that occasion, and 'twill require much fasting, much walking in my bare feet, to atone for them."

At this, Tom Hubbard, who was standing close by, gave Dorothy a pinch and felt tempted to utter one of his cat-calls; but his father's presence warned him that he had better hold his tongue. By this time Wadsworth and Lydia had reached the green, and without speaking to any body were advancing towards the entrance of the meeting-house, when suddenly a figure approached them from behind:

"I rejoice," whispered Nancy to her friend, "to see you coming here. Yes, it fills my soul with joy."

Lydia stopped for a moment, gazed fixedly at the speaker, then shook her head, while Wadsworth felt his conscience reproach him, and did not even have the courage to raise his eyes on Nancy. Before he could recover from his embarrassment, Lydia had left him, and accompanied by her friend, was making her way back to the road.

"How like my aunt's dream," he said, gazing after them. "How like my aunt's dream."

Prayers had already begun when Nancy appeared among the worshipers, and as she took her place in front of Miss Crabtree, the captain of the trainband felt that he must have wronged the young woman to have suspected, even for an instant, that she would have dissuaded Lydia from entering the House of God.

"Oh, what a slave I have become!" he groaned.

"I cannot break my bonds—I am carried away by
an irresistible power. No, I cannot do what Dr.
Mather advised; I will brave the sting of conscience, though 'tis an agony of hell—Lydia Goffe

shall not escape me. Oh, Nancy—heavenborn creature, I am a worm not worthy to be trodden under thy blessed feet."

Presently the clergyman began a fiery discourse on the Sin of Lying, and every member of the congregation lent an attentive ear, save him whose head was now bowed on his breast. Wadsworth heard not a word—never had his soul been so racked as during this hour of preaching. At length the exhortation came to an end, and the people slowly dispersed, not a few-especially the women -showing by their countenances that they had told a good many fibs in their lives and that the minister's words had filled them with terror. But Miss Crabtree's face was the palest of all, and for the first time in a week she deigned to address Goody Garlic, requesting the latter to pray for her. At once, Prudence felt all her old affection for Charity return—the latter had been the first to speak, and now as they walked home, although the goodwife did not ask what particular lie pressed so heavily on the conscience of her friend, she spoke with all the eloquence at her command of the Lord's mercy to sinners. Miss Crabtree drew a long breath as the dame pursued this happy theme, and we believe that had she met Nancy on the road she would have confessed the wrong she had done her and craven forgiveness.

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When Wadsworth, who had lingered awhile behind his aunt, finally left the house of prayer, the first object which met his eye was Lydia, waiting for him on the edge of the green. Again, heedless of the staring crowd, the girl boldly advanced and offered him her arm for support, and as he took it the Captain's brow crimsoned—he felt his heart throb. But they had gone almost half way home before he found courage to open his lips; he then asked why she had not entered the meeting-house with him.

"Nancy urged me to," replied Lydia, "and if I would have done it to please any mortal, it would have been to please her. But you know, sir, I detest the harsh doctrines of your religion, and the sermon I heard when I first arrived in Hartford displeased me so much that I never wish to hear another."

Again they were silent, and Wadsworth, as his arm rested on hers, felt the thrill of passion run through his whole frame. "Why not tell her what I feel," he said to himself; "the worst she can do is to refuse me; yes, I will confess my love! Fool that I am to hesitate—precious days and weeks are passing by."

While he was thus soliloquizing, the same figure which had approached them when they had been near the meeting-house, again glided up. Nancy

could not resist the strong desire she felt to congratulate Wadsworth on his recovery. He knew her step, and presently the same gentle voice which had once inspired him with the tenderest of all earthly emotions, broke on his ear. "She has come to save me," he murmured, "to save me; but it is too late." Then turning, he gave the young woman a look which startled her, and hiding her face in her hands she let him go his way.

"Come, come, Miss Goffe," he whispered, "I do not wish to stop and talk with Miss Clark—I hate her!"

"Hate her!" said Lydia. "No, Wadsworth, you do not—'twas the devil made you say that."

Here the Captain's arm shook, and glancing at his face the girl saw that it was fearfully convulsed. "I am doomed," he groaned; "aye, I see hell waiting for me."

"Mr. Wadsworth," pursued Lydia, "what troubles you? You appear to dread Nancy Clark--oh, if you had heard how she prayed for your recovery!"

"And God heard her prayer," said the Captain, with bitterness. "Why did He not let me die?"

"Because He means through you to accomplish a glorious work. Yes, he spared you to lead these colonies to independence."

Here Wadsworth gave a demoniac laugh, which made Lydia shudder. There was in it such a blend-

ing of rage and despair. What had Nancy done to wring from him such a cry? At this moment and while they were hastening towards his house—the girl half afraid lest her companion might go mad before reaching it— "iles Standish trotted up. "Begone," exclaimed Wadsworth, "begone, I tell you!" But the dog, without wagging its tail or showing the least sign that it heard its master's voice, passed ahead of them; then after it had gone a short distance turned and fixed its solemn eyes on Wadsworth; nor did it withdraw its gaze when the Captain, coming up, gave it a push with his foot—no, it kept looking at him, looking at him, until he disappeard from view.

"You once declared your belief," said Lydia, "that Miles had a soul. Well, I believe so too."

Her host made no response, but walked on in silence until they came to his home. Here he drew a long breath, while a sad smile played on his countenance, and as he raised the latch, "I almost wish," he said, "I might never leave the house again. Yes, I could seat myself in that ancient chair where father and grandfather breathed their last, and never rise from it. Oh death, welcome friend, come to me!"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

May passed by without Henry Synnot coming again to Hartford; while Christian, who, as we remember, had been ordered to leave the settlement. was now wandering somewhere in the forest. But whenever Lydia would mention his name. Mad Adams, who spent a part of every evening at Wadsworth's, would give her an angry glance and say that the Pequot was earning a living in a worse way than shooting deer or spearing salmon. The quarrel between Miss Crabtree and Prudence having been made up, the dames were now greater friends than before, the mistress of the house wisely refraining from saying anything suspicious about Lydia—although the girl's interview with Captain Synnot was still a sore point with her—and Goody Garlic, often discoursing on the mercy of God to sinners, and declaring her belief that the falsehood which had pressed so heavily upon her friend's conscience since the sermon mentioned in the previous chapter, was forgiven. "'Twould be well, however," Prudence would add, "in case 'twas something untrue spoken of a neighbor, to ask that neighbor's pardon." Whereat Charity, groaning in spirit, would abruptly turn away and betake herself to her oven, muttering, "I wish I could; but no, my pride won't let me; I cannot bow down to her." Yet, of late she had not uttered an uncharitable word of Nancy, nor did she frown when Lydia would come home and tell them that she had been paying Mr. Clark's daughter a visit. This renewed cordiality between the old maids rendered the girl somewhat more resigned to continuing under Wadsworth's roof. Indeed, as we have already remarked, it would have been impossible for her to have gone away, as her father was suffering more than ever from rheumatism, "and my host" she would say to herself, "albeit he has seemed on the very point of doing it, has not yet asked me to be his wife; so until he does and I refuse, there can be no impropriety in remaining here."

Wadsworth, since the sabbath when he had gone to meeting leaning on her arm, had kept himself under unusual restraint, and would now hardly lift his eyes when his young guest approached. The cause of this sudden and remarkable change was a letter which he had received from Increase Mather, wherein the divine had spoken of the deep impression which the story of his vow had produced on him, and had again declared that it had been inspired by the devil. In conclusion the minister had urged him to marry Nancy Clark, as being the only course he could pursue with the blessing of God. The Captain had torn the letter up, but he would often ponder over the great man's advice, and once when the regicide's daughter en-

tered the library for a book, she found Miles Standish with his head resting on his master's knee, and for the first time since she had known Wadsworth, his eyes were moistened with tears. Better for him had she not placed her hand on his arn and asked the cause of his trouble. Her touch went through his whole frame; he ground his teeth, and while she stood bending over him, instead of waving her away, he feasted his eyes on her beauty. True, he did not speak a word, but when Lydia left the room he had again fallen. So things went on quietly and monotonously. It was June, and the stuffed figure which Tom Hubbard had set up in his father's field was doing good service, keeping away he birds, and now the corn had reached such a height that only the battered hat of the scarecrow was visible above the green stalks. The barley and rve as well as the corn promised to be abundant, and the people of Hartford were in excellent spirits, while Israel Barebones seized every opportunity to impress upon them that this bountiful yield was all owing to their having abandoned Wadsworth's wild scheme for a revolution, and turned their thoughts to cultivating the soil and practising their religion. Sometimes Adams, when he would hear him talking in this strain would mutter an oath, but remembering the influence of the ruling elder, who could easily have had him deprived of his license to keep the Ordinary, he never ventured further in manifesting his contempt. Once, however, he did make bold to ask him what he advised the people to do in case Andros came to seize the charter. Mr. Barebones, before answering, took a careful survey of the men standing near, then as if he had read their hearts, replied:

"We will let him have the parchment; it is not worth the price of blood. Our right to levy taxes and hold town-meetings is already abolished; Governor Treat is powerless; we could not prevail against Sir Edmund, with England's army and fleet to back him. I repeat, Vr. Adams, (and he strongly emphasized the word Mr.) the Lord will deal us justice in his own good time; and the less we talk of opposing his Excellency the better. King Philip's war has left wounds still unhealed, yet that struggle would be nothing compared to the misery which would inevitably follow one such as Joseph Wadsworth desires to bring on."

We cannot describe the publican's feelings as he listened to this speech, and it would have taken but very little indeed to have made him insult the goodman. Fortunately, his shrewdness overcame his anger; he remembered that he could be of more service to Wadsworth as keeper of the Ordinary than in any other capacity—for it was there the people assembled in the evenings to discuss

the topics of the day, thus affording him the best opportunity to learn their real temper; so rather than forfeit his license, he withdrew from the group and did not again interrupt the speaker, who continued to harangue the people on the subject of religion, urging them to renewed fervor and to trust in the Almighty, not in Joseph Wadsworth, for a redress of their grievances. It was while Adams was sauntering towards the house of his chief to whom he meant to repeat the remarks which he had just heard Mr. Barebones make, that Lydia overtook him, and for the first time in weeks laid aside her distant manner, and in a voice full of emotion, said, "oh, Adams, tell me who amongst the townfolks is the most skilled in the healing art. I have just left Jacob Japheth's, where Nancy and I have been since early morning—the poor fellow is growing worse and worse; but 'tis only now he: believes himself seriously ill, and is willing to have me get a physician."

"Jacob Japheth ill!" exclaimed Simon. "Why, it's not five days since he was up and about, as well as I am at this moment. It must be something sudden and violent?"

"Yes, a severe cold has fastened on his lungs at least that I should judge to be his ailment. Do let me know, where to find a doctor."

The tavern-keeper stood musing a moment,

frowned—muttered something which Lydia did not understand, then, with a shrug of his shoulder, replied, "well, Israel Barebones is the one in whom most people trust, to restore them to health. But—humph!—I dare say 'twas why poor Jacob wouldn't send for him. The ruling elder was the cause of his losing the office of tithing-man—and, Miss Lydia, you had something to do with that."

"I! what do you mean, Adams?"

"I mean that when Jacob found you were determined to continue a sabbath-breaker, he made up his mind to resign; but before he did—he was turned out. As a consequence, the narrow-minded people have given him no more shoes to mend, he has been hard pushed to feed his wife and children, and anxiety has doubtless brought on this illness. Oh, what a fool I was not to drop in and ask if he needed anything."

"Yes! so was I," exclaimed Lydia.

"No, Miss, you suffered enough watching at the bedside of Captain Joe, and could not have been expected to go visiting the needy ones so soon. Oh, Miss Lydia, if you only knew how Captain Joe——."

Divining what he was about to say, she abruptly turned and hastened off in search of Mr. Barebones, whose skill she hoped might restore the cobbler to health. She found him still haranguing the group, as when Adams had left him a short while before, but she was too intent on her errand to heed what he was saying; she noticed, however Mr. Clark standing near, listening with evident delight, and fancied that she saw his eyes twinkle as she approached, for Nancy's father knew that she did not agree with the speaker, and aware of her bold spirit, hoped that he was going to witness a controversy between herself and the ruling elder. In this, however, he was disappointed; Lydia merely tapped the goodman on the arm, then having made him a sign, he followed her out of the crowd.

"I have come," she said, "to take you to my friend, Jacob Japheth, who lies at this moment very ill indeed; I hear you are skilled in medicine."

"Aye," responded Mr. Barebones, "I have healed many who were at death's door; at least so the people believe; but it is an ungodly spirit which prompts them to think thus. The Almighty, Miss, the Lord of Heaven and Earth—He cured them, and not Israel Barebones, who only administered remedies according to the world, but whose prayers did the good work. Aye, Miss, there is a mighty power in prayer."

While he was giving utterance to these words, Lydia felt tempted to upbraid him for the manner in which he had treated Mr. Japheth; but upon reflection, she thought best not to speak of it just then; so, she merely asked how soon he would go to the cobbler's house.

"At once, Miss, at once; and do you come with me. I have not seen you at meeting these ten weeks, perhaps you will join me in praying for his recovery; and while on your knees, the Lord may inspire you to become a better woman and to own the Covenant."

Without making any answer, she led him away from the group of men, all of whom regarded her as a very strange being—one who had appeared amongst them suddenly, coming they could not tell from whence, who had made the Captain of the train-band bow to her influence, "and who now," they said, "is persuading even Israel Bare bones to do her bidding."

In a few minutes Lydia and the ruling elder were at the cobbler's house, and as the door opened, the goodman was much struck by the appearance of the little boy, who greeted them. Yes, Tommy looked a great deal older than when he had seen him last. But no wonder; the poor child had done everything which had to be done during the past week for his father and mother. He had chopped the wood, kindled the fire, gone to the well for water, weeded the garden, arranged everyday his mother's bed, so as to make her as comfortable as

possible, (poor soul! the whole world for her, was only the length and breadth of the mattress), and then at night had sat up listening to his father's delirious wanderings as he tossed about on a blanket near Mrs. Japheth. And besides all this, Tommy had not forgotten Bob the Robin, who had received his regular supply of food, and who now, as Lydia entered, gave a loud whistle, hopped down from the perch, spread out his wings, then hopped up again, evidently in the greatest delight. The ruling elder, after shaking Tommy's hand, approached Mr. Japheth, and bending down felt his pulse, then began asking different questions of the boy, who was wetting a cloth to spread over his father's forehead. Leaving him thus engaged, Lydia betook herself to the bedside of the wife, whom Nancy was endeavoring to console, and adding her voice to that of her friend, she assured the invalid that her husband would soon be restored to health, by the good man whom she had brought with her.

At the mention of Mr. Barebones' name, Mrs. Japheth frowned. "It may be wrong, Miss," she murmured, "but I cannot help it—I hate him! 'Twas he set the folks against my Jacob 'cause he wouldn't carry out the law, and told 'em to give him no more work, and so Jacob's brain got racked with anxiety; and the first illness has

knocked him flat. Something tells me he'll never get up again from the blanket. Oh, Israel Barebones, how I hate you!"

All this was spoken in a low voice, but we doubt if Mrs. Japheth would have been so modest in her tone had not Nancy given her an imploring look. Presently, there was a rap on the door, and Tommy admitted four other people—Captain Wadsworth, Adams, Miss Crabtree and Prudence Garlic—the women carrying on each arm a basket of good things, while Charity, in addition, brought a book of psalms. Not that she doubted but Mr. Japheth posessed one; but she never could feel inspired—she never could raise her voice to what she called the 'pitch of glory,' unless she used her own well-fingered volume.

It was a good while since the dame had found herself in the cobbler's home, and now as her keen grey eyes surveyed this wretched apartment her face brightened. "Aye," she said to herself, "Mr. Japheth did not carry out the law; through his neglect souls have been damned. He was a bad tithing-man, poverty overtook him and now death is approaching." Then fixing her glance on the sick man's countenance, "aye," she continued, "there's no mistaking that look; it's peculiar to death. Our ruling elder may do his best—nothing will restore Mr. Japheth to his work bench—no, nothing

but the power which raised Lazarus. Yet who knows a miracle may be wrought. I'd like to see one, I've read of so many. Oh, what a thing it would be to tell Mrs. Philbrick that I'd seen a miracle."

While she was thus soliloquizing, Mr. Barebones had kept feeling the pulse, and having satisfied himself about the malady gave Mr. Japheth a long and searching look—he was mentally bidding him good-by—then stretching out one of his cadaverous hands he drew towards him the cobbler's son, and after whispering something in the boy's ear pressed him to his breast. For a few moments the ruling elder was visibly affected. Stern in the performance of his duty, he yet was far from having a flinty heart, and when once the sinner had met his deserts he never bore him any ill-will. "Aye," he said to himself, "I will feed and clothe the orphans and widow, and take as far as I am able the place of poor Jacob. Lord, Thy will be done." Then having made Lydia and the others a sign to kneel, he bowed his head a moment before beginning the prayer. The silence of the room was only broken by the heavy breathing of Mr. Japheth, and the robin hopping about on its perch. Nancy had thrown herself near Mrs. Japheth; on her left was Lydia, while Wadsworth, Adams, Prudence and Charity, formed a semi-circle about the dying

man's feet. At length Mr. Barebones raised his head, and rolling up his eyes so far that you might have thought they were going to turn completely round in the sockets, began to implore the mercy of God on the cobbler. He had hardly opened his lips when Tommy burst into tears, while his little sister, who till now had looked on from a corner at the strange scene, approached, and throwing her arms around her brother's neck began also to cry And thus accompanied by their sobs the ruling elder went on imploring forgiveness for Mr. Japheth's sins, and so earnest and full of pathos were his words, that Lydia overcame her dislike for him, and felt that he was a better man than she had supposed. But suddenly their devotions were interrupted by Mrs. Japheth, who, lifting up one of her shrivelled arms—which looked very like a bone covered with old parchment—did what nobody had seen her do in seven years, sat up in bed. At once, Lydia sprang to her feet; she believed the woman herself might be in her agony, so strangely convulsed were her features; her hollow eyes were fixed on the ruling elder with a gleam of fury; her sunken cheeks, dried like her arm, were for a moment flushed.

"Away with you, Israel Barebones," she shrieked. "Away! your prayers are a mockery! You, calling on the Almighty to forgive my poor, dying

husband his sins! you, whose narrow, persecuting spirit drove him from the office of tithing-man, and then persuaded the folks to give him no more work You, asking God to pardon him! I say begone, and my curse follow you." Here, exhausted by her effort, she sank back on the pillow, while Lydia and Nancy looked at each other perfectly awe stricken; Wadsworth was shocked as he had never been before; the little boy ceased crying, and as if raised to madness by what he had heard, clenched his fists, and we believe would have rushed on Mr. Barebones had not his sister, whose arms were still about his neck, held him back. Nor was the ruling elder himself less affected than the rest. His self control, however, was so perfect that there was nothing on his countenance to indicate that any thing unusual had happened, and having cast a glance of pity at the woman, he was about to continue his prayer when she again interrupted him

"If you will not begone," she said, "stay, but let another more worthy address the Lord of Hosts." Then pointing her finger at Nancy Clark: "Do you pray, do you pray; if the Lord hears any one He will hear you."

"Amen!" returned Mr. Barebones. "Let the young woman raise a supplication to the throne of

grace; but she must be quick the breathing is getting shorter—there is not a moment to lose."

Nancy at once hastened to where the cobbler was lying, and throwing herself on her knees, be gan the following prayer in a voice low and sweet, and which made Wadsworth bury his face in his hands—it awakened such memories!

"Almighty God and Heavenly Father, be pleased to be with us at this solemn hour; be with Thy servant, Jacob Japheth, who is so soon to be laid in the consuming grave. Merciful God, be with him in these his last moments to uphold and support him. Put underneath him thine everlasting arms of mercy. Support him by Thy free, rich grace, and receive his parting spirit to Thy blissful presence. Be Thou with his dear and mourning wife in her great trials, and support her by Thy Holy Spirit. Mayest thou sanctify his death to his dear children for their spiritual and lasting good; and may his death be sanctified to his beloved church and people when he is laid in the dust. Unite them in one heart and one mind to serve the living and true God. May they be united in harmony and peace. Bless the whole Israel of God; and have compassion on the immortal souls Thou hast made; through the merits of Thy dear Son, our Lord and Saviour, and to Him with the Father and Eternal Spirit be everlasting praises,

amen!" Just as she had finished the prayer there was a scratch at the door; but nobody stirred to open it, until presently Miles gave a doleful howl and Adams, with an angry look, raised the latch to drive the creature away. But the dog rushed in before Simon could prevent, and trotting up to its master fixed on him a mournful gaze.

"I can be of no further use here," said the Cap tain, in a hurried, agitated tone to the elder.

The latter shook his head and whispered, "No; we may as well both depart and make preparations for the funeral; I'll bear the whole expense, Mr. Wadsworth, I insist on that. But come; Mrs. Japheth is like a body possessed; Nancy Clark can manage her better than any one else; come." Wadsworth hastened with him to the threshold, and was about to pass out when Mr. Barebones stopped, and began fumbling for something in his pocket.

"Here, Miss Clark," he said, beckoning to the young woman, "here are a couple of pine tree shillings which—" lowering his voice to a whisper and putting his mouth to her ear—"you may place on brother Jacob's eyes, after his soul has departed they'll keep the lids from bobbin' up." With this he slipped the coins into her hand and left the house, like his companion too absorbed in gloomy thought to enter into conversation.

"Justly punished," said Wadsworth to himself, "justly punished. Yes, I deserve to have even a brute remind me of it; oh, I wish Miles were dead! they call him my 'shadow.' Alas! too true, this gift of Nancy Clark follows me everywhere; if 'twern't for Miles I might forget her." Then suddenly raising his voice and in a tone of agony, "No, no," he cried, "I am doomed never to forget her. Her memory will haunt me in this world an I the next. Too late! I am tempted beyond my strength. Oh, Mr. Barebones, pity the most wretched of men."

"I will pray for you," said the other. "We are all burthened with sin. I, too, carry a heavy load, but God's mercy is great. I will pray. I ask not what it is weighs so heavily upon your conscience. Always have hope; it is never too late."

Here his consoling remarks were interrupted by some of the townfolks coming up and asking after Jacob Japheth, so that Wadsworth was left to saunter along the road by himself—a prey to the gloomiest thoughts, and for the first time in his life doubting whether God always heard the cry of a suffering soul.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

THERE is another grave near the old meeting-house, and carved in rude letters on the brown slab is the name of Jacob Japheth, with the following epitaph:

"As you are so was I God did call and I did die Translated tenth day of June Year of Grace 1687 aged 51.

Nancy who often comes to lay wild flowers on her mother's tomb, now always brings a few for the departed cobbler. The people of Hartford have quite changed their opinion of the young woman. They no longer consider her as giver over to Beelzebub, for now she goes regularly to meeting on Sabbath and lecture days; and the dullest of them have guessed that it was her father who had kept her so long from the practice of religion—since the change in her ways dated from the time when he had turned her from home. Lydia, however, still continues to absent herself, on these occasions, and not a few regret to see Nancy so intimate with her.

"Why be seen in the company of a sabbathbreaker?" was a question often asked by dame Philbrick, who likewise thought it exceeding strange that Nancy should continue to dwell with Mrs. Bull, who since her ducking had never gone to church, albeit her tongue had not given any further scandal. But especially to Mr. Barebones were Lydia and the widow sources of uneasiness; the new tithing-man had over and over again complained of them both, yet, so far, neither had been punished for their sinful conduct. What could it mean?"

One hot July evening, Adams and Wadsworth were sauntering along the edge of the green, conversing about the regicide's daughter.

"Yes," said the tavern-keeper, "the feeling against the girl is very strong, and yet"—here he laughed, "nobody proposes to punish her for sabbath-breaking. I half believe they're afraid of her, she does give them such haughty answers. Depend upon it, Captain, it's more her defiant looks than the fact of her being your guest which makes 'em keep hands off. As for the termagant widow Bull, why she backs up Miss Lydia, and Miss Lydia backs her up, and so between 'em they've defied the law; ha, ha!"

"And I suppose," returned Wadsworth, musingly, "I suppose I'm blamed for harboring Miss Goffe."

"To tell the truth, sir, you are."

"Well, if they only knew how hard I've tried to make her own the covenant they'd cease blaming me, Adams. She's a perfect rock to move. They might burn her at the stake, yet I verily believe such an awful death would not break her stubborness."

"If we ever get those iron cages which our ruling elder is so anxious we should," pursued Adams, "then will come the crisis; for Mr. Barebones will lin it into the people's ears that they must make some practical use of them; and public opinion might be so worked up that Miss Lydia and the widow would either go to meeting or be put in a cage. Ha! 'twill have to be a big one to hold Mrs. Bull!"

Wadsworth at the mention of cages clenched his fists and muttered something which the ruling elder, had he been present, would not have considered very complimentary. "And yet," he said to himself, "I once reproved the girl because she opposed the use of stocks and whipping-posts. Now here am I waxing wroth at the bare idea of her being some day put in a cage at the church door. Oh, what a tyrant has my passion become! how it crushes out every other sentiment! I'a! I dare them to treat her like a wild beast!" As he thus soliloquized his eyes flashed, while his companion smiled, for the latter well knew what was passing through the mind of his chief.

"Aye," exclaimed Adams, "she's as bewitching

as she's deep and mysterious; although you've not conquered her, she's conquered you."

At these words Wadsworth turned on the publican with a fierce look, but Simon paid no heed to it.

"And she's disappointed me," he continued.

"There was a time when I considered her already as good as your wife. Through all the years I visited her at her father's cabin, I used to say to myself, "she's to be Captain Joe's bride. But now I'm baffled as much as yourself, and I can't conceal my feelings."

"Well, try, Adams, and not let her hate you. Should the train-band ever recover their old spirit, Lydia may do good service to the cause which lies so near my heart. I am certain, whatever others may think, that she is firm in her devotion to her native land."

"Well, I shall endeavor to share your good opinion of Miss Lydia. Perhaps the officer I saw her conversing with some months ago is only, as you persist in believing, a tool whom she is making use of for a good end. Verily, 'twould be most unnatural for the girl to be other than patriotic. If for no other reason than the love she bears her father, she ought to be true to our side."

Wadsworth nodded but made no further response to his friend, who went on indulging in more praise of Lydia than he had in a long time. And among other things, he lauded her for the kindness she had shown the widow Japheth, whom she visited every day, rain or shine, carrying, besides her own stock of gifts, those which the ruling elder would send—the aversion of the bed-ridden woman for him being so strong that the goodman was not allowed to enter the cottage.

"Sometimes," pursued Adams, "Mrs. Japheth will not eat herself nor allow her children to eat the cookies Miss Lydia carries to her, for she suspects that they may be gifts from Israel Barebones, whom she hates with a devil's hate."

"I regret," said Wadsworth, "that she entertains such feelings towards our ruling elder; I have myself no great cause for loving one whose peace policy has blasted my hopes of independence. Nevertheless I must do him justice; he has a kindly heart. 'Twas he who paid all the expenses of the cobbler's funeral; not a penny would he let me contribute towards it. He likewise put up the gravestone."

"Well, it's not he lays those beautiful flowers on Jacob's tomb," said Adams, pointing at the little cemetery across the green. Wadsworth followed the direction of his finger, and discovered Nancy in the act of placing a wreath on the slab which covered the remains of Mr. Japheth—while near by stood Lydia, holding more flowers in her apron.

"Tell me, Captain," pursued Adams, "what did Dr. Mather think of Miss Lydia? I know he saw but little of her when he was here, yet he must have been struck by her beauty? Say, Captain, didn't he urge you to take her for your wife? I can't believe such a shrewd observer of men went away without advising you to marry her. In all Connecticut there's not her equal. See, there she is strewing roses on Mrs. Clark's grave. Oh, why are you so vacillating? Can such a brave man fear to ask a woman for her hand? Here now is as good a chance as any. Come-advance, and while I draw Miss Clark aside, do you lay bare your heart to Lydia Goffe." When the tavernkeeper had begun to speak of the regicide's daughter, Wadsworth had dropped his eyes on the ground. Oh, if his friend could have known what the great divine had really told him-could he have seen the letter which the minister had written, warning the Captain to marry Nancy or incur the wrath of a just God, he would not have wondered, as he did, at Wadsworth's troubled look.

"Captain, Captain, what is the matter? Have I offended?" he exclaimed, seeing his chief abruptly turn and walk away. But the latter, deaf to the appeals of the faithful scout, continued at a rapid

pace along the road, leaving his friend to shrug his shoulders and marvel at such behavior.

"Humph!" said Adams, "they call me mad: it's Captain Joe that's mad, not I. If this pretty bird escapes him and marries somebody else, I for one shall say, 'served him right'." Then advancing across the green he began to praise the young women for taking such care of the resting-places of the dead, and added that Wadsworth had been much pleased to find them thus employed.

"Is that he going off yonder?" exclaimed Lydia. "How fast he walks!"

"Yes, 'tis Mad Wadsworth, as he should be called."

"Then I must make haste and overtake him," she continued, turning to her friend—" you know why. It's been impossible to lay eyes on him till now."

"Mad Wadsworth was off spearing salmon, Miss; but the recreation seems to have done him little good," remarked the tavern-keeper. "Ten minutes hence he'll be buried among his papers, or worrying about—ha, ha,—about his boots—what a strange man he is!"

"Mr. Wadsworth," said Nancy, "ought not to study immediately after recovering from a severe illness. But pray, Mr. Adams (for with the rest of the townfolks she now gave him the title of Mr.) pray what was that you said about the Captain's boots?"

"Humph!" ejaculated Simon, "perhaps I ought not to tell. However, there can't be much harm. Well, you must know that twice this week he has found them covered with mud, when he went to put them on in the morning; and yet he had cleaned them thoroughly the evening before. Now, I myself have always believed there was something queer about the Captain's house, and have never fancied sleeping there. It worried me a great deal when he found that map on his table some years ago. And here comes this new mystery. Why, if his aunt heard about it, she'd say a witch had used his boots."

"It may be the work of the Evil One," murmured Nancy. "Satan hath good reason for distracting Joseph Wadsworth, whose whole career is bound up with a covenant between himself and the Lord."

Here the speaker clasped her hands and turning her eyes towards the heavens, exclaimed, "Oh, Wadsworth, stand firm and conquer!"

"Mad Nancy!" thought Adams, shrugging his shoulders, for he did not understand what she meant, "you and the Captain are both losing your wits. Aye, Mad Nancy!"

Leaving the tavern-keeper gazing at her with an

expression of pity on his countenance, let us follow Lydia, who in her eagerness to overtake the chief of the train-band, has now quickened her steps into a run. Wadsworth heard her coming, and for a moment resisted the temptation which impelled him to stop and welcome her. "Oh, why," he groaned, "did Increase Mather condemn my vow? That might have saved me. But now I am my own slave; my prayers have not been heard." With this he turned towards the girl, who was within a few paces of him, and who never had looked so beautiful as on this summer evening. Her cheeks, which during his illness had lost their color, were blooming again like roses, while her golden hair scarcely long enough to reach her shoulders, and freed from the hood which she preferred to carry in her hand—was blown about in a most bewitching way by the breeze.

"Mr. Wadsworth," she exclaimed, "I have been seeking all over town for you. I have great news."

"Indeed!" said her host. "Then as we walk along together you can tell it to me."

"It is about Andros coming to seize our charter, sir."

"Oh! that is something I must listen to with attention. Go on, repeat all you have heard the smallest particulars. But first tell how you came

by the news. I rely on Adams to keep me posted; yet he has not spoken a word about this, except of course in a general way, that Sir Edmund was likely to make an attempt some day or other to seize the instrument."

"Well, my information comes from a source I can implicitly trust, and the messenger who brought it is Christian, the Pequot lad, who I think was so unjustly ordered to leave the settlement a few months ago. It does not, however, mention aught about the charter. The message simply warns me to protect my father against Sir Edmund, who will visit Hartford towards the last of October. But, as the governor knows nothing about the old gentleman being concealed here, his journey can have no other object than to get possession of the Charter."

"Humph!" eiaculated Wadsworth, "then your informant was only interested in the safety of Colonel Goffe? He had scruples, perhaps, about revealing his master's plans for taking away what little is left of our liberties."

"No doubt you are right," pursued the girl; "he is trying to fill a difficult position with honor. I thank him for his warning, and no harm if we profit by it in other respects."

"Save the charter!" exclaimed Wadsworth, mournfully. "Ah, Miss Lydia! the spirit which animates you does not animate everybody. I am full of grief at the change which has come over my train-band, and what I hear from other settlements tells the same story. My unfortunate illness gave those who opposed my scheme for a revolution an opportunity to influence the people in a way they never would have done, had I been able to go about and keep the fire of their souls burning. Alas! I fear Andros will have an easy march across the colony." Here he paused a moment, then raising his voice-"Alas, alas, it all comes from the advice given me by a great and holy man. Difficult was the road I was travelling, yet I would have reached the goal had I not broken the spirit of a vow, a solemn, solemn vow. But it is too late—I cannot go back!"

"Mr. Wadsworth, what do you mean?" said Lydia, believing, as she had many times before, that the brain of her host was off its balance.

"Nothing, oh nothing!" he replied, burying his face in his hands; then suddenly looking up and with a wild expression—"daughter of the regicide!" he exclaimed, "to you henceforward will I go for cheering words; I will rest my strength upon your strength; my soul in you shall find comfort and courage. Tell me, Lydia Goffe, what must I do to save the charter? I would know what steps to

take if the people had remained true to me; but they will not fight? Tell me what can I do?

The girl made no response—she was thinking deeply over the state of affairs, and perhaps was a little startled by the warmth of his appeal. "Where is the Indian who brought the message? I would like to question him," pursued Wadsworth, after waiting a moment for her answer.

"He has already gone back to Boston, sir. He came last night to Mrs. Bull's cabin, delivered the note which contained the information I have given you, then hurried away, without even waiting to take an hour's sleep."

"Well, he was wise," said Wadsworth; "had he tarried till morning he might have been seized and punished; for despite your faith in him you must confess that his visit to Nathaniel Clark's some months ago, was enough to have excited the suspicions of Mad Adams and others, who believe there is truth in the report that Andros is tampering with the heathen."

"Poor Christian!" sighed Lydia. "Blame me, sir, not him. 'Twas my fault if he went to Mr. Clark's—I asked him to go."

Wadsworth, who had already guessed that such was the case, and that the object of the Pequot's visit had been to warn Henry Synnot against Mad

Adams, would fain have pressed the subject and tried to make her reveal how she and the British officer had come to be so intimate, and what proof she had that Andros had not heard of the regicide's discovery. But he remembered that she was a person who kept her own counsels, and that nothing he might say would be likely to throw her off her guard. Had he known what his aunt knew (and we must give Miss Crabtree credit for having kept this secret, if she had never kept any other,) that Henry Synnot had once pressed his lips to Lydia's hand; had he known how that kiss had planted in her heart the seed of a love which had grown with the months, and now burned with an intensity almost as great as the love which he himself bore for her—oh, had Wadsworth known this, despair would not have delayed throwing over his soul her dark veil.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

This evening found Lydia in Mrs. Bull's cabin at a later hour than usual. The widow was seated in a rude arm chair—her fingers playing with the old tarred rope, lying on her lap, and which she cherished more than ever since the loss

of her Shakespeare; she seemed to pay no attention to the conversation going on between Nancy and Lydia—her thoughts were all in the past—and she was wishing that she could live over again the day the Polly Ann had been launched. "How we cheered when she glided into the water! and what jolly toasts we drank!" said the dame to herself. "Neither the rum nor the wine is as good now as it was in those days—alas!" Here she gave a sigh, then went on trying to picture to herself the tempest which had sent the staunch vessel to the bottom. "It must have blowed great guns!" she said, "great guns! Don't believe there was a spar left when she took the last plunge. But the old man was at the helm—yes, I vow he was—just as I once saw him in a dream." Here she pressed the rope to her lips and gave another sigh. Leaving her thus soliloquizing, we will turn our attention to the young women.

"Well," said Lydia, after a rather lengthy pause, "I cannot see that we are able to do any thing. If the people will not fight, the charter must be lost. Wadsworth, Adams, myself and—and you, might be ready enough to defend it; but we are only four."

"You forget Mrs. Bull," said Nancy, glancing with a smile at the widow.

"Oh, yes, that makes five; yet what could such

a small number do against dear knows how many red coats, who, when they arrived here would not find themselves without ardent sympathisers."

Her friend blushed, for she knew that Lydia alluded to her father, who of late had come out more boldly than ever in favor of Andros.

"Well, we might steal the charter," said Nancy, after another pause, "and hide it away."

"Ha!" exclaimed Lydia, laughing, "ha, ha! steal it indeed—easier said than done."

"Well, my faith has not all departed," rejoined Nancy. "The skies look dark, I know, very, very dark, and if it depended only on the arms of frail mortals, then I might indeed cease to have any hope. But the Lord will not abandon our cause; no, not while Wadsworth stands firm and conquers himself."

"I find your words as mysterious as the Captain's words at times," said Lydia, "conquer himself! Poor fellow. As if he had not already racked his brains and made a skeleton of his body trying to save Connecticut."

Not unwilling to lead her friend's thoughts away from the allusion which she had made to Wadsworth's vow, Nancy now went on to explain how the charter might be stolen. "It will, no doubt," she said, "be brought and placed before Sir Edmund, in the General Court Chamber, and then

surrendered with some kind of ceremony. Now, might not a bold, quick hand, at that instant, snatch it away?"

Lydia gazed earnestly at Nancy for more than a minute—then rising to her feet and striking her hand upon the table, "You have had a sign from God," she exclaimed, "yes, yes; I laughed at first; I see it now—your inspiration will save the charter—Andros will not get possession of it. Oh, Nancy, the Lord is indeed in league with you."

"As in the days of old He helped His chosen people, so now He will help us. We are the new Israel," returned the young woman. "But my plan of saving the instrument will require courage; we must do our part, or the Almighty will not do His."

"Oh, leave it to me, leave it to me!" exclaimed Lydia, in an animated tone; "I shall arrange it all. I only hope the roll of parchment may be produced at night. But whether by sunlight or by lamp light, the sign which the Lord has given you shall be obeyed. The charter is safe."

When they had conversed together a little while longer the nine o'clock bell rang, and Lydia announced that it was time for her to go home. Accordingly, after having spoken a few cheery words to the widow—telling her not to be all the time

sighing over a piece of rope—and given Nancy an embrace, she left the cottage.

In a few minutes Mrs. Bull's candle was extinguished, and the goodwoman—whose last waking thoughts were of the Polly Ann—was falling asleep. Presently, in her dreams, she saw Cape Cod, and the great billows, and on the top of the highest wave of all her husband's craft, shaking the spray from her bow ere she took the final dive into the sea—which was to be her sepulchre.

Nancy did not follow her host's example. It was now too dark, but when the moon rose, which would be in about an hour, it was her intention to wander out and sit awhile under the oak on Wyllys' hill. The whippoorwills, she knew, would be uttering their mournful notes on that hallowed spot, and the landscape, under the full moon, would present a scene of melancholy beauty which would accord well with her feelings. But not for the whippoorwills nor weird scenery would she have thought of leaving the house to-night—an unaccountable impulse prompted her to visit the ground where she had passed so many happy moments with Joseph Wadsworth. "Yes, I must go," she said, after having remained by the window during what seemed two hours instead of one, and seeing the moon at length rising across the river—"I must go." So, wrapping her cloak about her-for, although midsummer, there was a heavy dew—Nancy softly raised the latch and passed out. She was not long reaching Wyllys' hill, where, having seated herself under the spreading branches of the oak, she began playfully to count the fire-flies which were darting around her in myriads, until, bewildered by their number, she turned her eyes towards the Connecticut, whose waters, silvered by the moonbeams, looked like a stream of fairy-land. No challenge came from the watch tower, although it was only a short distance away—the sentinels were asleep. On one of the lower limbs of the tree a whippoorwill was uttering its plaintive call, and as Nancy listened to the bird, what memories were awakened in her breast!

"Here is the spot," she sighed, clasping her hands; "yes, here is the spot, and it was a night like this. It seems only yesterday. Oh, what have I not suffered in trying to smother my love for him! But he gave it life, and it will not die. Even now I feel his arm around my waist; I still can feel his lips pressing my cheek—sweet embrace! No, no, I could not help adoring him, unless God were to annihilate me. Yet he never shall know it. He gave me up as a hostage for the success of his glorious undertaking. I cannot believe that he is wavering; it is only gossip. No, no, Wadsworth will keep his vow—and I will suffer on with patience and resignation to the end. So in another

life may I share his glory and love him there as I could not love him here."

Presently the tears came, and for a few minutes she wept bitterly. Only once before had Nancy thus given way to her feelings, and now as she cried she kept repeating to herself, "Here is the spot-'twas a night like this." She thought of the gossip of the town, which whispered every where: "The Captain loves Miss Lydia; he loves her-he loves her." At length, drying her tears: "Why do I weep?" she exclaimed. "He cannot break the covenant; no, he cannot. How mysterious are the ways of the Lord! My dearest friend is his greatest temptation. Yet Lydia, I am sure, loves another. Ah, yes, she would follow Henry Synnot to the ends of the earth if he were not serving King James. Happy Providence, which threw him in her way! But for their meeting in the forest, the regicide's daughter might have found in Wadsworth her ideal, as I myself did. No, I shall not cry any more; I will trust in God and pray. I need strength to keep resigned; and Wadsworth has need of all the help which prayer can give to remain true to the promise he made the Almighty."

While she was thus soliloquizing, she was startled by the sound of footsteps, and rose from her seat, not a little alarmed. Who could it be? How her heart throbbed when presently she

discovered, but a few paces off, one whom she knew well-a dog following at his heels! She had noticed how latterly Wadsworth had avoided her; would he turn aside now? On he came, the full moon casting its pale light on his haggard facegiving it an unearthly hue, which made her shudder. His eyes, which were wide open, stared straight in front of him; yet he walked like one blind, with slow, uncertain step, and was going past when Miles, with a loud bark, sprang towards her and almost threw her down in his joyful gambols. An exclamation of horror followed, and Wadsworth lay stretched at her feet, his face towards the ground. Agitated beyond expression, and almost ready to faint, she summoned nerve enough to grasp his arm, then begged him to tell what was the matter. But for awhile he appeared deaf to all she said, and only answered with piteous moans. At length, gazing up at her, "Where am I?" he exclaimed, "and who are you?"

"I am Nancy Clark, and this is Wyllys' hill," she replied, in as firm a voice as she could command.

"How came I here?" he continued. "Is my brain really turned? Adams calls me mad."

While he was speaking she had made him take her hand, and was endeavoring to assist him to his feet. But he would not rise further than his knees.

"Oh, blessed being," he said, "I know your soft and gentle touch. You are Nancy Clark. Have you come from heaven to rescue me?"

Frightened by his wild expression, she answered with trembling accents, "I stand before you, sir, in flesh and blood, and this is your favorite oak-tree on Wyllys' hill. Oh, tell me what is the matter? Shall I call the watch?"

He shook his head; then pressing one of his hands to his brow, seemed to be trying to collect his senses. "Nancy," at length he sighed, "I believe that for years past the Evil One has been practicing on me a great deceit. Yes, prompted by him, I once took a rash vow, and through me the devil has likewise deceived you. But the Lord has guided me here to-night in order that I might meet you, and at your feet renew my first profession of love."

Wadsworth, Wadsworth, speak not thus," exclaimed the young woman. "It is blasphemy to attribute your vow to Satan. No, no, 'twas the Almighty who inspired you. I know Beelzebub goeth about seeking whom he may devour; he longs to possess your great and daring soul; he is striving to grasp you from God; Oh, pray, pray! You must not be among the lost." Here she turned her eyes towards the stars, and with a tear rolling down her cheek, murmured, "it may be a sin-

ful thing to say, but heaven would not be heaven for me if he were not there."

"Nancy," pursued the sleep-walker, still holding fast to her hand and pressing it convulsively—
"Nancy, I have prayed, I have cried for light. But never until this moment has the darkness been so cleared from my vision, and the path of duty so plain. Oh, do not refuse me the bliss which will come when I hear you say, 'Wadsworth, your vow was a vow you need not keep; I will be once more your betrothed.' Oh, Nancy, speak; tell me those few words. If you are silent I fall back and am again the slave of a wild passion."

"Wadsworth," returned the young woman, after a solemn pause, "if prayers can save you, you will be among the blest. I know how you are tempted. Think not that I grieve because you once made me love you. Oh, you did—and I love you at this moment, and to the last hour I shall love no other man. But I gave you up of my own free will. No, no, I regret not the past. The passion, however, with which—at least according to common report—my friend Lydia has inspired you, may bring bitter fruit. Oh, Wadsworth, there is misery in store for you, unless you beware. During the years you remained true to the spirit of your vow, the Almighty prospered your scheme of independence; the people were full of courage, and the train-bands of many

towns besides Hartford declared their willingness to follow you. But has not a change for the worse come over Connecticut during the past few months? True, you have been part of the time ill, and not able to fire their hearts. But even before your fever were there not signs of evil omen? Oh, Wadsworth, all is clear to me now—you had lost faith in your covenant with the Almighty, and His hand was withdrawn from your cause. But enough; I shall say no more; only remember that the Lord of Hosts cannot be trifled with—unless you wish a miserable future, stand firm to the promise you made Him. It is not yet too late; we still hold our charter, and the people may yet be encouraged to fight for independence."

Here she again begged him to rise, but he shook his head, and impatiently waved her away.

Nancy felt tempted to remain, for he appeared stupefied, and she thought it might not be right to leave him in such a condition. But when presently he spoke and bade her go, she knew by the tone of his voice that she must obey; so with an anxious heart she said good-bye, and slowly retraced her steps towards the widow's cottage—turning every few minutes to see if he was still on his knees. At length she distinguished his figure moving in the direction of the main road, and after watching and satisfying herself that he was going towards home,

she gave a sigh of relief, and quickening her pace, was soon in the log cabin again.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE summer has gone by, and the people of Hartford are all rejoicing at the prospect of a bountiful harvest, save Wadsworth. The school land which Andros had given to Nathaniel Clark as a reward for his faithful services is covered with a crop of corn, the full golden ears of which bear testimony to the richness of the soil; and while a few of the inhabitants declare it strange that Providence should thus smile on Nancy's father, the majority, who seem to have lost every trace of their former spirit, do not express any opinion about the wrong Sir Edmund committed in depriving the town of these fertile acres, nor wonder at the Lord making them yield such a harvest. But Wadsworth's land presents a sad appearance—in woful contrast to all the other farms. The weeds have choked the corn and stopped its growth, while his rye was cut so late that half the grain dropped out under the sickle.

In vain had Adams begged him to arouse from his melancholy, and not lose all heart. Wadsworth

would only shake his head and turn his back on the faithful scout. He seemed to be anxiously counting the days as they went by; and now that August and September had passed, his restlessness increased. He was only calm when Lydia was at his side; then indeed a change would come over him, and his countenance brighten.

"The people have abandoned me," he would say to the girl; "on you now I rely; the charter will be saved through you."

Once he went so far as to address her in a more familiar strain, and uttered words which she thought it wrong to approve of, unless she meant to allure him with false hope—a thing we know she was far from wishing to do.

On that occasion she turned from him with such an offended look that his heart sank. "If she loves me," he murmured, "never did woman more adroitly conceal it."

Nevertheless, he hoped on, and during the past few weeks had several times been on the point of offering himself, yet something had always stopped him. "I have put it off very long," he would say to himself, "and Adams laughs. He thinks I carry the duties of a host too far, and that because she is under my roof is no reason for not pushing my addresses with greater boldness. Alas, he does not know the truth!" No, the tavern-keeper knew

nothing of the strange meeting between his chief and Nancy Clark on Wyllys' hill. The solemn words which the young woman had spoken that night would often ring in Wadsworth's ear, and it was these words which caused him still to hesitate, and half believe that Increase Mather might have been wrong when he had declared that his vow of celibacy had been inspired by the Evil One.

Yet it always happened that whenever the Captain of the train-band felt himself yielding to this belief, Lydia would appear before him, shaking her golden curls—which were now quite long again—as if to woo him on; and then he would groan, and call on the Almighty to throw light upon his path. "What must I do? oh Lord, what must I do? Did the holy man speak wisely and with Thy sanction? Am I yet bound by my vow? If not, then strength, strength, oh God! or I cannot return to my first love. Throw light, too, in the soul of Nancy Clark, who is firm in the belief that I must keep the covenant."

As for Charity Crabtree, she was as much befogged as ever about Lydia; so too was Adams; so too was Goody Garlic, who once had taken the irl aside and implored her to tell whether she and the British officer were betrothed.

"I hope, child," said the old nurse, "no harm will come from that kiss he once gave you. Tell me, dear, why you hold aloof from Mr. Wadsworth? I know that you esteem him. But have you no stronger feeling for your father's friend and protector? Where is your gratitude? Six months under his roof, and still only a guest! Oh, Lydia, Lydia!"

But strong as was her affection for Prudence, on the subject of Henry Synnot the girl never would open her heart. Colonel Goffe, however, (from whom she kept only one secret—the coming of Andros), knew all about the matter, and we can imagine the anxiety with which the veteran would ask, "what news from Synnot? what news from Synnot?"

How Sir Edmund was to be kept from discovering the regicide will be developed in the next chapter. We will here merely say that the Pequot had paid another visit to the widow Bull's cabin one night towards the last of September, and there unfolded to Lydia a plan concocted by Synnot and which there was good reason to believe would prevent Mr. Clark from communicating with His Excellency when the latter should arrive.

October was now drawing to a close. The blackbirds were gathered in flocks, and so were the robins—making ready to depart for a warmer clime. No more frogs were heard croaking, the whippoorwills had gone from Wyllys' hill; and in the morning there was a frosty feeling about the air, which made even Israel Barebones wear a less solemn look, and quicken his step as he went his rounds, inquiring into the spiritual condition of the people. This, let us inform the reader, he found quite satisfactory, with two exceptions, namely: Lydia and Mrs. Bull, both of whom still refused to go to meeting, although the new tithing-man had often reported them to the ruling-elder, whose conscience was very ill at ease, and who had intrusted Mr. Adams with a commission to procure a couple of iron cages in which to place the sabbath-breakers. But the cages, for some reason or other, had not vet made their appearance; the tavern-keeper having always some plausible excuse ready for not having procured them.

One chilly evening the ruling elder might have been seen resting on a log just outside the widow Japheth's cottage, his face buried in his hands, and evidently in deep meditation; while his knees were shaking, and his teeth chattered as though he was afflicted with ague.

"If I wronged him in any way," he murmured,
"Oh Lord, forgive me! Poor Jacob! poor Jacob!"

Near by stood a wagon-load of corn, which a redemptioner was busy emptying into a crib, built

at the ruling elder's expense; and this load of corn was only one of many gifts he had made the widow Japheth, never telling her of them, however, for Lydia had warned him that the bed-ridden woman would not accept of his charity.

While Mr. Barebones was thus seated on the log, thinking of his departed friend the cobbler, Wadsworth approached, and having wished him good evening, inquired after the widow Japheth, adding that it was very good of him to be sending her so much grain.

"I am only performing a Christian duty," returned Mr. Barebones, waving his hand; "but for the poor who dwell amongst us, we that have plenty of worldly store would have our hearts turn to flint. A miserly spirit can only be discovered when poverty calls on us for a mite." Then after a pause: "I am much concerned," he went on, "about that young woman who is your guest, and who is now inside with Mrs. Japheth. Charitable she certainly appears, and the widow likes her, and so did poor Jacob; but she's a wayward creature, has baffled all your attempts to make her own the covenant, yet talks of her host in such warm strains that I cannot but believe there is something more 'twixt her and you than mere respect and esteem—eh? Tell me, now, are ye not betrothed?"

At this question Wadsworth's brow contracted,

and he was on the point of giving a rude answer when the ruling elder continued: "and what a bold thing she is; why, as she passed me a while ago, I ventured to address her a few words on religion, but instead of listening as a sinner ought, she upbraided me for troubling myself about other folks. Oh, Captain, I am glad that no one but yonder redemptioner and Mrs. Bull heard the clatter of her tongue, or I should have been obliged, in order to prevent scandal, to have had her ducked."

"Well, I have done my best," said Wadsworth, whose feelings towards the ruling elder were somewhat modified by the knowledge that he was only speaking truth about Lydia, whose conduct had certainly given an infinite amount of scandal. "But it has been all in vain; and yet I verily believe she is a godly young woman."

Here, Mr. Barebones looked up with a faint smile on his lips. "Aye, sir," he continued, "love throws dust in the sharpest eyes. She has blinded you; beware lest you become not yourself lukewarm in matters of religion."

Wadsworth could stand no more such language; and turning away he entered the widow Japheth's abode, half inclined to share Lydia's opinion of the shivering old man on the log, who seemed to take a pleasure in worrying himself about other people's souls.

The room in which Wadsworth presently found himself was much changed since he had last entered it—on the occasion of Mr. Japheth's death. The walls had been newly white-washed, and repaired in several places where the plaster had dropped out; Tommy and his sister were rejoicing in new clothes; the glass in the windows was much cleaner than formerly; while a new lamp, which Lydia was in the act of lighting, stood upon a table fresh from the carpenter's hand—and for all these improvements the ruling elder was chiefly to be thanked, although Nancy and her friend had done something towards them.

But what struck Wadsworth more than anything else was the appearance of the bed-ridden woman, who really seemed to have grown fatter since June.

As he drew near the cot, Mrs. Bull and Lydia appeared embarrassed, and the girl bit her lip.

"Oh, didn't I tell you it was Captain Joe shovelling the corn into my new crib?" said the invalid.

"Ah, Mr. Wadsworth"—here she grasped his hand—"may the Almighty reward you for all you have done for me!"

The Captain was about to undeceive her, and render justice to whom justice was due, when Lydia pulled his sleeve and gave him an imploring look.

The girl dreaded the effect on the bed-ridden woman, should the latter discover what Mr. Bare-

bones was at that very moment doing for her; besides the mortification of being caught in an untruth, for she had denied that it was the ruling elder who had brought the grain, while at the same time she had assured the invalid that it had not been sent by Wadsworth.

"May the Almighty bless you a thousand times," repeated Mrs. Japheth, fixing her hollow eyes upon the Captain —"you have done so much for me."

Wadsworth, who had understood the girl's glance, said nothing; but when Mrs. Japheth had released his hand he grasped Lydia's, and pressed it warmly. Never but once before had he ventured to take such a liberty, and then she had drawn her hand away and shown not a little displeasure. But now, for some reason or other, the regicide's daughter allowed him to hold it without any sign of reproof; and yet she was far from intending to give him false hope. Oh, what bliss filled his heart during the next few minutes! How the fire flashed from beneath his heavy eyebrows! Mrs. Bull thought a great many things, and looked wonderingly at the girl, while Mrs. Japheth made up her mind that although it might be wrong for him to forget Nancy Clark, yet that he had chosen an excellent helpmate. At length, the sea captain's widow slowly rose from her chair, and after having kissed the invalid, told her it was time to be going home. "I

left Miss Nancy," she said, "to look after the fire and prepare supper, and now I must be going."

The poor woman begged her to stay a while. "These evenings are so lonely," she sighed—"oh, so lonely!" But Mrs. Bull shook her head and promising soon to repeat her visit, moved towards the door. Lydia also bade Mrs. Japheth good evening, and at the same time made a faint attempt to free her hand from Wadsworth. But the latter held it in his firm grasp, and scarcely nodding to the sick woman, accompanied the girl and Mrs. Bull out of the house. "Now or never!" he said to himself. "I must—I will—I can no longer be tortured by uncertainity."

The dame requested Lydia not to walk so fast, and begged the support of her arm; but Wadsworth hurried her along the road, his countenance burning with intensest passion; while the ruling elder, as they went by, smiled, and asked of God to give them a blessing. They had got perhaps fifty paces from the widow, when the Captain stopped, and was about to speak and tell the regicide's daughter how much he loved her, when Nancy Clark came running up.

"Lydia, Lydia!" she cried, "Christian has arrived; you must hasten at once to the house."

"Oh, he brings news from Boston!" exclaimed Lydia, "I must leave you, Mr. Wadsworth; but if

there is anything of importance, I will return with out delay. Remember this is the 25th of October, and Andros may soon be here."

"Yes, yes," muttered her host, a dark look clouding his face; "it always happens so; always some excuse; whenever I want you to stay, you leave me."

"But I must go, sir—I must," continued Lydia, freeing herself from his grasp, and hastening to join her friend; "but I will be back in a little while." As she left his side, Wadsworth ground his teeth.

"'Tis not the first time," he murmured, "Nancy Clark has baffled me. She is sure to appear at the wrong moment."

Presently the angry look passed away, and he groaned and struck his hand upon his breast. "What a mystery, what a mystery!" he said. "I seem as if between two spirits who are ever contending for the mastery over me. Was Increase Mather right, when he let loose the floodgates of my passion by telling me I need not keep my vow? Oh, Nancy Clark, Nancy Clark!"

Thus agitated and wondering at himself, he turned his steps towards the north end of the town and sauntered slowly homeward; while Lydia, in her anxiety to meet Christian, did not wait for the widow Bull to overtake her, nor even once look round to see what had become of her host.

"I will be glad when these exciting times are over," she said to Nancy; "for I really think they will drive Captain Joe distracted. His manner of late has become stranger than ever; I almost wish I did not live under his roof. The very sight o him often makes me shudder, for it recalls a singular incident which happened in my bedroom a few months ago; I believe I never told you of it?"

"No; what was it?"

"Well, you must know, one night I awoke and found him sitting in a chair at the foot of my bed, at work on his map of North America. He seemed not to notice me, and yet his eyes were once turned full upon me; but it was a dead man's stare, and it took all my courage not to scream. At length he left the room almost as softly as a ghost might have done. He is a great man; but he needs our prayers. I sometimes believe he is possessed. Those dark, cavernous eyes of his are like no other eyes I have ever seen."

Nancy listened attentively, but said nothing, about her own experience one night on Wyllys' hill. She had often thought, however, of her strange meeting with Wadsworth under the ancient oak, and since then had prayed for him more fervently than ever.

Presently they reached the cabin, where they found the Indian ravenously devouring the supper,

which Nancy had hoped he might not touch until they arrived.

"Now, Christian," said the latter, "let us hear all you have to say—" for the youth, when he had first arrived, had refused to give her a word of the news. At once he threw down his knife and fork, and greeting Lydia with a faint smile, told them he had brought a letter from Sir Edmund Andros to Governor Treat; and added, it would not be many days before the British troops would enter Hartford. Here he produced the following letter, which the girl eagerly perused.

"Governor Andros to Governor Treat.

"Boston October 22d, 1687.

"Sir—This is to acquaint you that I have received effectual orders and commands from his Majesty for Connecticut to be annexed to this government (in a very gracious manner), with particular regard and favor to yourself. And resolve to send or be myself at Hartford about the end of next week, pursuant thereunto, to meet you and such gentlemen as you shall think fit for his Majesty's said service, which I will not doubt to your satisfaction and other his Majesty's loyal subjects in your parts.

"And remain, sir, your very affectionate friend,

"E. ANDROS.

"To the Honorable Governor TREAT."\*

"He will come," said Christian, when Lydia had finished the letter, "by way of Woodcocks—a well-known station on the old post road to Providence. From Providence he will follow the principal route to New London, and thence he is to strike across

<sup>\*</sup> Conn. Rec. iii. 387.

the country to the Wethersfield ferry, which, as you know, is not many miles below here, on the Connecticut river."

The Indian now turned his attention once more to the platter in front of him; and knowing that the poor fellow was hungry, the girl left him to finish his repast, in the meanwhile engaging in serious conversation with Nancy as to the best mode of carrying out the plan devised by the latter for saving the charter.

"Well, well," said Lydia, "before nine o'clock bell rings, I will go with Christian to Mr. Wadsworth's and hear what the Captain has to suggest. I am confident, however, that your apprehensions about my father's safety are groundless, for Andros is still in complete ignorance of his hiding-place. Yet there may be danger when Sir Edmund arrives, for then —."

Here her friend blushed, while Lydia did not finish the sentence.

"Alas!" sighed Nancy, "a trying time is coming for me. I love my parent; would that I could bring him over to our side! I've a mind to go and throw myself at his feet and beg him not to betray Colonel Goffe."

Lydia shook her head. "Leave that to me," she said; "I will manage things so that my father will not be disturbed in his retreat, nor shall any body

injure Mr. Clark. I will stand between him and his enemies for your sake." At these words Nancy threw her arms around Lydia's neck and wept tears of thankfulness.

"Bless you, bless you," she sobbed; "I do not ask how you are going to accomplish it; but I know you are bold and skilfull. I trust my father to you, feeling confident reither he nor your own parent will be molested."

At this point Mrs. Bull entered and put a stop to the conversation by scolding the regicide's daughter for having so rudely deserted her and forced her to walk home alone. The dame was still growling when Christian started off to give Governor Treat the letter which he had brought; nor was she entirely restored to her usual goodhumor when he returned to accompany Lydia to Wadsworth's abode.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

As Lydia, accompanied by the Pequot, passed along Main street on her way to Wadsworth's, she met Israel Barebones and Mr. Philbrick, who both wondered at seeing her in such company, and when the had gone by them the youth informed her that

on his way from Governor Treat's mansion the same couple had stopped him and asked his business. Nor was Miss Crabtree less astonished than the ruling elder and his friend, when she saw them entering the house together. But without heeding the dame's staring eyes, Lydia made her host a sign that she wanted to speak with him in the library, and likewise beckoned to Adams, who was seated on the hearth smoking his pipe.

As soon as the door of the study closed, she repeated in as few words as possible the news which Christian had brought, giving the route Andros would take in order to reach Hartford; then went on to explain the only way which remained for them to rescue the charter.

"Since it cannot be done by force," she said, "the people having lost all courage, I will undertake to snatch it from his Excellency, when it is placed before him on the table of the court chamber."

Adams and Wadsworth could not repress a smile, as, for the first time, they had this novel plan unfolded to them.

"It will be a daring attempt, quoth the latter, and one which could only have originated in your fertile brain, Miss Goffe."

"Nay, sir," re urned Lydia, "Nancy Clark suggested it; and if we succeed, all thanks must be given to her."

At the mention of Nancy's name a troubled look passed over Wadsworth's countenance. "Well," said Adams, "I am willing to try anything rather than have the charter taken from us. But the old soldier lying in the room above, helpless from rheumatism, who is to save him? For granting that Andros has not been told of his whereabouts—a thing, however, which I greatly doubt—will not Mr. Clark reveal it?"

Lydia had expected that the tavern-keeper or Wadsworth would say something about Nancy's father, and, consequently, was ready with a plan which would prevent the latter from communicating with Sir Edmund.

"Aye," said her host, just as she was about to speak, "that villain will no doubt betray us; but by the Almighty, I will leave my dead body on the threshold, before any one crosses it to arrest the regicide."

"And I propose," said Adams, touching his dagger and cutting short the words on Lydia's lips, "I propose to make Clark exchange worlds, ha, ha, ha! and I don't believe any of you could suggest an easier method of getting rid of a pest."

"Perhaps not," exclaimed the girl, looking boldly at him; "but while Lydia Goffe is Lydia Goffe you shall not harm Nancy's father. Oh, Adams, you and I were good friends once on a time; do

not scowl so, but listen and I will tell you what we may do."

"She is right," interrupted Wadsworth; "let your dagger alone. I'm as fond as you of a fair and open fight, but I do not like murder."

"Well, I propose," said Lydia, "to send Christian to him with a message purporting to come from a member of Sir Edmund's staff, and in this message Mr. Clark will be told that Andros is going to approach Hartford by way of Windsor, instead of coming up from the Wethersfield ferry. It will likewise state that such a route has been chosen in order to take the settlement by surprise. The Pequot will accompany him to Windsor and keep him there until Andros is on his way back to Boston; and as Mr. Clark believes that the youth is one of those who have been bribed into the service of Sir Edmund, he will readily fall into the trap. What think you of this, Mr. Wadsworth?" "It is good," replied the Captain, "provided the

"It is good," replied the Captain, "provided the Indian does his duty."

At these words Christian's eyes flashed, and drawing his tomahawk: "What my flower wants me to do, I do," he exclaimed, "and if any one try to hinder me, let him beware!"

Here Adams, who could not help thinking the youth spoke thus in order to deter him from murdering Mr. Clark, broke in with a derisive laugh, which made the girl's blood run cold; and turning to her host: "You have heard," she said, "my plan; I rely on you to see that nothing make it fail."

"I will do my best," returned Wadsworth, "1 will. Christian put back your weapon; and you, Adams, let your dagger alone."

Prudence and Miss Crabtree were now summoned to take part in the consultation, which lasted another hour, during which many methods were suggested for saving the charter; and in the end it was agreed that Wadsworth should wait not far from the tavern door, until Lydia should bring him the instrument, which she was to snatch from the table the instant it would be placed before his Excellency—Adams, Tom Hubbard and a few others standing by, well armed and ready to open a passage way to the staircase leading from the court chamber. While if, as they hoped, the General Court should meet in the evening, then dame Garlic, Miss Crabtree, Nancy Clark and Dorothy Philbrick were suddenly to extinguish the lights, after which the regicide's daughter might without difficulty effect her purpose.

With this understanding the conference broke up, and Adams, mounting the Captain's swift Narragansett pacer, started off on a reconnoissance—determined to push as far as he could on the road to New London, and satisfy himself of the movements of Sir Edmund.

## CHAPTER XL.

Four days had elapsed since Mad Adams had started on his reconnoitering tour, and Wadsworth, seated by Lydia's side on one of the benches in the chimney, was speaking about him and wondering why he had not yet returned, while ever and anon the Captain would give the girl a strange look, then press his hand upon his brow. "The hour is approaching," he would say to himself, "when I will know my fate; I shall not again be thwarted by Nancy Clark. The moment Lydia brings me the charter I will speak out all that my soul has so long yearned to tell her. I am placed between her and despair—no, no, she will not refuse me." They had the house all to themselves—Miss Crabtree and Prudence having retired at the sound of the nine o'clock bell, in order to be up bright and early next morning, the Sabbath—and as they sat by each other's side, Lydia's heart throbbed to think how soon she might meet Henry Synnot; while at the same time she could not help feeling anxious about the success of Nancy's plan for rescuing the charter. "I will do my part," she said

to herself. "Pray God, the courage of my friends may not fail at the critical moment."

And so they remained conversing together, and anon soliloquizing, until the clock on the cupboard sounded twelve, when just as the last stroke died away, they were startled by the clatter of a horse's hoofs along the road.

Wadsworth sprang to his feet, so did Lydia, and both hastened to the door, expecting to find that Adams had arrived. Nor were they disappointed: on gaining the threshold, they found the honest fellow in the act of dismounting; then as he led Puritan towards the stable—"great news," he cried, "great news; I'll be back in a moment and tell it to yeu."

"Well, make haste," said Lydia, "do not keep us in suspense." With this, she returned to the fireside and anxiously awaited his appearance.

"Yes, great news!" repeated Simon, when presently he burst into the room. "Andros is resting his troops twenty miles below the Wethersfield ferry, and I am confident he will not arrive until the sabbath sun has gone down. He has met thus far no opposition; nor does he expect any when he reaches here."\*

They now made Adams take a place near the

<sup>\*</sup> For account of Andros' friendly reception in Hartford, see Palfrey Vol. III, page 542.

hearth, Wadsworth filling his pipe with tobacco while Lydia got some supper ready, and when the tavern-keeper had done smoking, he ate a hearty meal of cold victuals—it being already the Sabbath nothing warm could be provided—and as the girl bustled about, she felt little disposed to sleep, although it was very late. On the contrary, she felt strangely wakeful and uneasy, and when at length she did retire, she prayed God not to let her own courage fail—the next few days, would be trying ones.

The night was wild and gusty, the nuts from the walnut tree came pattering down on the roof, with a harsh sound; the chimney, which passed through her bedroom, groaned as if it were full of evil spirits; while the 'dead man's seat,' which she had pushed into the farthest corner, looked as if it were approaching her bed.

"Upon my word," said Lydia, as she held the candle towards it, "the chair certainly moved a moment ago!"

Her slumbers during the next few hours were several times broken, she could not tell by what, and she rejoiced, when at length she heard the watchman's bell waking the good people of Hartford.

The day opened with a cloudy sky, and the profound quiet which reigned through the town,

told plainly enough that it was the Sabbath; not a dog barked, not a goose cackled, and you might have susposed that Tom Hubbard had never whistled in all his life, so demure was his countenance. As usual, Lydia refrained from going to meeting with the rest of the household; and when the door had closed behind Charity Crabtree—who always lingered to get a last view of her—she summoned Christian, who had been sitting up stairs with her father for more than an hour, amusing the old gentleman with accounts of Boston.

"You once," she began, motioning the youth to a seat near her, "did me a good service, when you stole Mad Adams' sword and pistol. I want you now, to help me again; the case is very urgent." With this, she went on to unfold her scheme for preventing a meeting between Nancy's father and Andros, and ended by begging Christian to go at once to Clark's house and tell him that Sir Edmund might be expected within twenty-four hours; but that instead of entering the town from the south, he would approach by way of Windsor, so as to take the inhabitants by surprise, and that at this last named settlement he desired Mr. Clark to join him. "Tell him also," she added, "that Governor Treat will mislead the train-band by sending them to meet his Excellency at the Wethersfield ferry, as he fears, should they encounter the red-coats, their old courage might revive, and Wadsworth might incite them to opposition. Stay you at Windsor with Mr. Clark until all danger is over of his meeting Sir Edmund; you may then leave him to come back alone. Oh, the wretch! if he were not the father of my friend, I might not be so scrupulous of his safety."

Having faithfully promised to carry out her wishes, the Pequot left the house, and as nearly all the inhabitants of the town were assembled in their respective places of worship, he succeeded in reaching Mr. Clark's abode without being stopped by anybody. But, quiet as was the forenoon of this Sabbath day, during the afternoon there was more life and animation in Hartford, than was approved of by Israel Barebones and other scrupulous observers of the covenant. The Governor, and Lieutenant-Governor, the assistants, and deputies, who were holding the October session of the General Court, mingled freely with the people and discussed the subject uppermost in everybody's mind, viz: the coming of Andros. The great majority agreed that nothing should be done to oppose him; the charter of Massachusets, had been declared null and void; what then could prevent theirs from being sacrificed? Mr. Clark, however, did not show himself on the green, whereat everybody wondered for they knew the deep interest he took in in the king's cause.

"I saw him," said Mad Adams, looking sharply at Lydia, "leave his house not many minutes ago, accompanied by Christian. They took that direction," here he pointed towards the north.

"Ah, Miss Lydia, Miss Lydia, can you trust the Pequot? Has he not been bribed by Mr. Clark? On what evil errand have they set out?"

To this the girl made no response; but inwardly rejoiced to know that Nancy's father was already on his way to Windsor, and that so far her plan was working well.

Israel Barebones, in a low tone, urged his hearers strictly to enforce the religious laws of the colony, which he did not believe Sir Edmund would alter.

"He is an anglican," he said to the group assembled round him, "mayhap, as some think, a Papist in disguise; but if we submit to him in political matters he will respect our faith; and our ducking-stools, whipping-posts, stocks, and I may add our cages for sabbath-breakers—of which I am shortly expecting a couple—will be allowed to stand as warnings to evil-doers, and precious objects in the sight of the Lord. But now, brethren," he added, "calm your excitement; I like not this buzzing of voices. Have ye forgotten it is the sabbath?"

There was a scowl on Adams' face as he listened to these remarks, but he did not open his lips, and politely bowed his head, when once the speaker accosted him as Mr. Adams.

"Never mind," he said to himself, clenching his fist, "the day of retribution, although a long way off, is coming; and then, Israel Barebones, I shall pay you for all this." So hardened had the conscience of the publican become that he did not scruple to tell the goodman that the cages had not only been sent for, but would arrive on the morrow; and when Mr. Barebones rolled up his eyes and exclaimed, "Praise the Lord," Adams responded, "Amen."

The subject which, next to the approach of the British troops, was most ardently canvassed this afternoon, was the appearance of Lydia the evening before in company with Andros' messenger, whom several had recognized as the same young Indian that had once been expelled from the town.

"I warrant you," quoth Mr. Philbrick, "the youth had something to tell her about that officer whom, a few months ago, she openly accosted in our presence. Depend upon it, brethren, she needs praying for."

Thus the day wore on. Nor was any change made in the plan for rescuing the charter, save that Tom Hubbard and his sweetheart, Dorothy Philbrick, were let into the secret and asked to lend their aid in carrying it out—which, of course, they did not refuse, being both as daring as they were saucy.

That night Lydia's rest was searcely less broken than on the previous one. The same high wind was blowing around the house; the chimney moaned, and the walnuts again pattered on the roof. Monday, October 31st, she was up bright and early. The sky was overcast, a storm seemed to be brewing, and as she stood at the doorway, by the side of Wadsworth: "Tis just the day," she said, "to try our hearts. There will be no sun to cheer us. Those clouds seem to oppress me, but oh, sir, with God's help, the charter will be saved."

While they were thus conversing, several members of the train-band approached and urged their chief to put himself at their head.

"We're going," they said, "to meet Andros and show him that our intentions are peaceful; it is the best thing to do, Cap., the best thing to do. Massachusetts has submitted; we may as well follow her example, and as Mr. Barebones counsels, trust in the Almighty to redress our wrongs."

At this, without opening his lips, but with a look of supreme seorn, Wadsworth drew Lydia from the threshold, then closing the door, passed with her into the library, where they remained several hours

together, each too absorbed in thought to care about conversing.

At length this anxious day came to an end, and Mad Adams, who had gone down the river on another reconnoissance, returned and informed them that Andros was only a mile off. "The trainband are escorting him," he said, "Oh, Captain, Captain, who would have believed this six months ago! The very men who cried the loudest for Independence are shouting, 'long live the King.'"

Without a moment's delay, Wadsworth now warned his aunt and Goody Garlie that it was time for them to repair to the Court Chamber, while Lydia hastened to find Tom Hubbard, Dorothy and Nancy. The news which Adams had brought spread like wild-fire through the settlement, and from every dwelling there poured forth a stream of boys and girls and old folks, all eager to witness the great event, the entry of Sir Edmund. The Assistants and Deputies were soon congregated in the Legislative hall, while Governor Treat took a position in front of the Bunch of Grapes, to greet his Excellency. In about half an hour the blast of a trumpet announced that Andros had reached the outskirts of the town, and immediately every eye was turned in that direction. The train-band appeared first, leading the way, then followed Sir Edmund, on a richly caparisoned steed, while by his side rode an officer whom every body recognised as the same who had more than once carried despatches to Governor Treat. Never had Andros looked better than he did on this occasion. He was just in his fiftieth year and his countenance, which betokened great resolution, wore a smile of triumph, as he found himself entering without opposition the principal town of the Commonwealth. "What good news," he said to himself, "I shall send the king!"

Following Andros came sixty troopers, and when Wadsworth beheld this handful of soldiers, tears of mortification started to his eyes. "Oh, shame," he cried, "shame on my train-band!"

The welcome which Governor Treat gave Andros was most cordial, and sent a thrill of joy through the breast of Israel Barebones, who saw in it a harbinger of peace and harmony. Lydia, however, paid no heed to the movements of Sir Edmund; her eyes were constantly fixed on Henry Synnot, who already had exchanged significant glances with her. After the first greeting was over, his Excellency was ushered into the court chamber, where the assistants and deputies received him with every demonstration of respect; then having taken the chair at the further end of the Hall, usually occupied by the chief magistrate of the colony, he motioned the latter to a seat on his right, after

which turning to the Deputy Governor, he bade him place himself on his left. Behind them stood Captain Synnot; while of the troopers whom Andros had brought to Hartford, only two were present, the rest being marshalled on the green. prepared to resist any attempt at insurrection; which, however, did not seem at all likely to occur. The scene which the hall presented was a very interesting one. The orderlies, with drawn swords, stood on either side of the long, narrow table, around which the members of the Assembly were seated, while one, besides his weapon, carried the new flag which had been brought over from England, namely a red cross on a white ground, and in the centre a crown wrought in gold with the letters J. R. The sombre, drab coats of the Puritans, and their close, square cut hair formed a striking contrast to the burnished steel head-piece and cuirass of Sir Edmund, and the scarlet uniform, decked with gold lace, of Captain Synnot. Three large candle-sticks, each bearing four candles, threw a flickering light on the table; while within easy reach of the one nearest to Andros, we find Nancy and Lydia, who under pretense of gratifying their curiosity, have pushed their way here, regardless of the crowd.

Further down the hall, Dorothy Philbrick and Tom Hubbard have taken up a position where they may with facility extinguish the lights in the second candlestick, while Miss Crabtree and Goody Garlic are ready to perform a similar duty at the lower extremity of the chamber. To Adams has been assigned the part of keeping the stairway clear for the regicide's daughter to pass down with the charter should she be fortunate enough to secure it, of which, however, he has many doubts, and the nervous way he strokes his shaggy beard shows how seriously he views the situation.

At the porch of the inn, according to agreement, Wadsworth is waiting with his swift steed ready to carry the instrument to Wyllys' hill as soon as Lydia shall have placed it in his hands, and we can well imagine how his heart throbs, as with eyes intently fixed on the court chamber window, he listens for the first sound of disturbance. And the regicide's daughter—what emotions fill her breast at this moment! How she glances at Synnot, then at the tyrant, who has already given her more than one rude stare and whispered to his chief of staff that she is the loveliest creature he has seen since he landed in New England.

"Lady Andros," said he, "has asked me to find a young woman native born in the colonies, beautiful and at the same time sufficiently educated to be a maid of honor: methinks yonder lass would suit her ladyship. Of humble origin she doubtless is; yet she has a striking face, and by the way she carries herself one might say old blood coursed in her veins."

At these words Symnot's countenance suddenly brightened. "I shall not lose sight of her, your Excellency," he replied; "she is indeed very unlike all the other maidens I have seen since leaving Europe. There is no child beauty about her, her expression indicates soul. I warrant she is brave, ambitious and attached to Connecticut, and if you wish to have her follow you to Boston and serve her Ladyship, you must make her some offer becoming one of her nature."

"Suggest something," whispered Sir Edmund, "suggest something. If money and high position will not tempt her, tell me what might."

"Authorize me to say to her, your Excellency, that if she will consent to what you propose, you will restore to the people of Hartford the land which they had voted for school purposes, and which, as you may remember, has been bestowed on Nathaniel Clark."

For about a minute Andros was silent; he seemed to be revolving in his mind these words of the officer. "I will," he presently answered, "I will make her that offer. But speaking of Mr. Clark makes me wonder that he is not here to greet me. Humph! perhaps 'tis as well I should hold no con-

me of a

ference with him if I am so soon to take back the gift I made; and besides, judging from the quiet demeanor of the people, I am not likely to need his services any longer. This colony has shown far greater readiness to submit to my authority than Massachusetts."

When Andros had done speaking with Synnot, he addressed a few remarks to Governor Treat, who presently made a sign to an official standing near by.

"Now be firm," said Lydia, pressing the hand of her friend; "the charter is coming."

She was right. Yet before she was to play her daring part, an incident was to happen which confirmed Sir Edmund's opinion of her character. Israel Barebones, who, until now had been standing like a statue just behind her, suddenly clasped his hands, and with an expression of the most intense zeal, began to pray aloud. Tom Hubbard winked at Dorothy, who gave her lover a pinch and bade him hold his tongue, while Lydia turned towards the old man with an impatient glance, for she was anxious to perform her trying part as quickly as possible, and the ruling elder's exhortatation might last an hour.

"Almighty God," he began, "we return Thee thanks for the profound peace which reigns in our beloved commonwealth. Grant that we, Thy people,

may continue to have our thoughts fixed only on Zion, and not on the affairs of this world. What is wealth? What is glory? What is liberty—if in striving to attain them we lose our souls? Remain steadfast, ye men and women of Connecticut, to the plan of our fathers. Be worthy children of the new Israel, and while ye submit to Governor Andros, let your hearts still be tabernacles of grace. Allow no bishops to come among ye. Abhor the Anglican church. Shun all contact with it as ye would shun a den of rattlesnakes, for it is only popery in disguise." Here the speaker stretched out his arm and pointing at the banner which the soldier was holding: "Yonder cross," he continued, his voice rising as he became more excited, "vonder cross which pollutes that otherwise beautiful flag, is a scandal in my eye, and—"

It were difficult to tell where the goodman might have stopped in his denunciation of Andros' emblem of authority, had not his words been suddenly cut short by the trooper thrusting his sword at him.

"He must be mad," exclaimed Sir Edmund,
"Captain Synnot, bid the orderly sheath his weapon, then have the greyheaded fool turned out of
the room."

But before this command had been given, Lydia, who really believed Israel Barebones was going to be murdered, had grasped the point of the sword and stopped it when it was within an inch of his breast; then, with a look of haughty defiance, slowly pushed it aside.

"What a girl she is!" continued Andros, still addressing his aid-de-camp, "verily, I shall not let her pass her days among these boors. But see, see!" here he drew from his pocket a costly silk handkerchief, "she has hurt herself!" While he was speaking, the brow of Henry Synnot had contracted—his black eyes were now flashing fury.

"I want not your kerchief, sir," exclaimed Lydia, releasing her hold of the sword, and lifting up before the multitude her wounded hand. "Would to God more blood had flowed this day in Connecticut. But alas! we are fallen on evil times, when men think more of garnering crops and living at ease than of defending their rights."

Here Andros turned impatiently to Governor Treat, and again asked to have the charter produced—"and make haste," he whispered, "make haste."

The truth is, although any thing but a coward, such bold language as the girl was using caused him to shrink back in his chair—he dreaded the effect it might have upon that crowd of scowling men. Lydia, however, to his great relief, did not follow up her words, but simply urging Mr. Barebones to retire, folded her arms, then rivetted upon

the tyrant all the fire of her haughty eyes. Presently a low murmur rang through the hall and a roll of parchment, with the Royal Seal affixed, was spread out upon the table in front of his Excellency. The critical moment had come. Even Tom Hubbard's face twitched—Goody Garlic looked anxiously at Lydia; while Nancy Clark trembled from head to foot. But Goffe's daughter showed no sign of fear, as, with lips firmly pressed, she leaned forward and seemed trying to read the wording on the parchment; and in this attitude she remained nearly half a minute, which appeared hours to those who were to assist her on this memorable occasion.

Suddenly, just as Andros raised his hand to place it on the charter, every light was extinguished!

Wadsworth knew what had happened—his breath came to him in great gasps, and instinctively he stretched out his arms into the darkness.

The confusion which followed was indescribable. The Deputies and Assistants, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, as well as Sir Edmund himself, believed some awful fate was impending.

"What means this?" cried the latter, in fierce tones; "Captain Synnot, out, quick, marshal the troops!"

His aid-de-camp started to obey the order, but found it impossible to go more than a few feet,

owing to the panic-stricken multitude pressing against him, but he was still endeavoring to push his way through the darkness when he felt the touch of a woman's hand.

"Lydia—is that you?" he whispered.

"Yes, yes," she replied.

"Then quick—come to the spot I have just left—you will be crushed to death here."

"No, no; do not stay me," said the girl, freeing herself from her lover's grasp, and with wild efforts attempting to move forward with her prize, "do not stay me—back, friends—make way."

But on every side the passage to the door was barred by the surging mass, and in her despair she groaned aloud. Quick as thought came back an answering voice, "give it to me, give it to me"and bending down from the brawny shoulder of Tom Hubbard, Nancy's hand touched Lydia's. Thankfully did the regicide's daughter entrust the instrument to her friend, then, before a single match could be struck, by dint of kicks and merciless blows of his fists, the lad succeeded in reaching the staircase with his precious burthen; nor was it until he was half way down that the candles nearest Sir Edmund were relit and his Excellency discovered what had been done. The panic now subsided almost as suddenly as it had arisen, and drawing a long breath and waving his hand at Synnot, "never mind," he cried, "do not call the troops; the people mean us no bodily harm, they have only stolen the charter. By heaven 'twas a bold act!"

Then turning towards Governor Treat with a sinister smile, "'twill avail the people naught," he exclaimed, "I will still be their master." Then with the greatest composure, as soon as the other candles were relit, he opened the record book of the colony, and taking a pen closed the record in these words: "At a general court at Hartford October, 31st, 1687—his Excellency Sir Edmund Andros, Knight, and Captain-General, and Governor of his Majesty's territories and dominions in New England by order from his Majesty, James the Second-King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, took into his hands the government of the colony of Connecticut, it being by his Majesty annexed to Massachussetts, and other colonies under his Excellency's government—Finis." \* This being done, he immediately set to work appointing officers, civil and military for Connecticut. The number of his council was increased to fifty, by adding to it Governor Treat, John Fitzwinthrop, Wait Winthrop, and John Allyn; while so calmly did he proceed in the work of reorganizing the government

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that he did hot leave the court chamber till within a few minutes of bell ringing.

Let us now go back, and see what became of the charter. As we remember we left it in the care of Nancy Clark, who borne on the stout shoulders of young Hubbard, reached the foot of the stairway before Andros discovered that it was gone. Once safe below, the young woman insisted that Tom should return to Lydia.

"She may need your help," she said, "for the people were pushing one another about in a frantic manner—go quick, and stay with her until she is out of the crush." The lad obeyed; then without pausing an instant longer, Nancy rushed out of the Ordinary, to the spot where according to the agreement Wadsworth was to wait and receive the charter. It was a pitch dark night, a drizzling rain was falling. As she drew near, Puritan gave a loud neigh—in another moment, she found herself clasped in the Captain's arms.

"Well done, Lydia, well done," he said; "forgive me if I press my lips to your brow—speak, 'tis but a word—tell me that I have not loved you in vain."

"Mr. Wadsworth," said Nancy, in a voice firm yet inexpressibly mournful, "release me. I am not Lydia; take the charter which I bring—go hide it, and may the Almighty stay his wrath—may he pity you—oh Wadsworth, Wadsworth!"

So thunderstruck and mortified was the chief of the train-band, when he discovered his mistake, that Nancy's words instead of softening his feelings towards her, and causing him to think of his vow, roused his anger to an uncontrollable pitch, and crumpling between his fingers the parchment which she had given him—he thrust her violently away; then springing into the saddle, he galloped off towards Wyllys' hill, muttering, "'tis my fate -my fate. The devil's hand is over me."

He was not long in reaching the oak, where in a frame of mind bordering on distraction, he concealed the precious instrument which Andros had come to Hartford to seize; then remounting his horse, went back at a more leisurely gait towards the town, muttering still, "'tis my fate, my fate."

He must have gone almost half way, to the green when Puritan suddenly swerved to the left—there was a figure standing in the road, who could it be?"

"Is that you, Wadsworth?" said a voice he knew well.

"Ah! there you are again," he impatiently exclaimed, "what do you want now? why always pursuing me?"

Lowering her tone, for Nancy feared lest some

body might overhear her,—"do not upbraid me," she continued, "I would not for the world stand in the way of your happiness—not for myself, even if I believed I had a place in your heart, would I urge you to pause. Lydia is a noble, beautiful girl—my dearest friend; but, Wadsworth, remember, oh, remember your vow!"

"Why remind me of that?" he exclaimed.

"Let it perish from my memory! I have asked, but have not received, I have sought, but have not found, I have knocked, but it has not been opened unto me. Go, Nancy! blame the Author of my being—Him who made me what I am; who, when the temptation came, left me to my own strength; go, go, do not even pray for me!"

Here he struck his hand against his brow, then rode on, almost trampling down the young woman, who had been standing in front of his horse.

As he went a voice followed him. "I will pray," it said, "I will pray." Then another voice seemed to answer, "Never again, Nancy, never again." He put his hands to his ears, yet still the voices pursued him, and in his despair he cried aloud, "no, never, never, never again."

## CHAPTER XLI.

That night, at an hour when the townfolks were supposed to be all asleep, two figures might have been seen walking together in the direction of Wadsworth's house. Lydia was listening with wrapt attention to what Henry Synnot was telling her, and never did suitor plead his cause with more burning words; yet while she did not attempt to conceal her attachment for him, she frankly avowed that she could not be his as long as he served James the Second. "In regard to the other matter," she said, "while it will be a hard trial to part with dear father, yet I am willing to make any sacrifice to get back the school land which Nathaniel Clark now wrongfully holds; "yes, if going to Boston and becoming maid of honor to Lady Andros will restore to Hartford those goodly acres —then I cheerfully consent to the step you have proposed."

The officer here expressed some anxiety about Nancy's father. "The plan which you adopted for keeping him from meeting Sir Edmund," he said, "was indeed well contrived; "but when he returns and finds that he has been duped, may he not hasten to Boston and reveal what he knows

about the regicide? and will he not want to ask the cause of his being deprived of the school land—the loss of which will greatly astonish him after having been given the deed?"

"Leave that to me," replied Lydia. "I shall so contrive that he will not go to Boston. How I am to overcome this new difficulty will soon be made clear to you, Henry. All I ask in order to carry out my plan is that you furnish me a hundred pounds."

"A hundred pounds!" exclaimed her lover.

"By my faith, 'tis a large sum to procure on so short a notice; nevertheless I believe his Excellency's purse is good for the amount. He owes me more than that; I will ask for the money to-morrow, and as soon as I get it it shall be at your disposal."

They had now reached Wadsworth's abode, and fearing to linger by the door lest the ever watchful Charity Crabtree might come out and discover them together, the officer kissed her hand and they separated. Although it was long past bell ringing when the regicide's daughter entered, she found a huge fire blazing, and Wadsworth, Adams, Miss Crabtree, Prudence, Tom Hubbard and Dorothy, all waiting to receive her. Her old nurse, who had been reading a chapter in the Bible, did not even finish the sentence, but rushed towards her, and

after a hasty embrace began examining her wounded hand, then playfully chided her for not having come home at an earlier hour. Even the crochety aunt was so rejoiced, that she forgot to ask where she had been, and showered no end of praises on her for the bravery she had displayed in the court chamber; while Adams, his hardened countenance brightened by the same expression of kindliness which Lydia had so often seen upon it when he had visited her in the wilderness, maintained there was not another girl like her in all Connecticut. As for Tom Hubbard and his sweetheart, they each caught her by an arm and shook her as if they wanted to pull her to pieces, the lad declaring it was herself and not Nancy Clark he had meant to carry out of the hall. Wadsworth alone held aloof, but while his lips did not move, his cavernous eyes darted upon her a strange fire; they seemed to cast a spell over her and it required a strong effort to turn away from him.

"Although it is not far from midnight," exclaimed Dorothy, "I could not go home without congratulating you, Miss Lydia, on your brave conduct. I was also impatient to show you what Tom picked up on the court-room floor; Andros must have lost it in the confusion which followed the extinction of the lights—see!"

Here the girl produced a heavy gold seal on

which was marked a crown and the letters E. A. "This," she continued, "shall belong to the one who to-day saved our charter."

Here she placed the prize in Lydia's hand. The latter stared at it a moment, apparently in deep thought; then suddenly looking up, and asking Adams not to go away until she returned, she hastened to her father's room on the second story. The old gentleman was asleep when she approached the bedside, and when she awoke him appeared surprised to find her there.

"What is the matter, has anything happened, Lydia?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied, "stay calm, however; what I am going to tell you will not cause more grief to your heart than to my own. A great end can rarely be attained without suffering. Father, I have come to bid you good-bye."

At these words the regicide, old and feeble as he was, rose from the pillow and seized her by the wrist. "Has this hand," he exclaimed, "with the bloody rag upon it, aught to do with your strange announcement? Although I am confined to my bed, I became satisfied to-day that something unusual was occurring. Tell me child, what was it?"

"Yes," rejoined Lydia, "Andros is in town. But no danger, father, no danger to you; he does not know you are here; he only came to take the charter. But I saved it, and it lies hidden where he never will find it. As for my hand, 'tis only scratched by the point of a sword, which one of Sir Edmund's soldiers aimed at Israel Barebones, and which I thrust aside. I did not intend to speak about it; I only came to bid good-bye and ask your blessing."

At these words the old gentleman burst into tears; he could not speak, and seizing the coverlet with a convulsive grasp fell back or the pillow.

"Oh, father," continued Lydia, her voice trembling and the tears starting to her own eyes, "do not take it so hard, I will return. Listen now, and I will tell why I am going. The British officer whom, as I once confessed, I am in love with, is in town. I have had an interview with him-he has urged me to be his bride—but I have refused; 'never, said I, 'as long as you serve King James.' I have consented, however, to return with him to Boston and be maid of honor to Lady Andros, who it seems is desirous of having that place filled by a young woman who is a native of New England. And Henry Synnot has assured me that if I will do that, Sir Edmund will give back to the people of Hartford the school land which is now wrongfully held by Mr. Clark, the father of my friend Nancy."

"How like you, child, how like you!" exclaimed

the old gentleman, drying his tears; then placing his hand on her head—"God bless you! God bless you! and may your mission be successful."

Here grief again mastered him, and for a few minutes father and daughter wept together. At length by a strong effort Lydia resumed her self-command; then bringing the lamp nearer she showed him the seal, and after telling how she had come by it, ended by heaping praises on Dorothy Philbrick for the firmness she had displayed in the court chamber, and expressing a hope that Tom Hubbard's courtship would have a happy ending. With this she gave the old gentleman a kiss and withdrew to the lower story, realizing as she had never done before, how happy the days had been which she had passed under Wadsworth's roof.

On arriving below she found that Tom Hubbard and his sweetheart had gone home; but Prudence and Charity were still waiting up, dear knows for what purpose, unless to finish their chapter in the Bible, while Wadsworth was seated beside Adams, his arms folded and looking the picture of despair. To see him thus made Lydia wonder, for she thought the way Andros had been circumvented ought to have been enough to fill his heart with gladness.

"Captain," she said in a winning voice, and pointing towards the library, "follow me; and you,

too, Adams, come." They obeyed, then as soon as soon as the door was closed she told them that she was going on the morrow to Boston, and gave her reasons for taking so strange a step.

"Noble girl!" exclaimed her host, "there is no other in this world like you! Noble, noble girl!"

The tavern-keeper however, shook his head; he appeared to doubt Lydia's sincerity. True, she had snatched the charter away from Andros that evening, but his mind was haunted by the memory of her interview with Henry Synnot, which he had witnessed a few months before; and now to have her tell him she was going to accompany Sir Edmund to Massachusetts, was enough to destroy what little faith he had left in her patriotism.

"Yes, noble girl!" continued Wadsworth, "dearly as you love your father, you do not hesitate to part from him, in order to benefit the commonwealth. Let us hope Sir Edmund may not prove a deceiver, and that we will get back the school land; but Lydia—return soon." Here he placed his hand upon hers, which was resting on the table.

"'Twill be a great consolation," she replied, slightly blushing, "to know that I leave my parent under your roof."

Here Adams again shook his head, and muttered something about Clark.

"Oh, yes, I've thought of him," continued Lydia,

glancing at the publican; "listen, and I will tell what method I have devised to guard against his communicating with Andros." It might strike some folks overburthened with scruples like Israel Barebones, as not altogether proper and truthful; still, considering that I am the daughter of the regicide, I shall not be stopped by a trifle of conscience. Now listen. I am going to write a letter to Mr. Clark, sign it with Sir Edmund's name, and stamp it with his seal—which by a special Providence, has come into my possession. In that letter I will say, that Goffe being too infirm to escape again into the wilderness, need not be disturbed, and that 'tis only necessary to watch the house wherein he is concealed, and send immediate word should there be any prospect of his again taking to flight. And I will end by declaring that the reason why my father is not now arrested, is that his Excellency will go to England in a twelvemonth or so, at which time he will take the regicide aboard the same vessel, and deliver him with his own hand to the King. I will also add, that Mr. Clark will then be invited to accompany his Excellency, and receive the thanks of his sovereign. What think you of this?"

"It is a plan which never would have entered my head," exclaimed the tavern-keeper; "no, never!" - - = an -

"Nor mine either," said Wadsworth. "Verily it was a special Providence which sent you Andros' seal; but for that, Mr. Clark might suspect your letter to be a forgery. Oh, Lydia, what an ingenious brain you have. But now, let me inquire how soon you leave?"

"To-morrow, sir; and as time is short, having yet to inform Goody Garlic that she must accompany me, as well as having to write the letter, I will bid you good-night."

She was about to leave the room, when Wadsworth exclaimed: "Hold! let me have a share in the great work you are about to undertake. You shall journey to Boston on the swiftest steed in the colony; all who see him will envy you, and may the Almighty spare you to return to Hartford on the back of my faithful Puritan. Do you accept the gift?"

Lydia could not refuse, she even thanked the Captain with a warmth which again misled him, and had not Adams been present he might have fallen on his knees and confessed his love. Then hastening into the other room, the girl told her old nurse in the presence of Miss Crabtree, that this was to be their last night here, and that on the morrow they were to accompany Sir Edmund Andros to Massachusetts. When Charity heard this, she let fall her dream-book, which she was about

replacing in the cupboard—and this time she did it through unfeigned astonishment, and not as on a former occasion in order to attract somebody's attention—while Goody Garlic, whose countenance expressed alarm as well as wonder, rushed into the library and told Wadsworth the girl had gone mad. Nor was it an easy matter for the chief of the train-band to explain how matters stood, and to show that Lydia had never been more sane than at this moment; but, when at length the goodwift was persuaded that her darling had not lost her wits, she drew a long breath, then while the tears started to her eyes muttered a prayer of thanks giving.

It was one o'clock in the morning before any of the family retired. The master of the house paced back and forth with Adams; while Charity and Prudence, with a jug of cider and a pile of walnuts between them, went on chatting as if they would never stop. Many were the anecdotes they related, some of them funny, some of them sad, to most of which Lydia appeared to listen with the greatest of interest; but ever and anon she would bury her face in her hands and ponder over the letter which she had yet to write. At length, the empty nut-shells and the jug, from which the last drop had been poured, brought the old maids to a sense of how late the hour was; to

the table they sang a hymn and withdrew. Lydia in a few minutes followed their example; but before she entered her bed-room, she was seized by Miss Crabtree, who had been waiting for her at the top of the staircase, and after being kissed on both cheeks, was told by the dame, in the most emphatic terms, that Wadsworth would watch over her parent as if he were his own flesh and blood.

"Yes," said Charity, "you need not have the least anxiety about the old gentleman. He never, never shall be molested while my Joe is alive. And my Joe will often think of you. Come back from Boston as soon as you can and we'll give another husking party. And—and—now don't take offence—keep your curls clipped—they're sproutin' again—and will afore long reach a sinful length—good night."

## CHAPTER XLIL

Wadsworth had invited Lydia to write her missive to Mr. Clark in his study, where she would have every convenience of pen, ink and paper; and perhaps if he had urged her with less eagerness she might have accepted the offer. But she suspected his object. "Yes," she said, "he wants to have

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me there alone, and then make a proposal of marriage. I will spare him the pain of a refusal, and write the letter in my bed-room." So while Goody Garlic was falling asleep, she began to compose it. First, she made Sir Edmund thank Nancy's father for his faithful services to the royal cause—services which had done so much to bring about the present submissive spirit of the people of Hartford. He then went on to say that the discovery of the regicide was something for which no reward would be too great. "Accept," he continued, "these hundred pounds, which I inclose, together with my private seal. I had intended entering Hartford by way of Windsor in order to take the inhabitants by surprise—and accordingly sent you word to join me at the latter town. But having heard, when within a day's journey of your place, that far from being inclined to dispute my advance, the train-band was actually going to give me welcome at the Wethersfield ferry, I changed my route, and so did not have the great pleasure of meeting you. My reason for not bringing Goffe with me to Boston, on this present occasion, is the state of his health, which Captain Synnot assures me is such that the journey would prove fatal. His daughter I have taken as a hostage, albeit she knows it not, but has been made to believe that by entering the service of Lady Andros I shall be induced to show favors to Connecticut. Watch her father carefully. In a twelvementh or so I am going to England, when I will hand him over myself to the King, and you shall accompany me. Until then, keep on the alert, and believe me,

"Your friend, "E. Andros, "Governor of N. E."

She did not seal the letter, for she had not yet obtained the money which was to be put in it, but having laid down her pen, sat nearly an hour by the little table reading and re-reading what she had written, and musing on her strange destiny. The same feelings came over her as the night before she had left her home in the wilderness; but now, added to the excitement of going to a new country and grief at leaving her father, was a sense of pride and enthusiasm. Difficult might be the part she would have to play, yet she felt that no trials would be too great if only she could recover for the people of Hartford their lost school land. "Besides," thought Lydia, "Henry Synnot will be near me, and—" here she clasped her hands, "God may so bring it about that he will not always serve a tyrant." In the meanwhile the candle flickered, Goody Garlic snored, and her eyes, every now and then wandered towards the dead man's chair. At one moment she fancied the door of her room was opening, and it made her skin creep-perhaps

Wadsworth might enter, as he had done once before, led, as she believed, by an invisible hand; and although she was not easily frightened, his unearthly eyes had left an impression on her mind which no years would efface, and she shuddered at the idea of beholding him again under the influence of a supernatural power. When, finally, she blew out the light and withdrew to her couch, it was not to sleep; twice she started up under the belief that the door was opening, while once she felt sure somebody was touching the horseshoe, at the bed post. Oh, how slowly the night seemed to pass! was dawn ever coming? was the watch never going to ring the bell? But at length, after what appeared an endless time, Lydia heard Charity Crabtree descending the stair-case; the bell was sounding, and hastily rising from her pillow, she threw on her robes, then awoke Prudence and informed her that as they were to leave Hartford at an early hour she must lose not a moment in packing the sheepskin bag. "Yes, do get up," said the girl, "do get up; and while I go bid farewell to Nancy Clark, pack the bag and let all be ready when I return." With this she went below, then having put on her cloak and hood and allowed Charity to kiss her again on both cheeks, she glided out of the house.

When she arrived at Mrs. Bull's she was surprised to find the shutters of the cottage closed, for, how-

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ever lazy the widow herself might be, she knew that Nancy's habits of early rising were much like her own. But she had only to knock once when the door flew open and her friend stood before her.

"What brings you here so early, Lydia? Has any thing happened to father?" exclaimed the young woman. "I have not seen him these two days. Tell me, has anything happened?"

Lydia assured her, on her word of honor, that Mr. Clark was safe and uninjured, but that he had not yet come back from Windsor, whither he had gone, under the mistaken notion that Audros would approach the settlement from that direction; then in a playful way she chided her friend for being so late getting up.

"Don't blame me," said Nancy, in a whisper, and with a sweet smile, for the news she had just heard about her parent had taken a load off her heart; "you know that Mrs. Bull is as stubborn as yourself, nay, more stubborn; for while neither you nor she go to meeting on the Sabbath, my darling Lydia at least—rises at bell ringing."

Here a gruff voice was heard scolding Nancy for disturbing the quiet of the house.

"What scruples ye have," growled Mrs. Bull, "about obeying the laws! Why, they might fine me till they fined all the clothes off my back, and

ring the bell till Gabriel answered it with his trumpet afore I'd get up, if I felt like lying abed."

Here the widow slipped her hand under the pillow and pulling out the tarred rope, began to smell it. "Alas!" she sighed, "alas! the tar is fading—'taint near so strong as it used to be. But tar or no tar, 'twill always make me think of the old man. There never was such a sailor as henor a bark like the Polly Ann!" Then again changing her voice to a growl-"But, Miss Nancy, who's that you're talking to?" At this, Lydia made herself known, and after laughingly telling the dame that she would not report her for being so late abed, she went on to tell her friends of the strange step she was about to take; and when she added that in less than an hour she might be on the way to Boston, Nancy could no longer restrain her tears, while the widow muttered an oath and brought the rope violently down on the bed post. "What'll I do without you?" she cried. "On a long and stormy voyage two ships in company are better than one. If a sail or spar gets blowed away they can make up the loss atween 'em. But now I'm to be left all by myself in the hands of the Philistines. Aye, Nancy Clark, don't take scandal at my words. They are Philistines. Never, never, by all the sharks, will I believe their hearts are the tabernacles of grace. And the worst of 'em all is our ruling elder, who would have persecuted me even more than he has, if Miss Lydia hadn't been near to back me up. But now she's going away—going away!" Here Mrs. Bull drew her sleeve across her eyes, then struck the bed post another blow. "Would to God you were Israel Barebones," she cried, gazing at the inanimate object with a savage expression; "oh, yes, don't I wish it!"

She was still beating the post when Lydia said good-bye—and although the girl's heart was anything but joyful, she could not help smiling at the ludicrous spectacle.

"As for your father, dear Nancy," she whispered, lingering a moment on the threshold, "no harm shall come to him. I have Wadsworth's word for that." Then pressing her friend's hand, and telling her not to neglect Mrs. Japheth, the regicide's daughter departed.

But she had only gone a little ways when she heard Mrs. Bull calling out to her to come back, and retracing her steps she met the jolly old soul wrapped in a huge dressing gown—which had belonged to her husband—standing in the doorway puffing with the exertions she had made to get there. "I want you," whispered the dame, after glancing round to see that Nancy was not listening, "I want you to send me by hook or by crook

another Shakespeare; you know the one I had was burnt by the Philistines."

Having promised to comply with her request, Lydia again bade her farewell and laughed heartily as she went along the road, for she could hear the cracking and the snapping of the old tarred rope as it came down over the bed post and which in the crisp November air sounded like the report of a pistol.

The girl's next object was to find Henry Synnot, and procure from him the money which was to accompany the letter and the seal. Had her lover, however, been as sluggish as the foreign troopers whom Sir Edmund had brought to Hartford, it is doubtful whether she would have met him at this early hour. But the truth is, he was no less desirous of finding Lydia, in order to let her know that Andros was to set out on his return to Boston at nine o'clock, and he wanted to consult about her mode of travelling, and ask if she would go in a litter or on horseback.

It was near the green where once before he had openly accosted the girl in presence of the townfolks that Captain Synnot appeared—and he seemed to recognize her in the distance, for he waved his hand when she was yet scarcely more than across the bridge.

"A lovely morning," he said, advancing and

making a low obeisance, "we will travel fast today; the frost will spur us on."

"Yes, there is nothing like this air. I feel as if I could walk the whole distance," returned Lydia, "but having been offered the best horse in the colony I may as well ride. The animal belongs to the famous Narragansett breed, and was given me by Joseph Wadsworth, chief of the Hartford trainband."

"Indeed! well it pleases me to know you will be well mounted—I long to see you on horseback. How soon can you be ready?"

"In an hour, sir, or less; I only want to say goodbye to father."

"Your father! Oh, what would I give to meet him!" exclaimed the officer. "I suppose that would be impossible."

"Yes, impossible; not that it would cause him any alarm, for I have told him you were his friend; but he cannot leave his bed and there might be danger to one in the service of King James crossing the threshold of the house where he is concealed. Mr. Wadsworth is too bitter an enemy of royalty."

Without further detaining her, Synnot now handed her the hundred pound note for which she had asked the previous evening, then taking her hand, pressed it to his lips.

and the said

It happened that just at this moment Mad Adams threw open the door of the Bunch of Grapes, and as his eyes fell on the affectionate couple, a savage look passed over his countenance. He ground his teeth and wondered how Captain Joe had been so easily deceived; "and yet," thought the honest fellow, "I almost insulted him at first because he did not seem to admire the girl. Oh, I have been deceived too. Miss Lydia, Miss Lydia

## CHAPTER XLIII.

NINE o'clock had struck; on the green the sixty troopers were marshalled in line; while the members of the General Assembly (whose power as a legislative body, however, had been dissolved by Sir Edmund) were gathered in front of the Bunch of Grapes where his Excellency had passed the night, anxious to pay him their parting respects.

Lydia, her eyes moistened with tears, had just bid good-bye to her father, and with Goody Garlic was now waiting in front of Wadsworth's house for the moment to depart. No other being on earth but the regicide's daughter could have persuaded the old maid to undertake such a journey; visions of wolves, slippery roads, broken girths and

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fractious horses had haunted her brain during the night, and in one of her dreams she had seen a monstrous bear trying to pull down a cedar tree, on which she had taken refuge. But this time she was not to ride Jack, the poor beast being too old for any further service, and at the present moment we find her perched on the most gentle animal which Captain Synnot has been able to procure and which an orderly has just brought to the door.

Between Prudence and Charity the most endearing expressions were passing. "Forgive me," the latter exclaimed, "for any cross word I may have spoken. Keep the girl's heart pure and innocent. Although things haven't turned out as I hoped they would, yet I can't believe she'll refuse my Joe when he pops the question, which he'll do some time or other. He's been backward and has acted very, very strange, while she's never been willing to own the covenant and has never lost a chance to scoff at stocks and whipping-posts; yet they think alike about the independence of the colonies. She has a great soul and ought, indeed, to be Joe's wife! Be sure Prudence, and have her curls cut off again; try and have it done at New London or some other stopping place on the way. Let it not be said in Boston that a maiden of this godly town was given over to vanity. And so, dear friend, the Lord will one day reward you,"

As she finished speaking, the bugle sounded, and waving farewell to her, the goodwife and Lydia proceeded to join the cavalcade on the green. Instead of holding the reins, however, Miss Garlie buried her fingers deep in her horse's mane, and gave unmistakable evidence of the fear she had of being tossed out of the saddle. Lydia, on the contrary, sat erect, and but for her companion would have dashed off at full speed; while Puritan arched his neck and you could tell by the way he snorted and pranced that he was in just the mood to show off his powers.

"It may be my last chance," thought Wadsworth, who had stood an instant with a heart throbbing as if it would burst, watching the girl as she left him; "aye, it may be my last chance. No, no, I'll not risk waiting until she returns; dear knows when that may be; now or never I will speak my love. Nancy is not present, and what if she were? no, no, I will not be stopped again. Increase Mather, great and holy man though he be, is not gifted with infallible wisdom. I'll brave his counsel. With this he hastened after Lydia, and thrusting his trembling arm through the bridle drew Puritan to the other side of the road, and as far as possible from Goody Garlic.

"Miss Goffe," he began, in a voice which seemed to come from the deepest depths of his soul, "you are going away; you leave me alone and in darkness! I shall care for nobody when you are absent; you have been more than sunlight to me! Oh Lydia! I love you, I love you more than tongue can tell! Have I any place in your heart? Have I cherished a vain illusion?"

This declaration, although not unexpected, placed the girl in a position the embarrasment of which she could not conceal.

"Mr. Wadsworth," she replied, after a brief pause and looking full at him, "If the esteem of one like me be worth having, you have it indeed. I honor you for your devotion to the liberties of Connecticut. To you I am indebted for affording my aged parent a comfortable home. Oh, Mr. Wadsworth, in all things save one, you can command and I will obey; but if you ask me for my hand and heart I must say No. My words may grieve you, it gives me no less pain to speak them. Let us part friends; oh yes, shake hands, there are other girls besides me in the world—there is one especially who thinks you are above all other men, who I do believe worships you. In her you would find a helpmate indeed and a comforter. Nancy Clark is not a woman such as we meet every day. And when you have taken her to your home, still keep in view the great object of your life. Brighter days are coming; cheer up. You here, I in Boston, will both labor for the same glorious end—Independence!"

Wadsworth—who while she had gone on speaking had gazed in her face with the expression of one listening to his death sentence—did not open his lips when she had finished—his arm slipped through the bridle, and spurning the hand which was stretched towards him, he turned away with a look which haunted the regicide's daughter all the days of her life.

The bugle which was sounding, the crisp autumn air, even the handsome officer whom she saw galloping towards her could not at once raise her spirits; and often during that day, and the next, and the next, she would murmur, "Poor Wadsworth, poor Wadsworth!"

Henry Synnot who had expected to find her a little downcast after parting with her father, saluted her, then instead of engaging in conversation, wheeled his horse alongside of the goodwife and left the girl for awhile to her own meditations. Lydia did not heed the staring eyes turned upon her as she passed along the street. Mad Adams scowled; the tall woodman, who had been so anxious to have one of her curls to hang on his pike, gaped and shook his head; Mr. Philbrick spread out his hands and exclaimed, "who'd a thought it! who'd a thought it!" And Mrs. Phil-

brick responded; "I'd a thought it! I'd a thought it! she's none too good for such company. A girl who never but once showed herself at meeting, who always took the part of the godless widow Bull, is better away than in our midst. Already she has done harm enough; my Dorothy ain't the cherub she used to be, and Faith Genness always has a crying spell now, whenever her mother clips her hair. Oh, Mr. Philbrick, let us rejoice that this beautiful, but headstrong and mysterious creature is about to leave us. She appeared among us suddenly, I never could make out where she had formerly dwelt, and now indeed she's in fit company. So don't say 'who'd a thought it,' for I thought it all along, I knew that she belonged to Beelzebub. Her husband made no response, but kepthis hands spread out until the girl had crossed the bridge, and was hidden from view; then gazing around he wondered where the ruling elder could be.

"Wherever he is," thought Mr. Philbrick, "I'm sure he's as much taken aback as I am. Oh what a pity, what a pity that such a brave, handsome lass should be willing to sell herself to Andros! I knew by the way his Excellency stared at her last evening in the court chamber, that he had conceived an unholy passion; but I did not think she'd sell herself; no, no, I did not."

While Dorothy's worthy parent was thus solilo-

quizing, Lydia suddenly found her course arrested by the gaunt figure of Israel Barebones, who with both hands had seized the horse's bit.

"Stop, young woman," he cried; "stop, you go not from our midst without a word of advice. You are one born to do much good or much evil. You fear not the point of a sword; but for you, I might have been slaughtered yesterday in the court chamber. Preserve ever the same undaunted spirit, and in all things defend the religion of the Puritans as yesterday you defended me. Abhor that flag with the cross upon it-" here he turned and pointed towards the standard bearer, who was riding a short distance ahead; "bow not to the Bishop, whom I hear Sir Edmund is expecting; pray for strength, the temptations in your path will be great. Since you came to Hartford, you have disappointed almost everybody; but I cherish the belief, that it was only your youth and buoyant spirits which caused you to revolt against our church laws. You go hence for a noble purpose. Mr. Wadsworth this morning told me all about it, and I much regret that I have not had time to spread the news among the people, who are now so scandalized at the company you are in. May the Almighty vouchsafe you a triumph! and if we recover the lost school land, and other things of which we have been deprived, without the shedding of blood,

it will be thanks to you, young woman. Now farewell, and my blessing go with you." At these words, Lydia bowed her head—as much perhaps to spite Governor Andros, who was riding close by, as out of reverence for the venerable speaker.

"Aye sir," she replied, "I have disappointed you. The fire and brimstone sermon, which I heard when I first arrived in Hartford, so filled me with disgust that I could not go to meeting again. I abhor your ducking-stools and whippingposts; but as little will I like the rule of a Bishop, judging by the acts of Laud and other mitred preachers of the gospel. Now, sir, good-bye, and thanks for your blessing; you are not without virtue, and if you never performed another kind act, what you have already done for the widow Japheth will give you favor in the eyes of the Lord. Once more good-bye!"

With this, Lydia pursued her way, glancing a moment at Sir Edmund, to see how he took her interview with the ruling elder, and rather pleased at the scowl on his face.

"She's not abashed by my presence," whispered his Excellency to Henry Synnot; "and had I pricked my sword against that old fool's ribs, I verily believe she'd have tried to do battle with me as she did with the soldier yesterday. By the King, was there ever such a beautiful creature!

Many a Princess might go wild with jealousy And how gracefully she sits the palfrey, which seems to know that it has no coward on its back."

"Aye, your Excellency, she is most bewitching," returned the officer, "and the steed is worthy of the rider. It belongs to the Narragansett breed and was given her by the Captain of the Hartford train-band."

"Ah! By Joseph Wadsworth, about whom Mr. Clark used to write? Well, right glad am I that he is willing to part with his horse, which doubtless was of good service when he travelled from town to town organizing an insurrection. I take it as a sign that in future the rebel means to stay at home and think more of the plow than of the sword. But, Captain, what is this maiden's name? I cannot tell you how she impresses me, and I heartily thank you for having prevailed on her to join Lady Andros. In fact, were she not descended from the low born herd who came over in the Mayflower, I might say to you, 'there's a chance for a wife.'" Here Andros laughed.

Without taking part in the merriment his aid-decamp informed him that the young woman's name was Lydia Garlic, that she was firmly attached to her native land, and thoroughly imbued with the principles which Wadsworth advocated.

"She consented to go to Boston," he added

"only when I had assured her that she might, by so doing, recover the school land which you took away from the people of Hartford."

"Well, I'll try and not disappoint the lass," pursued the governor, who, in his heart, had no intention of keeping his word. "I'm very glad you have discovered what her feelings are in regard to political matters, and I shall so manage my tongue as not to give offence. Do you know it would not surprise me if she were the one who snatched the charter from the table last evening."

While they were thus conversing, Lydia and the goodwife had allowed their horses' pace to slacken, and had fallen a little in the rear, for the girl did not fancy being stared at by Andros, and this position they maintained until they had almost reached the cabin of the widow Bull. The girl then rode up to Synnot, and slipping into his hand the letter, which contained the money and seal, asked him to deliver it to the young woman whom he saw standing in the doorway of the house they were approaching. "Tell her," added Lydia, "that it is for her father."

The officer gladly obeyed, and drawing near the threshold, made a sign to Nancy, who was crying bitterly and shrank back as she saw him approaching.

"He's got something for you," said Mrs. Bull; "don't be afraid."

"Yes," said Synnot, delivering the letter, and at the same time telling her that it was for Mr. Clark. "What harm do you think I would do you?"

"Well, civil as your speech is at this moment, you're capable of doing the devil's work," exclaimed the widow, folding her enormous arms and looking him full in the face—while the tarred rope dangled from her apron. "You red coats are as bad in one way as the Philistines are in another. They've tried to make me go to Zion by a road I ain't willin' to follow, while your troopers, last night, robbed my hen roost and kept me awake for hours and hours with their blasphemous songs. I'd heerd cussin' afore that, but never quite so strong."

"A virago!" thought Synnot, as he rejoined Sir Edmund, who was bursting with laughter. "Yes, a virago, if there ever was one."

"A pretty looking woman to bandy words with, Captain," exclaimed his Excellency. "Ha, ha! I've not seen such a huge piece of flesh since I left merry old England—ha, ha, ha!"

Lydia did not speak a word to Nancy as she rode past the cabin, but threw her a kiss, then waving her hand, said something to the widow. The latter, however, was too much engaged to pay any attention to her—Sir Edmund's remarks had reached the dame's ears and she was brandishing the rope, shaking her fist like a mad woman, and

swearing by all the sharks that if he would only take off his armor she would dust his coat as she had once dusted the garment of Israel Barebones.

Having now got beyond the last house, the regicide's daughter drew her palfrey closer to the goodwife's and began unfolding the reason of her sudden departure from the settlement. Prudence listened without interrupting her until she had finished, then in a voice full of emotion, asked if nothing but a desire to serve the people of Hartford had moved her to take such a step. "Tell me, child, are you not drawn from your poor father by yonder gallant, whom I recognize as the same that rescued you from the wolves?"

Chagrined to think that her old nurse could believe her capable of abandoning her parent in order to follow Synnot, Lydia did not immediately answer the question—a tear for a moment glistened in her eye—she felt indignant, as well as hurt. "No," she said, at length, "for no reason except to do good to the people whom I have just left, am I in Andros' company. Oh, Prudence, how could you suspect such a thing?"

"But do you not love yonder officer?" continued the goodwife. "Child, speak out, tell me all that is in your heart, so that I may be able to shield you from dangers against which I must be powerless if left in the dark. Let me know the whole truth—oh, Lydia, beware; remember your assumed name!"

"I would rather converse on some other subject, nurse," said Lydia, firmly, yet with respect. "My heart is sad enough; do not add to its grief by doubting my word."

Prudence gave a sigh, then bowing her head, began a prayer, while the girl, left to her own meditations, thought of many things-of her home in the wilderness, where, although her life had been monotonous enough, she still had passed happy days; of the widow Japheth; of Nancy, who would miss her so much; of her dear father, who, in his dreams, would often find himself in Boston; while ever and anon there would rise before her a haggard face, on which many a soul-struggle had left its mark; and Lydia could not help wondering what the soul must be like which could give to mortal eye such a reflection of its agony. If Wadsworth's countenance, the mirror of his immortality, could take such an expression, what must that portion of him be like which was never to die? Would it carry forever and ever that stamp of despair? No, that could not be; Wadsworth, she felt sure, was a good man, and such a face would not be seen in heaven. Suddenly, while these thoughts were passing through her mind, the goodwife uttered a s rick, and the girl, in alarm, asked what was the matter.

"My dream book, my dream book!" exclaimed the dame. "I've left it behind, and Charity'll find out that I fibbed, for I didn't read her all my dreams!"

"Calm yourself, nurse," replied Lydia, "I forgot to tell you that I have it in my pocket."

"Oh, indeed; what a dear darling creature you are; Lydia, there's nobody like you in the world!"

Returning the goodwife's affectionate words with a smile, the girl drew from her pocket an ancient manuscript, which the old maid clutched, and in her joy could not refrain from pressing to her lips. But in another moment, the dame's eyes turned in their sockets, her jaw fell, and Lydia, believing that she was taken with a fit, seized her arm.

"Mercy, mercy, mercy!" cried Prudence; "It's Charity's dream-book you've brought away, not mine. Oh! dear, oh dear!"

It took the old lady some time to recover her self-possession after this dreadful discovery; then with Lydia's assistance, the manuscript was unrolled, and she began examining its contents, which before long brought a grin to her face.

"Ha, ha, ha!" she said, "it's a fair exchange -

one fib against another; here's a dream that she never read to me; ha, ha, ha!"

It would be difficult to describe the intense delight which this discovery caused Miss Garlic.

"A fair exchange, she again exclaimed, when she had got to the end, and thrusting the book into her pocket, "a fair exchange, is no robbery. How jolly it is to find out other people's fibs, ha, ha, ha!"

In the meanwhile, Andros had gone on conversing with his aid-de-camp, and speaking in a more serious manner than was his habit of the condition of the colonies. He expressed wonder at the progress which the people had made in selfgovernment, and declared his belief that but for the high-handed measures he had adopted the scheme of Joseph Wadsworth might have been realized. He likewise expressed satisfaction at not having met Nathaniel Clark. "The fellow," said he, "would doubtless have importuned me for some more favors; he must rest satisfied with the school land." His Excellency, then went on to discourse about Increase Mather, who he thought might attempt to escape to England, and lay before the King the state of affairs in America. "But I shall keep a sharp watch, and he'll be cunninger than a fox, if he eludes my vigilance."

Then lowering his voice, "there is only one thing to be feared, and that is revolution at home."

"It can hardly be doubted," returned Synnot, that the pe ple of these colonies would then make an attempt to recover what they have lately lost. Yet, I do not believe the majority would strike for independence; if they enjoyed local self-government, very few would desire a separation from the mother country."

"You may be right," pursued the governor.

"One thing, however, leads to another, and if our royal master were to allow them to manage their own affairs, might not their views become in time more extended? Ambition would be aroused, and then Joseph Wadsworth might not find himself without followers."

"I must beg leave to differ with your Excellency," said Synnot, speaking with earnestness. "Let the freemen hold town-meetings, impose their own taxes, and keep their lands without being forced to prove the titles, and I declare my belief that no change in England would make them revoit."

The officer's tone was such that Sir Edmund frowned; then with a scornful smile, "Methinks," he exclaimed, "the air of the new World produces marvellous changes. Did I not know you, Captain, as well as I do, I might imagine you were not with-

out sympathy for these low-born fanatics." Here the conversation ended, Henry Synnot being afraid that if it went on he might let slip some remark which would arouse the suspicion of Sir Edmund as to his loyalty.

During the day, Andros managed to engage in a pleasant chat with Lydia; and the knowledge which the girl displayed of history, her acquaintance with the affairs of Europe, the correctness with which she spoke her native tongue, increased his admiration for her; nor did he administer the slightest reproof when she reminded him that as a reward for the services she was going to render Lady Andros, he must give back to the town of Hartford the land which he had wrongfully taken away. Her company made him far more cheerful than he had been while coming from Boston, and more than once the gloomy forest which lined. the road the whole distance, rang with laughter, caused by her witty remarks. At Providence, Goody Garlic ventured to suggest the propriety of again shortening her locks; but Lydia positively refused to let the scissors go near them, and dismissed the goodwoman with a wave of the hand, which savored a little of haughtiness. But sadder yet was the old nurse's heart the following morning, when on entering the girl's chamber she

found her seated before a mirror, engaged in weaving through her hair a string of pearls.

"Alas," she sighed, "Beelzebub hath his arms around thee, Lydia; pray, child, pray!" At any other time, the regicide's daughter might have laughed at this over anxiety about her soul; but now she seriously told Prudence that she was no longer a child, and that if a gentleman like Henry Synnot chose to make her a present, it was no sin to accept it. During the rest of the journey, which lasted a week, the goodwife scarcely suffered the regicide's daughter out of her sight. Yet she did not trouble her with any exhortations.

"Dangers are thickening around my darling," she would say. "Vanity, like a weed is shooting up and overshadowing her virtues; but I will pray for her, I will pray; all grace cannot yet have been driven from her soul."

At length, to Prudence's unspeakable joy, they arrived in Boston, and here let us bid farewell to the dame and her youthful charge; many months will pass, before we meet them again.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

THE winter of 1687-88 was long remembered by the people of New England, for its severity, and

the mail which Andros had established to go once a month between Boston and Hartford\* was very irregular.

But whenever the postman did arrive, Nancy Clark was sure to get a long letter from her friend, describing her life in Boston, the assemblies she attended, the people whom she danced with, etc; and at the end of the letter, Lydia would always ask after Mrs. Bull, and the widow Japheth. What she revealed concerning herself did not altogether please the quiet, steady Nancy, who once, but only once ventured to remind her that dancing was not approved by the church. Israel Barebones was never written to; yet, by every mail the regicide's daughter received a missive from him, and she used laughingly to say that the paper smelt of fire and brimstone. Colonel Goffe of course heard from Lydia by every occasion, and it greatly comforted the old gentleman to know that she was in blooming health and a favorite with everybody; while (although he had never met him) he got quite a fondness for Captain Synnot, who was so faithful to the girl as well as honorable in everything he said and did.

As for the widow Japheth, she was as happy as one bed-ridden could possibly be. The rulingelder continued to send her gifts without ever let-

<sup>\*</sup> Conu. Rec. III. 393.

ting her know the name of her bene'actor; her children had never been so warmly clad as this winter; and Bob the robin enjoyed himself in a new and much larger cage, the work of the same hand which had constructed the improved duckingstool. During the long evenings Mrs. Bull, who really seemed afraid of nobody, would come and read to her the copy of Shakespeare which Lydia, true to her promise, had contrived to send by the postman—and while she would declare that she liked the Tempest best because it reminded her of the Polly Ann, Mrs. Japheth would vow that there was nothing so good as Midsummer Nights' Dream.

"And I'm sure," the latter would add, "I'm sure if my old man were here he'd agree with me that Puck was the jolliest fellow that ever lived."

Of Mr. Clark, let us inform the reader, that he had duly received the letter purporting to come from Sir Edmund, and as we may imagine was in the highest spirits; in fact the confidential, friendly way in which his Excellency had addressed him, the hundred pounds and the seal with the initials upon it had well nigh turned his head. Bitterly did he regret that he was not able to write and thank the Governor for such favors; and there were times when he would think of his daughter and wish that she were living with him in order to

act as his amanuensis. But he did not feel towards her as a parent should have felt. The revelation which she had made to Lydia of what he knew concerning the regicide had been an unpardonable offence, and although Nancy had been away from him now several months, his irritation against her was as great as the evening when he had turned her out of doors. The young woman would often put herself in his path, wander through his corn-field, watch by the gate; in fact she did everything she possibly could to attract his notice, but all in vain—he was inexorable.

And now to speak a few words of Dorothy Philbrick and Faith Genness, in whom the reader may have taken some little interest since the rulingelder had christened them the Cherubs, we will merely relate that during the summer of 1688, they were discovered among the huckleberry bushes —Tom kissing Dorothy, and the lad with the moon face taking the same liberty with Faith. Deep was the groan which escaped the breast of Israel Barebones as he watched them sinning. The young folks heard him, and without daring to look behind, ran off as fast as they could; but Israel, who had taken a short-cut got home before them, and when the culprits arrived they found a rod in pickle which they long remembered. Tom and the lad with the moon face, besides being flogged till the blood trickled down their heels, were made to rise one hour earlier than usual for six months after their transgression, while Faith and Dorothy were put on bread and water for the same number of weeks, and, moreover, sentenced never again to be called Cherubs.

During the twelvemonth which followed Lydia's departure a great change came over Simon Adams, who more than once neglected to close the tavern at the nine o'clock bell. He likewise grew careless about the quantity of liquor he dealt out to his guests, until having paid fine after fine the selectmen deprived him of his license. But this was not the only misfortune which befell him. The ruling-elder, whose patience had at length become exhausted, demanded one day to know why the cages for sabbath-breakers had not arrived, whereupon Adams broke into a passion, abused the church, and even went so far as to shake his fist at the old man. The consequence was that he was a second time deprived of the title of MR. But can we wonder at Adams' conduct? He firmly believed that the strict customs of the Puritans had changed the very nature of Wadsworth, who instead of being cheerful and fond of company, had been for years past gloomy and morose; while Lydia, if she had not been disgusted by the sermon she had heard at the meeting-house shortly after her arrival in Hartford, and by the ducking of the widow Bull, might have looked with more favor on the captain of the train-band, and perhaps become his wife; "and then," Adams would sigh, "how differently it might all have turned out, how differently!"

But Wadsworth, what of him? Ask this question of the people of Hartford and observe how they will shake their heads. Be it known, reader, that the very morning after Lydia Goffe had set out for Boston, the Captain of the train-band had found, on entering his study, the map of America unrolled and with a stone pressing down each corner; yet when he had retired for the night he had left it in the drawer of the table. To see it thus did not astonish him, however; the same mysterious power which had brought it might have come during the still hours to make, perhaps, some corrections.

"But do my eyes tell the truth?" he exclaimed, bending over the parchment and clasping his hands. "Good God, 'tis cut in four parts! destroyed!" As he stood thus with dismay on his countenance, he glanced at his Bible, which was likewise open on the table—and across the page lay his dagger with the point turned towards the following verses from the Prophet Ezekiel:

<sup>&</sup>quot;Seeing he despised the oath by breaking the covenant, when lo, he had given his hand, and hath done all these things, he shall not escape.

"Therefore thus saith the Lord God: As I live, surely mine oath that he hath despised, and my covenant that he hath broken, even it will I recompense on his own head."

When Wadsworth had begun to read he felt certain it was his own doom he was going to pronounce. Yet he did not flinch; no, to the last word of the nineteenth verse he read. But when he had finished he seized the dagger and driving it down through the sacred volume pinned it to the "Why was I born?" he cried, "why was I born?" then rushing out of the house he wentwhere? Ave, this was what no man in the settlement, save one, could tell. His aunt Charity pined away with grief; Israel Barebones declared it was the strangest event which had ever occurred in those parts; while the widow Japheth would say to herself, "I knew it would come to this—aye, poor Nancy Clark—the Lord was patient, but He hath taken revenge for her at last."

But Simon Adams, faithful friend as well as trusty scout, knew whither his chief had fled, and would often visit Lydia Goffe's old home in the forest and speak comforting words to the life-weary man. To all he said, however, there came the same response: "Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in? My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart."\*

Here let us leave poor Wadsworth. If he does not pray himself, there is one who remembers him with every throb of her heart. When she opens her eyes in the morning it is of him she first thinks—and at night, as sleep steals over her, his image is the last to fade from her mind. More than once has she importuned Adams to tell what he knows about the Captain of the train-band; but Simon will not open his lips on the subject, except to say that he is alive—which piece of information, small as it is, brightens for a moment Nancy's pensive face.

It was perhaps well that Wadsworth had taken up his abode in the wilderness, for the state of the country from the autumn of 1687 to the spring of 1689 was gloomy indeed, and to have remained in the settlements and witnessed the full effects of Andros' tyranny would only have deepened his sorrow. The people were everywhere ground down by oppression, and the ray of hope which cheered them when the news spread about that Increase Mather had escaped the vigilance of Sir Edmund and set sail for England, soon faded away. His mission to the King bore no fruit, and the spirits of the colonists sank lower than before. There was one man in Hartford, however, whose countenance indicated unceasing joy. His tenure of the school land had been undisturbed; his second crop of corn was even better than the first; and Nathaniel Clark

believed the hour was near when Sir Edmund would send troops to arrest the regicide. "And then," he would say with a chuckle, "then will come my great reward—from my sovereign's hands I will receive it."

At length the people seemed to grow quite accustomed to the sway of Andros, and would shrug their shoulders whenever Mad Adams—who, having lost his license to keep the Bunch of Grapes, had resumed his wanderings through the different towns—would chide them for their despondency and tell them that their sufferings would some day come to an end.

As time wore on the regicide became more and more infirm, and the chances of his ever leaving his bed were so few that Adams began seriously to think of sending word to Lydia that she must return. Indeed, what need was there of her staying away any longer? Her mission had proved a failure, for Andros had not kept his promise. Accordingly, after holding a consultation with Wadsworth, he set out on his journey. But some one else besides him took the road for Massachusetts. By having his ears wide open during the day, and by eavesdropping at night, Mr. Clark had kept himself thoroughly posted in regard to Colonel Goffe; and having become alarmed at his illness, and fearing lest he might die and be buried in some secret spot,

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he had determined to warn Andros that there was no time to lose in making him a prisoner. It was with this object in view that Nancy's father left Hartford within a few hours of Simon Adams.

## CHAPTER XLV.

ADAMS reached Boston the second day of April, 1689, while Mr. Clark did not arrive until the fourth. Without losing an hour (and he was tired enough dear knows to have taken some rest) the former keeper of the Bunch of Grapes proceeded to the Governor's mansion, determined at all hazards to have an interview with Lydia, and tell her of her father's failing health. Knowing his passionate temper Wadsworth had cautioned him to be very discreet, and should he have occasion to address Henry Synnot, to do it respectfully and above all to make no threats, which would only result in bringing himself into trouble. But during his solitary journey Adams had done nothing but brood over the past; he had recalled the visits which he had paid Lydia in the wilderness; how from childhood to womanhood she had been in his eyes the destined bride of the chief of the Hartford train-band; and although, as we have remarked

in the previous chapter, Adams attributed the failure of his cherished plans to the harsh religion of the Puritans—which had changed Wadsworth's very nature and made the girl shrink from a being so stern and morose—yet he could not find it in his heart to forgive the British officer for having persuaded her to leave her aged parent. "Aye, let them talk as they will," he would say—"Charity and Wadsworth and Nancy Clark are all mistaken; the school land may have had something to do with it; but I say it's love that made her leave Hartford. Oh, Lydia Goffe! Lydia Goffe!"

While he was on his way to the Governor's house, he met Christian, who we have omitted to tell the reader, had followed his mistress to Boston; and although at one time, Adams had not reposed much confidence in the Pequot, yet the skilful manner in which the youth had decoyed Nathaniel Clark to Windsor, eighteen months before, and kept bim there during Sir Edmund's stay in Hartford, had dissipated all suspicion, and now he welcomed him with open arms. But Simon's face became grave again when he heard that Lydia had gone on a visit to Plymouth, in the company of Lady Andros and Captain Synnot, and might not be back for several days. The honest fellow could not but believe there was danger in delay. Ever since the memorable 31st of October, 1687, he had scarcely once allowed Nancy's father to go out of his sight—fearing lest this cunning partisan of Sir Edmund, who he knew was keeping watch over the house where Lydia's parent lay concealed, might discover how he had been duped, when of course he would speed to Boston and reveal it to the tyrant.

"Even now," muttered Adams, as he turned and left the Pequot, Nat Clark may be on the road; God help us if he meets the Governor."

For two days Simon anxiously awaited Lydia's return, and so constantly did he linger about the Governor's mansion, that the sentinel on duty there was more than once tempted to ask him his business. He met the Pequot several times again, but did not speak to him, being very much out of humor, and people remarked what a fierce look he had. "Delay is dangerous," he would repeat, "delay is dangerous, and when the girl does get back to Captain Joe's, it may be too late. Oh what a fool I was, not to have my own will. What's the difference between one man facing another, and sticking a poignard in his ribs, and a trainband fighting a troop of Britishers? It's bloodshed either way. Aye, if I'd been allowed to kill that villain Clark, and this officer, and the tyrant Andros, everything would have gone right. I could have done it once easily enough. Where

would have been the harm? I'd only have taken a short cut, whereas Captain Joe has been laboring to attain his end by a round-about way, and one which would have cost far more lives. Now, when it's too late, he finds his scheme falling to pieces. One arm like this, one dagger such as I carry, would have been worth all the train bands on which Wadsworth once placed his hopes for independence!"

The third morning after his arrival in Boston, Adams had taken his usual stand to watch for Lydia, who, the Pequot had informed him, had returned late the previous evening from Plymouth. His angry mood was still upon him, and he scowled at everybody that passed the Governor's gate. Suddenly after he had been waiting at his post about half an hour, he heard the tramp of many feet approaching, and turning round beheld a crowd of men and boys rushing up the street. They were without arms, and appeared very much excited. Presently they reached the spot where he was standing, and tossing into the air their hats and caps, yelled with all their might, "Hurrah for William of Orange! hurrah!" Then obeying a signal from their leader, they continued their way through the town, and Adams could hear them at frequent intervals giving vent to the joy they felt at the coming of a deliverer. Andros, who had

heard the shouting, immediately called his wife and whispered the dreadful news—at the same time he cheered her with the hope that it might be only rumor, while Captain Synnot hast ned to tell it to Lydia, whom he met leaving her apartment, accompanied by goodwife Garlic. Then begging the girl to take his arm he hurried with her into the street, saying as they went, "oh, Lydia, our happy hour has come; something tells me the news is true—King James is no longer king."

They had scarcely reached the main entrance of the house when the regicide's daughter gave a start, and pointed at a rough-looking individual, who was sullenly moving away at the command of the guard.

"'Tis Adams," she cried, withdrawing her arm and hastening towards her old friend. "Yes, yes, 'tis Adams!" In another moment she was by his side. "Oh, Simon, how glad I am to see you," she exclaimed; then dropping her voice, "how is dear father?"

"Humph! 'tis on his account I am here, Miss Lydia," replied Adams. "If ever you expect to lay eyes on him again, you musn't tarry any longer in Boston. Methinks you'd have grown weary ere this of playing the butterfly—little good have you done the freemen of Hartford. The school

land is still in the possession of Nathaniel Clark, and——"

"Oh yes, yes," returned Lydia, pressing her hands to her brow, "I have been deceived; I acknowledge it. But I did my best; God who reads our hearts knows that in thought, word and deed I have been true to New England. "But tell me, is father really so ill?"

"He is; and you must make haste, if you wish to get his blessing ere he exchanges worlds."

For about a minute the girl remained as if stupe-fied. "Oh, if he dies before I get to him!" she exclaimed in a wailing tone, "I'll never forgive myself—never, never."

"If he does," responded 'Adams, "'twill be the fault of him who persuaded you to leave the old gentleman. And here is the coxcomb approaching"—as Simon spoke he put his hand on his dagger. "Aye, but for him you would not have broken the heart of the noblest man in Connecticut. But I will avenge Captain Joe; I will, by Heaven!"

"Good God, do not speak thus," exclaimed Lydia, looking up and clasping her hands: "no, you shall not wreak vengance on Henry Synnot. Take my life rather than his."

"I can wait," muttered Adams, with a bitter

smile, and at the same time turning on his heel, "my message is delivered; I can wait. But sooner or later by Heaven—" here he glanced back without finishing the sentence, but there was that in his countenance, which caused the girl's cheek to blanch.

"Who is that fellow? methinks I have seen him before," exclaimed Synnot, as soon as he reached Lydia's side, and at the same time partly drawing his sword. "You look troubled; who is he? what has he done?"

"He comes from Hartford, and tells me father is very, very ill, and that I must leave at once, if I expect to see him again before he dies."

"Well, the fellow is bold and merits your thanks; did you observe how determined he was not to let the guard drive him from the door?"

Here Synnot heard Andros calling, and excusing himself, hastened to join the Governor.

"What news did that fellow bring, who was talking to Miss Lydia a moment ago?" inquired his Excellency in a nervous tone.

"Oh, no news," replied the officer; "at least he said nought about what the people were shouting."

"Well, the young lady's actions seemed to indicate that he had told her something of import; I was watching from the window above."

"Yes, she looks pale and anxious," remarked

Lady Andros, coming up and resting her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Perhaps he is from Connecticut," pursued the Governor, "where doubtless her kinfolk are wondering how a Puritan lass should have become so attached to my court. Mayhap they are wishing her to return home."

"Your Excellency has guessed the truth," replied Synnot, whose eye was following Adams, and longing for the latter to be out of sight. "One of her family is dangerously ill; it would please her much could she return to Hartford."

"Well, that I leave entirely to her ladyship," answered Sir Edmund, glancing at his wife, "who doubtless will see the imprudence of allowing her maid of honor to depart and spread the rumor that James the Second is dethroned. No, no, she had better remain. Neither will it do to let yonder fellow go back with such news! Go bid him stay; arrest him and have him put in some secure place."

Synnot, obeying the order he had received, followed Adams with a beating heart, and most sincerely did he wish that the latter might escape.

"Pray God the news be true," he said to himself as he hurried along the street, "and that King James has been overthrown. All my heart and soul is in the cause of the Prince of Orange; he will prove a wiser monarch, and Miss Goffe will not then refuse to become my bride. Long live William of Orange!"

Had Synnot not been afoot he might have overtaken Adams and at least made an attempt to carry out the Governor's order—although there is little doubt that the former keeper of the Bunch of Grapes would have laughed in his face and made good his escape even at the expense of blood; but when the officer was yet fifteen or twenty paces behind, Simon tore loose the bridle of a horse which had been left fastened to a post in the street, then springing into the saddle gave his pursuer another scowling look and galloped off.

Synnot had scarcely abandoned the chase when he heard a voice calling, and turning beheld Lydia running towards him.

"Henry! Henry! come back," cried the girl in a frantic tone. "Adams is mad—even now he might wheel round and fire at you."

Scarcely had she uttered these words when she gave a shriek and pointed at an object ahead of them. "Flee, Henry, flee! lose not an instant," she continued; "yonder comes the traitor Clark. As soon as he and Andros meet you will be arrested Hasten to Hartford; tell the people William or Orange is king; it may rouse them from their lethargy and give them enough spirit to defend my father should Sir Edmund, as I fear he will, des-

patch troops to capture him." With this she pressed her lover's hand and they were about to separate when a voice close by induced the officer to tarry a moment.

"Rejoiced to meet you, Miss Garlic, rejoiced to meet you," exclaimed Nancy's parent in a deferential tone and raising his hat as he approached. 'Tis more than eighteen months since we laid eyes on one another. But tell me what dreadful news is this the people are shouting?" As he asked the question he turned towards Synnot, who in spite of Lydia's earnest entreaty to flee, was yet lingering by her side.

The officer eyed him a moment with a look of supreme contempt, then whispering a word in the girl's ear, hurried off to the Governor's stables, while Lydia at the same instant turned away and hastened back to the mansion, leaving Nancy's father gaping and staring after her lover.

No sooner did she reach the threshold than Prudence, who read in her face that some untoward event had happened, stopped her, and asked what was the matter. "Keep no secrets form me, child,' she said, "keep no secrets."

"Father is dying," answered Lydia, "I received the news from Adams, and am going home as soon as possible. I would not have returned here except to warn you of my speedy departure from Boston, and at the same time to destroy some letters, which I do not wish to fall into strangers' hands. When that is done, I am off. You can follow after me in the company of Christian."

"May the Almighty spare your dear father's life!" sighed the old nurse, the tears starting to her eyes. "But, child, how you tremble!"

"And I have cause to," replied Lydia. "God help me!" Then perceiving Mr. Clark again quite near, she darted up the stairway.

In another moment Nancy's father, with uncovered head and a most obsequious look, was greeting Sir Edmund, who, arm-in-arm with his wife, had been promenading up and down the hall, conversing in undertones.

"Who is this fellow? I know him not," muttered the Governor.

"A shrewd knave, I judge," whispered Lady Andros; "yet, from his bearing I warrant he is loyal; the guard would not have admitted him so readily, if he did not carry some pledge of fidelity to the King. But I will leave you to discover his business." With this her ladyship turned and followed after Lydia.

"I have traveled many miles to see your Excellency," were Mr. Clark's first words "Long live King James!"

"Go on and tell your business," returned the

Governor, impatiently. "Doubtless you bring some vague rumor, to confirm what the rabble are drumming in our ears.

"I heard them cheering for William of Orange," returned Mr. Clark; "but I attach no importance to what fools say. What I have to communicate, does not relate to the affairs of the old world."

"Well, well, go on and speak your business," exclaimed the Governor. "But hold a moment." Then beckening to one of the guard, he bade him in a low voice proceed to the fort and warn the commandant to use increased vigilance, and have every cannon loaded. He likewise sent word to the Captain of the frigate Rose, to have his ship cleared for action. Having given these instructions, Andros signified to Mr. Clark that he was ready to listen to him.

"Your Excellency," began Nancy's father—drawing himself up as if he felt the importance of what he was about to communicate—"I am Nathaniel Clark, of Hartford, Connecticut."

"Oh, indeed! well, 'tis long since I have had any report from you; you were once a good correspondent. But before you explain your silence, let me express thanks for the map which you sent me several years ago, of Hartford and its vicinity, as well as for the general information you gave concerning the colony of Connecticut."

"No thanks, your Excellency, no thanks! I only did my duty to my King in thus serving his faithful Governor. Let me rather express my gratitude for the land which you bestowed upon me, and which has yielded bountiful crops. The hundred pounds too, showed your generous heart; while as for the seal, I shall treasure it to the end of my days."

At these words, Andros stared at the speaker with a look of pity; then shrugging his shoulders, "poor fellow," he said, half aloud, "his brain is turned. Yet in his foolish speech there may be a glimmer of truth; I certainly lost my private seal when I was in Hartford."

At this remark Mr. Clark rubbed his forehead. "What does it mean?" he asked himself. "I taken for a madman! Has not the news of a revolution in England rather turned the head of his Excellency? Alas! I fear so." Then assuring Sir Edmund that he was perfectly sane he craved a few minutes' audience. "I have ridden," he said "nearly without stopping all the way from Hartford, and if you refuse to hear what I have to say, I will return home the most disconsolate man in New England; and will, moreover, have to walk the whole distance, for my nag has been stolen."

"Stolen!"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Aye, and I fear I may have hard work to re-

cover him. A fellow whom I know to be in the service of Joseph Wadsworth is the thief."

"Indeed! I noticed a suspicious looking man talking with my chief of staff a while ago, and I ordered the Captain to arrest him; so then the knave is likely to escape, unless the officer, who perhaps has gone for his own steed, may overtake him. But now with your story; I will listen, even if you be mad."

Concealing his irritation Mr. Clark proceeded as follows:

"Obedient to the instructions which your Excellency gave me in the letter, written during your stay in Hartford"—— at the mention of the word letter Andros again smiled—"I have kept a strict watch on the regicide, and am happy to report that he is still concealed in the house of Joseph Wadsworth, but so ill that I fear he may die before you can arrest him."

Here the speaker paused, and drawing the missive and seal from his pocket, handed them to the Governor. The latter took them; then with a smile still on his face began to read the letter. But as he went on, his expression changed to one of unfeigned astonishment.

"It is very like her handwriting!" he exclaimed, when he came to the end. "Yes, very! Where

is Captain Synnot? He could unravel this mystery at once."

"He went off in that direction your Excellency," answered Mr. Clark, pointing up the street. "And let me add that he acted very strangely when I met him; while Goffe's daughter, who had just been whispering something in his ear, also turned her back on me."

Here Sir Edmund beckoned to an officer, and in a low tone ordered him to arrest Synnot. "Take a squad of soldiers with you," he said, "and be quick; you will likely find him at the stables—I doubt if he has had time to escape."

"Does your Excellency suspect him of treason?" whispered Mr. Clark, whose sharp ear had overheard the order. "He certainly was most faithful in bearing dispatches to Governor Treat, and seemed greatly pleased when I told him that I had discovered the regicide's hiding-place."

Andros made no reply but shook his head, and for several minutes did not open his lips. "Aye," at length he exclaimed, "the whole thing is clear to me now. When I first laid eyes on the girl in the court chamber at Hartford, I saw that she was no common woman. Doubtless, 'twas' she who snatched away the charter as I was about to grasp it, and by a most ingenious forgery has been able to protect her father from falling into my power;

for you must know that I never wrote this letter—I could swear it is her handwriting."

"Impossible, your Excellency! impossible!"

"Well, how did you come by it?"

"My own daughter handed it to me as soon as I returned from Windsor, whither I had gone, expecting to join you."

"Ha! that is why I did not see you when I visited Hartford. And this keeping you out of my sight was of course part of Miss Lydia's scheme to prevent your telling me what you knew about her parent."

"But surely Captain Synnot brought your Excellency my message? You knew the discovery I had made?"

"That officer, brought me no message at all concerning the regicide. But I see it now clearer and clearer. Miss Goffe has exercised a strange fascination over him, and he has played me false; but he shall dearly rue it—yes, by Heaven he shall!" Here the Governor stamped his foot.

At that moment a lieutenant attached to the frigate Rose ran past, and when ordered by Sir Edmund to halt and explain his haste, declared that the mob was increasing in numbers, and he thought it prudent to get back to his ship without delay. The Governor ground his teeth. "But for this untoward piece of news about William of

Orange," he said, turning to Clark, "I would have sent you back with a troop of horse, to take the hoary-headed traitor, dead or alive—his capture would be the crowning glory of my administration. But in the present uncertainity, I dare not lessen the garrison of Boston; therefore return to Hartford and continue your vigilant watch over Goffe, and if he dies, be sure and find out where they bury him; while, should the rumor of a revolution in England prove false, I will follow you myself in a very few days."

Mr. Clark did not appear altogether pleased with these instructions. What if Adams should spread the news that King James was overthrown? Might not the people be roused to such a pitch of excitement, as to make it dangerous for one known as the shrewdest and most daring partisan of the tyrant, to be seen amongst them? Nancy's father, however, gave no expression to these fears, but quietly asked what might be his reward for having found Goffe.

"You shall be knighted," replied Andros; "I have influence at Court, and you shall become Sir Nathaniel Clark."

At these words, Nancy's father stood more erect, his heart was nigh bursting with exultation. Yes, he would brave Mad Adams, and all the disaffected spirits of Connecticut to obtain such a reward.

"I will start at once, your Excellency," he exclaimed, "but where am I to get a horse?"

"Go to my stable, and mount the one which you like the best; there are a dozen to choose from."

With this Mr. Clark made a low bow, and having expressed a hope that he would soon see the Governor in Hartford, took leave, while Andros made haste to rejoin his wife.

"It was a well-laid scheme," said Lady Andros, after perusing the forged letter; "and yet, I cannot blame Miss Lydia for having used deception when her parent's life was in jeopardy."

"True," returned the knight, "Captain Synnot was most to blame. It seems he has known of the regicide's hiding-place these eighteen months past. But he will rue it, oh, he will! I have ordered him to be imprisoned."

"Poor Henry!" sighed Lady Andros, "I knew him as a page at court, and remember well the pretty Mary Churchill with whom he fell in love; and, by the way, she was a relative of Goffe. I have often wondered who it was Lydia reminded me of; I see it now, it was Mary Churchill. Poor, poor Henry!"

"Poor indeed!" cried her husband. "Do not speak thus tenderly of one who has proved so false; he shall die for this on the gibbet—he shall, by the Eternal! As for Lydia Goffe, I will hold

her a hostage for her father. Where is she? Make a prisoner, too, of her."

"I fear, Sir, she may be already beyond our reach."

"How, has she fled?"

"I caught but a glimpse of her darting down the staircase; I called her, but she seemed not to hear me. Yes, I am sure she has left my service. And her steed, you know, is swift as the wind; no animal in your stable could overtake Puritan."

While Lady Andros was speaking, the Governor's ire had gradually risen until he could contain himself no longer. "Foolish woman!" he cried, beating his forehead, "oh, foolish woman! to let her escape. Why did you not tell me of this before? Shame! Folly! Madness!" Here he threw open the door, and in a loud voice summoned one of the guard. "Mount," he said, "the fleetest horse you can find; take the road to Hartford and bring back my lady's Maid of Honor. Spare not whip nor spur, she must be brought back at all hazards, she must!"

The soldier hurried off to obey the order, and Sir Edmund was about addressing his wife again, when the Pequot thrust his head into the room and beckoned to her.

"Prudence Garlic," said the youth, "wants to see you.'

"Impudent varlet!" cried the Governor, felling the Indian to the floor. "How dare you thus address her ladyship? I'll have you taught manners!"

In less than five minutes Christian was on his way to prison, while Lady Andros, glad of an excuse to escape from her husband, ran upstairs to see what dame Garlic wanted. She found the goodwoman packing the sheepskin bag, and at the same time crying bitterly. Charity's dream-book was wet with tears, and many of that old maid's visions were so blurred that she would have had hard work to read them, even with her specs.

"Why such grief?" inquired Lady Andros in a gentle voice. "I am truly affected to see you thus."

"Bad news from home," sobbed Prudence, "aye, very bad news; and I want to get to Hartford, as soon as possible. But, oh dear, to think of riding so far on a horrid horse. I'm timid—dreadful timid. Would your ladyship be so kind as to procure me a nag that's exceedingly gentle? Let him be lame, and then he'll not run away; yet he must not stumble, and above all have the saddle well fastened on, and if possible let the girth be bran new. I've known dreadful accidents come from the girth breaking." Here the dame shook her head and murmured, "aye, but for a broken

girth, Miss Lydia might never have left Connecticut to enter your service; oh, how mysterious are the ways of Providence!"

Lady Andros smiled and assured her that she should have a horse exactly to her taste, and that moreover she might travel under charge of the postman, who was to set out on the morrow for Hartford.

"But can I have no other escort?" continued Prudence. "Think of the wild beasts on the lonely high road 'twixt here and there."

"Well, I fear Sir Edmund cannot spare any soldiers. The news of the landing of William of Orange in England may bring on a revolt against his authority, and he will have need of every trooper."

"Alas," sighed the dame, "then I must be content to travel with only the postman and Christian."

"The latter has been sent to prison, and so has Captain Synnot," pursued Lady Andros; then lowering her tone, "my husband has likewise given orders for Miss Lydia to be arrested. Indeed I hardly think he will even allow you to quit Boston."

"Good God, what has happened?" exclaimed Prudence, clasping her hands and turning deadly pale. "Oh Lydia, Lydia, what have you done? Has the secret escaped? But your steed is swift; they cannot overtake you; you will reach Hartford in time to warn the people!" Then sinking lown on the sheepskin bag, "who would have believed it," she cried, "who would have believed it! It all comes from that fatal meeting in the forest! Oh, Lord pardon me, I did not do my duty that night!"

Lady Andros pressed her to explain what she meant, but the goodwife rocking to and fro, sobbed and moaned, and beat her breast until tired of waiting for her to speak, the other left the room.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

As soon as Lydia reached her own apartment in the Governor's mansion, she lost not a moment burning the letters which Nancy Clark and Israel Barebones had written to her, then without taking time to change her habit, or even to speak a partiug word to Goody Garlic, hastened off to the stable. On the way she passed through the mob, which was still shouting, "Long live William of Orange!" and in the midst of it she recognized the hostler who had the care of her steed. Seeing the fellow in such company, and judging from his ap-

pearance that he had been imbibing somewhat freely of liquor, she thought it best to dispense with his services, and accordingly waving him away, proceeded on to the stable without him. No sooner did she enter Puritan's stall, than the noble animal began to paw and neigh, as if he knew she was going to try his mettle; but what increased his restlessness was that her lover's horse, which he nearly always accompanied, had left the stable. As the girl stroked his mane, she began to reproach herself; "Oh, why," she said, "did I not urge Henry to mount Puritan. He then would have been perfeetly safe from pursuit." At the same time Lydia wondered where Christian could be; the youth had always appeared whenever she had needed anything-why was he not there to put on the saddle? "But perhaps," she thought, "he may have accompanied Henry; pray God it may be so. for those two would be a match for half a dozen red coats."

Great was her relief when in about a quarter of an hour, she found herself beyond the city limits and on the highway to Connecticut,\* nor did she draw rein until she had gone full ten miles, when,

<sup>\*</sup> The route taken by Lydia Goffe was by way of Dedham, Wrentham, and Plainfield to the Weathersfield ferry. It was much shorter than that followed by Andros—through Providence and New London.

feeling thirsty, she stopped at a log cabin for a drink of water. The man who drew the bucket from the well, reminded her not a little of Adams; he had the same black twinkling eyes, and shaggy beard, and much too of Simon's curiosity, for as he approached with a gourd full of the chrystal fluid, he eagerly asked what was the news. "A fellow," said he, "who stopped here about half an hour ago, told me there was likely to be great trouble, as there was a rumor that the King had been dethroned. Is it true?"

Having given what little information she possessed on the important subject, Lydia anxiously inquired what sort of person it was who had stopped there.

"He was an ugly looking chap with grizly beard like my own," replied the woodman, "and seemed at first quite irritated, when I told him I kept nothing stronger to drink than water."

"Well, did any one else ride past? an officeror a squad of soldiers?"

"Yes, lady, there was somebody else, but who I really couldn't say; being a piece back in the woods, I only heard the clatter of hoofs."

Lydia now continued her journey, her cheek flushed with excitement, and her mind filled with apprehension for her lover, whom she would almost as soon have had fall into the hands of Andros as meet Simon Adams in such a wild tract of country as she was passing through. The only thing which cheered her was the hope that Syunot had not gone off unarmed, and that the Pequot might be with him. As Puritan flew along she strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of Simon, whom she confidently hoped was not far ahead.

"If I can only overtake him," she said, "and assure him that Henry is on the way to Hartford purposely to warn my father, he would be appeased—oh, no, he would not harm Henry if he knew the truth."

Puritan seemed conscious that he was travelling back to his old home; never had he carried his fair rider with greater speed, and in her excitement Lydia did not feel fatigue in the least, indeed she might have pursued her journey without making another halt, and perhaps have sunk under the exertion but for the following incident. She had just entered a dense pine forest, when Puritan pricked up his ears and gave a loud neigh. At once her heart throbbed, Lydia felt sure she was close upon Adams, and while she gazed anxiously around, expecting every moment to discover him emerging out of the woods, she was startled by the sight of a riderless horse galloping towards her-it was her lover's steed, and as the animal wheeled and placed himself beside Puritan, she saw marks of blood on

the saddle. "Oh, God!" she cried, "I will avenge him! wretched murderer to the ends of the earth, I will dog you, and have blood for blood." Then burying her face in her hands, "Oh, if Christian had only been with him!" she sobbed, "Adams would not have accomplished this wicked deed."

Presently both horses came to a sudden halt, and began to snort; while right in the middle of the road Lydia perceived a great pool of blood. Just then a voice which she had often heard before, called her by name and who should she see issuing from the pine trees but the widow Bull.

"Miss Lydia, Miss Lydia!" exclaimed the dame, "how it cheers me up to meet you once more. But, Miss Lydia, what an awful fright Nancy and I have had; what an awful fright!"

"Where is he? is he near? where is he?" cried the girl in a frantic voice and not caring even to shake the goodwoman's hand.

"Adams," replied the widow, "slung the body across his horse, and went off in that direction," here she pointed towards a narrow opening among the pines. Lydia was about to follow the direction of her finger, when the widow seizing her bridle, warned her that Simon might do her harm if she met him. "No, you must not go," she said, "you must not go; he looked like a wild beast."

"Nothing shall stop me," cried Lydia, springing out of the saddle and darting forward on foot.

"Well, well, have your way, you're as stubborn as ever," said the dame, "but for the Lord's sake do not venture far; stay near enough for me to hear you call, and be quick, for Puritan won't let me hold him long."

"I will go with you," said a second voice, which under any other circumstances would have made the regicide's daughter turn and smile; but which she now did not even seem to hear, although it was close by. "Stay calm," continued Nancy, "haste will do no good, he is surely dead." Then in a low, anxious tone, "tell me," she asked, "did you see my father in Boston?"

"Yes," replied Lydia abruptly, and not trusting herself to say more of one whom she felt to be the cause of all her woe. Aye, but for Nathaniel Clark she would have had no fear for her parent, nor would her lover have been obliged to flee from Boston, and been killed by a half crazy tavern-keeper.

"How was he when you saw him?" pursued Nancy, undeterred by her friend's cold manner.

The other made no response, but hastened along heedless of the branches which were cutting her face, nor did she stop an instant to reflect that she had no weapon, and that if she were to meet

Adams, she would be powerless to wreak vengeance upon him. At length they came to a spot where the underbrush entirely disappeared, and where the pine trees stood further apart as if to give one a better view of an enormous bowlder whose mossy front, covered here and there with laurel, rose before them to the height of forty feet, and Lydia's heart sickened as she perceived that some of the bushes had been partly torn from their roots, as if by the hand of a person endeavoring to ascend. At the base of the rock lay another pool of blood-evidently the murderer had dragged his victim here; on the summit might she not find the body? Without a moment's hesitation the girl drew herself up, and on gaining the top her eye rested on a long, narrow cleft, whose depths she knew must contain the remains of her lost Henry. Trembling she bent down and peering into the cavity, beheld indeed an upturned ghastly face; but it was not Synnot, it was Nancy's father.

"Oh God! I thank Thee! I thank Thee! Heavenly spirits rejoice with me!" she cried, "rejoice!"

Then overcome with emotion she sank down on the rock. In another moment her friend was by her side. Lydia's joyful exclamation had found a quick response in Nancy's heart, who, like herself, was crying out, "God be thanked—yes, Heavenly spirits rejoice with us," and as the young woman gave vent to her joy she cast her eyes into the cleft.

Presently a wild shriek rang through the forest. The widow Bull heard it, and in her fright nearly lost her hold of the horses; while a wolf that was prowling near, sent up a dismal howl.

Nancy's face was lying buried in Lydia's lap, when the widow, panting and wringing her hands, arrived at the foot of the bowlder.

"Oh Lord! I can't climb that," exclaimed the latter, gazing up the steep. "Nancy dear, Lyddy dear, had ye wings to get where ye are? Tell me what's the matter."

The regicide's daughter did not answer—she was weeping with her friend; but some of Lydia's tears were tears of gladness, while Nancy was giving utterance to her grief in piteous moans.

"Every hand was turned against you, but I loved you, father—I loved you!" she cried. "No, no, you were not as bad as people thought."

"Well, who's killed?" kept shouting the widow.
"I say, why don't you answer?"—and when the regicide's daughter called down that it was Mr. Clark, the dame's countenance betokened unfeigned sorrow.

"He had his faults," she said, "he had his faults; but he was no believer in ducking stools and whipping-posts, and there he differed from Captain Joe,

aye, and from his own child." Then raising her voice, "Girls," she said, "I give it up! Ye must have claws like cats or wings like birds, to have perched yerselves where ye be. But it won't do any good to stay there; if he's dead, he's dead, and it's what we all come to at last!" Here she pulled the old tarred rope out of her pocket, and gazing fondly at it, "the days of the Polly Ann will never come back!" she sighed. "God's will be done!" Then drawing her sleeve across her eyes, "I'm sure, however, my old man would rather be where he is, down among the codfish, than in a rattle-snake den—ugh!"

"I'm afraid," exclaimed Lydia, addressing the widow, "that even if we could get the body out, we would not be able to bury it—we have no spades."

"Cover him with stones," returned Mrs. Bull; "that at least will keep the wolves from eating him, though it won't—ugh!" Here she again shuddered at the idea of rattlesnakes crawling over the corpse.

Lydia now told Nancy in a gentle voice that since her father was dead, she had better rejoin Mrs. Bull; "I will remain here," she added, "and properly cover the body. Where could you find a better tomb?"

"Thank you, thank you, Lyddy," sighed the oth

er, allowing herself to be drawn from the edge of the cleft. "You are the truest of friends; what would I do without you? But I will not leave this spot; no, I prefer to wait near by till you are through."

Nancy did remain, her face buried in her hands; and although she endeavored to calm herself by prayer, she could not stifle her sobs as she heard the stones rolling one after the other upon the corpse. At length the regicide's daughter informed her that there was nothing more to be done, when they both slowly descended, and joining the widow, wended their way back in silence to the high-road.

The horses were found safe at the foot of the tree where Mrs. Bull had tied them, but they were pawing the ground and neighing loudly. "They smell wild beasts," whispered Lydia to the widow.

"And there are swarms of them here," returned the latter; "pity but we had a stable to put the nags in for the night."

"Stable! Why, Mrs. Bull, I'm going straight on to Hartford; if I can bear the journey, Puritan can."

"You shall do no such thing," exclaimed the dame; "indeed you shan't. Why, you'd kill yourself with fatigue. No, you mustn't do such a mad

thing. Take a night's rest with us in the woods; we'll make a jolly fire, and then you and Nancy can sleep while I watch. Aye, I'll do what the old man often did on the Polly Ann—" here she closed one eye and stared at Lydia with the other. "One peeper rested," she exclaimed, "while t'other was wide awake, peering into the darkness, to windward, to leeward, and at the foaming sea ahead! Ah, there was no eye like the old man's eye! He never went ashore, Miss, and he'd be sailing yet in his staunch craft if a hurricane hadn't swallowed 'em both up."

A little reflection convinced the girl that the dame's advice was wise, and that she might really make herself ill if she continued the journey without repose; so, after giving a sigh, she promised to remain with them till the following day.

In a few minutes the three travellers had picked out a convenient spot not far from the road, but on the opposite side from that on which Mr. Clark's body had been found; then, having made a rude chimney with the stones lying near, Lydia and Mrs. Bull began to gather sticks for a fire. Nancy did not help them, but sat at the foot of a lofty pine, not groaning nor weeping, but silently thinking of the dead.

"None of us have ever camped out afore," said Mrs. Bull that evening, as they were assembled around the cheerful blaze. "Oh, isn't this glorious! ten thousand times better than living in a community of Philistines. No ruling elder here to poke his nose into other folks' business. Ha, ha, ha!"

An owl, perched on a neighboring tree, answered her laugh by a dismal hoot; presently a panther set up a savage cry.

"Pray God," thought Lydia, "we may not be attacked as nurse and I were on our journey down the river. But if the worst comes to the worst, we can do what the good-wife then did—climb a tree." She did not reflect on the great weight of Mrs. Bull, which would certainly prevent the latter from saving herself in that way.

For more than two hours after nightfall, Lydia and the widow sat conversing together, and the girl was informed of many things which had occurred during her absence from Connecticut.

First, the dame told how pleased she was to find her with long hair—a proof that Andros was no bigot; she thanked her for the new copy of Shake-speare, which had afforded her and the widow Japheth so much pleasant reading; then, in a lower tone, Mrs. Bull went on to speak of Wadsworth. "There are some," she said, "who think he has lost his reason, and that he is wandering about in the forest; others believe an evil spirit has possessed him. But whatever's the matter with Cap-

tain Joe, one thing is certain—he hasn't been to his home these eighteen months. Yet he's aliveyes, Mad Adams declares he is, and his Shadow now and then pays her a visit," here the dame turned and looked towards the figure steeping near them. Then, with a sigh—"Alas!" she continued, "if he'd kept on courting Nancy Clark and married her, he'd have been a very different man, and she a very, very different woman."

"Poor Wadsworth!" said Lydia, as his last despairing look, when she had bidden him farewell, rose in her mind, "poor Wadsworth! If the people had not lost their courage—if they'd kept on the path you had marked out for them, you might by this time have seen your dream come true. But they abandoned you—no wonder you have left them to dwell in the wilderness."

The conversation now turned on the cause of Mrs. Bull's leaving Hartford. "You see," pursued the dame, clenching her fist, "the iron cages which Israel Barebones had ordered Adams to procure, came at last. It wasn't Simon, however, who got 'em; and hearing that they were going to put me in one of 'em, I resolved for the first time in my life to scud; and I am now in search of a community where more liberal opinions prevail. I've heard say that in Rhode Island there are still a good many folks imbued with the sentiments of

Roger Williams, and in that colony I may conclude to make a new home. But I am going first to Boston, to see if things are any better under the immediate eye of Andros, who, though he is an Anglican, and believes in candles, crosses, and stained windows for meeting-houses, yet is far from being such a Philistine as Israel Barebones."

"Well, the ruling-elder never was a favorite of mine," put in Lydia, "yet I can forgive him much for his charity to the widow Japheth."

"Bah! Miss Lyddy, it isn't charity that makes him send her corn and clothe her children; it's remorse, black remorse, that does it. But for him, her husband would be alive to-day; it was persecution broke poor Jacob's heart, and caused him to fall an easy prey to death."

"Well, how is Tom Hubbard?" pursued the girl, who was anxious to hear about all her friends— "and Dorothy Philbrick?"

"Both uncommon well and hearty, and brag of you immensely, for they say 'twas you saved the Charter. Aye, Dorothy and Tom have grown fat in spite of Mr. Barebones, who follows 'em everywhere, and who, I've heard say, caught 'em kissing among the huckleberry bushes. Ha, ha! what an infernal old fool that Israel is! Does he think the rules of the church can hinder human nature sproutin' out? No more than I could keep

a piece of sparrow-grass from comin' up by sittin' on it. I say kissin' is no sin, and young folks 'll do it to the end of time."

At length Lydia grew tired of talking, and stretching herself beside Nancy, sought the repose she so much needed; while Mrs. Bull kept the fire blazing, and whenever sleep threatened to master the dame, and she found her head nodding, she would rise to her feet and think of how often the old skipper had stood by the helm of the Polly Ann through the long night-watches—"And I'm his widow," she would say to herself, "and I'll keep awake too."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

The sunbeams were streaming through the pine trees when Lydia awoke, feeling chilled and hungry, and after warming herself by the fire, which had been kept burning all night, she gladly partook of the bread and cheese which her friends had brought with them.

It seemed, indeed, a very frugal meal to one who had been leading such a luxurious life in Boston; but it was better than nothing, and refreshed her so much, that when she had finished she declared she was ready to continue her journey. "I'm go-

ing back to Hartford with you," said Nancy, as Lydia was putting the saddle on Puritan; "I will never part from you again. God sent you to comfort me during my hours of trial. No, I cannot live without you."

"Ha! don't say you'll never part from her," whispered Mrs. Bull. "'Twon't be long afore she's married to that gallant on the staff of His Excellency; aye, Adams has told me all about it. And you, dear—you'll find a husband somewhere. I'll make it a business to hunt one up; although I confess 'twon't be any easy thing to do, for 'tain't every man that's worthy of you."

"That is never to be," replied Nancy, in a low but firm voice; "never, never to be."

"What can she mean?" thought the widow, looking in wonder at the pale face by her side; then bursting into a laugh—"Ha, ha! did taking a husband ever damn a woman's soul? No, Nancy, two ships in company are better than one—we can fetch the port of Zion far easier if we're spliced, than if we sail along by ourselves."

To this the young woman made no response, but turning away, was about to join Lydia, when the dame caught her by the sleeve. "Stay," she cried, "don't take offence at anything I said. You're too humble; but I vow you're good enough for any man. However, since you wish it, I'll not speak another word about matrimony, but talk only of myself. And now let me inform you that I'm going back with you and Miss Garlie. I shan't scud a mile further. No, I'll 'bout ship, face Israel Barebones, the ducking-stool and the iron cage, and if the worst comes to the worst, I'll go down with colors flying."

"Oh, yes, do return with us," exclaimed the regicide's daughter, who, having saddled both horses, was impatient to be off. "Something tells me the news of a revolution in England is true. Henceforward the people will give their thoughts to political matters, and such fanatics as Israel Barebones will not be listened to. So do come back, Mrs. Bull—do."

"A revolution in England! Why, 'tis the first I've heard about it," said the widow.

"Yes, King James is dethroned, and has been succeeded by William of Orange; at least such is the rumor."

"And no d ubt the people are in ecstasies over it?"

"They are, indeed."

"Oh, Wadsworth!" murmured Nancy, clasping her hands; "when this news reaches you, 'twill bring little joy. Alas! 'tis not what you have been longing for. But in the course of time your dream will come true—these colonies will one day owe al-

legiance to no earthly king—they will be free and independent."

Lydia now brought Mr. Clark's horse close to a fallen tree, where, after much puffing and with the help of Nancy, the widow managed to get on his back; then, having made her friend mount Puritan, the regicide's daughter sprang up behind, and in this manner they took their course for the Wethersfield ferry.

That night was spent in a deserted cabin, and towards sunset the following day they entered Hartford.

"The Philistines have been looking for me," said Mrs. Bull, as they rode past her cottage. "Ah, the wretches! they've broke open the door and window; but I'll never turn my back on them again! By all the sharks, never!"

When they went by Nancy's old home the young woman turned her face away—she had not the nerve to look at it. Oh, what memories crowded upon her at that moment! As for Lydia, she looked neither to the right nor left, but strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the roof which sheltered her father.

A little ways beyond the green they met Tom Hubbard, Dorothy, and Faith Genness—the latter weeping bitterly.

No sooner did Tom and his sweetheart recognize

the party, than they set up a shout of joy which might have been heard at the other end of the town. But Faith did not appear to notice them, and the regicide's daughter was wondering what could be the cause of her grief when, happening to glance in the direction of the stocks, who should she see fastened there by his wrists and ankles but the lad with the moon face, who was calling out, "don't cry dear, don't cry; I'm as well off here as if I was choppin' wood for Pop."

Having shaken hands with their friends, the travellers passed on and were soon in front of the Bunch of Grapes, where, standing beneath the sign-board, was a man whose countenance, the moment he recognized them, became illumined by a smile.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Israel Barebones, "God be praised! the cage will not stand empty next Sabbath." Then clasping his hands: "And as I live," he continued, "if there isn't Miss Lydia Garlic come back too! She was a sabbath-breaker as well as the widow Bull, and a giver of scandal, and lo! her sinful curls have grown out again. But they shall not be tolerated; I will see that the law is enforced."

"Aye, such long hair inviteth damnation," remarked Mr. Philbrick.

"And 'tis strange," put in Mr. Hubbard, "that

Nancy Clark should be found in such company. Alas! I fear she is relapsing into sin."

The regicide's daughter did not mean to stop and speak with any of the group, and had almost gone past when the tall woodman—the same whom she had met during her first ride with Wadsworth, two years before—rushed out of the Ordinary and grasping her bridle, cried, "what news? what news? "Tis long since I've seen you. Surely you must bring news."

"I do," replied Lydia, "and if it's only true I know your heart will beat for joy; for my part I believe it." At these words a crowd gathered about her, nor was Puritan allowed to go another step until she had told them of the rumor that James II, had been dethroned, and that William of Orange had succeeded him. "Andros," she declared, "is not likely to remain peaceably in Boston. There was great excitement when I left."

Here a number of caps were tossed into the air, and a loud cheer was given, after which the people withdrew, and she was allowed to continue her way. It did not take her long to reach Wadsworth's abode, where in a trice she slid off her horse, and without knocking threw open the door. But her foot had scarcely touched the threshold when she was confronted by the Captain of the

train-band. Her appearance seemed to startle Wadsworth.

"How is father?" she exclaimed, without waiting for him to open his lips. "How is father?"

"Too late," he groaned, "too late! but come in and I will tell you all about it." With this Wadsworth took her hand and led her towards the study; but before she reached it Miss Crabtree came rushing down the staircase, and throwing her arms around the girl's neck burst into tears. Lydia somewhat rudely broke away from her, then pointing towards the outer door where Nancy and the widow Bull still remained seated on their horses, she followed Wadsworth into the library.

"Yes, your father is dead," said the Captain, when he had closed the door and motioned her to a seat. "But, Miss Goffe, we must all die sooner or later. Do not mourn for him, if ever there was a good man he was one."

During the next half hour nothing broke the stillness of the room but the girl's sobs, while her host, with folded arms and head bowed on his breast, paced back and forth.

At length Lydia looked up and asked to be shown her parent's grave. Wadsworth, turning upon the girl his cavernous eyes, which still retained something of their ancient fire, answered "I swore, Miss Goffe, to guard the regicide when

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alive, and now that he is dead, no one shall disturb his bones. It would not have been safe to place him near our meeting-house, so I have buried him in the cellar—I left my retreat in the forest on purpose to do this—there let your father rest in peace."

Presently Nancy's voice was heard in the next room, and without asking permission of her host, Lydia called her friend into the library—and there they passed the whole day sorrowing together.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

Lydia, the widow Bull and Nancy Clark, now found themselves all three Wadsworth's guests, and two days after their arrival they were joined by Goody Garlic, whom Lady Andros, true to her promise, had sent off in charge of the postman. The accounts which the dame brought of the condition of affairs in Boston were very exciting, and the townfolks who called upon her all went away filled with gladness at the prospect of a speedy deliverance from the tyranny of Sir Edmund. In fact during the whole of that week and the next nothing was talked of in Hartford but the change in the government. Stocks, cages and

whipping-posts were forgotten, and the rulingelder finding himself suddenly abandoned, gave way to groans and prayers. "The spirit of Beelzebub," he would say to himself, "hath possessed the whole community; oh Lord, deliver them from his clutches."

As for Wadsworth, he did not show himself once among the townfolks; but they had become so used to his absence, that they no longer asked, "where is Captain Joe." Even at home he was rarely seen. Occasionally Miles Standish would scratch at the outer door for admittance, and on being let in, would run up to Nancy, lick her hand a moment then again whine to be let out.

Thus matters went on until the twentieth of April. The regicide's daughter had been little more than a fortnight in Hartford, and now to her grief for her father's death, was added intense anxiety about Henry Synnot, on whom Andros might already have wreaked vengeance. At length one evening, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, a couple of horsemen came riding along the street shouting: "hurrah! long live William of Orange!" The cry was answered by a score of freemen, who immediately forced Christian to rein in his steed, and impart the glad tidings that Sir Edmund was a prisoner in the fort at Boston, and that James the Second was really dethroned.

Presently the bells of both meeting-houses rang out joyous peals, the street was filled with people congratulating one another on the happy change and although many recognized in Christian, the same Pequot whom they had once expelled from the town, they greeted him warmly and even craved pardon for ever having entertained unjust suspicions of him. Doubtless the reader has already guessed the name of the other horseman, who, unlike his companion, did not allow himself to be stopped, but dashed on until he reached Wadsworth's abode, on the threshold of which he caught sight of Lydia, about to sally forth to discover the cause of the bell ringing. We shall not attempt to describe the feelings of the lovers as they met. Nancy stood by, no trace of joy on her countenance, but with the quiet subdued expression of one resigned to God's will.

"He was a gallant old soldier," said Synnot, when Lydia told him of her father's death; "a gallant old soldier! Henceforward may I never defend any cause but that of liberty, which was so dear to his heart."

In a few minutes Christian came up followed by a noisy crowd, among whom you might have recognized Israel Barebones. But the hearts of all were too elated, to pay any heed to the goodman's attempts at an exhortation, and nobody chided Faith Genness and Dorothy Philbrick, who began openly praising Lydia's curls. Nor was the widow Bull slow to perceive the change which had come over the people, and drawing from her pocket the old tarred rope, she cracked it above her head and at the same time produced her new copy of Shakespeare, which she brandished in the face of the ruling elder. "God bless William of Orange!" cried the dame. "He'll give us religious, as well as political liberty. By all the sharks, here's an end of cages, ducking-stools, and whipping-posts; and now we'll kiss, and dance, and read what books we like."

Nobody appeared to notice her, however, except Mr. Barebones who, with clasped hands was muttering a prayer in her behalf; the eyes of all were turned upon Lydia, Captain Synnot and Christian. Many were laughing, others crying for joy. Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd, which opened and there passed through a figure with a steeple-crowned hat drawn low over his brow; at his heels followed a dog. The poor creature seemed fagged out; you might have thought it had eaten nothing for a week.

"Joe," said Miss Crabtree, "Joe!" But he paid no attention to her voice.

"Don't trouble him," whispered Goody Garlic, seizing her friend by the arm, "don't trouble him; he'll get over his gloomy fit by-and-by. Oh, yes,

he'll smile and clap his hands as much as any of us, when he hears that the revolution in England is a fact." But there was that in Wadsworth's expression which had frightened his aunt, and breaking away from Prudence she followed him into the house. She went first of course to the library, and on receiving no answer to her knock opened the door, but to her surprise found that he was not there. She then hastened up to the second story, and searched for him in his bedroom, then in her own apartment. "Joe," she kept crying, "Joe!" but still no answer came. At length she entered the chamber occupied by Miss Goffe and Goody Garlic, and lo! what did she behold! Seated in the ancient chair where his father and grandfather had breathed their last-motionless, with hands pressed together in the attitude of prayer, his jaw slightly fallen, and gazing at her with the look of death was her nephew. Miles was staring at him. Did the faithful creature know what had happened? Perhaps it did, for as the aunt shrieked, it set up a doleful howl.

In a moment Lydia, followed by Synnot, Nancy and Goody Garlic, made her appearance; then came all the rest of the people with Israel Barebones at their head. A cry of horror rang from cellar to garret. Presently Adams rushed in.

"Make way," he cried, "make way! Let me

speak to him." Then approaching his old leader, Simon bent down and gazed at him in silence. "No, no," he muttered, after satisfying himself that the vital spark had fled, "I won't speak to him, he wouldn't hear me." At these words a tear trickled down the weather-beaten face of the faithful scout.

"Ye have lost a great man!" he said at length, turning to the multitude, "Ye have lost a great man! Hartford will be nothing without him. I will never live here again. Never, never!"

With this he seized Miles Standish in his arms and rushed out of the room.

"Yes, he was a great man," responded Israel Barebones, slowly shaking his head and wiping his eyes, "a great man and he shall have a glorious epitaph."

"Let me write it," exclaimed Lydia, "oh do, and I'll forgive your fanaticism; let me write Wadsworth's epitaph."

"You shall, Miss Goffe, you shall;" answered the ruling-elder, "he thought the world and all of you."

It was late in the evening before the crowd left the house, and as Mr. Barebones passed out the regicide's daughter placed in his hand a slip of paper—and he promised to have the words it contained carved upon the tombstone. That night all the house-hold slept but one—she sat watching by the dead.

"They called him a visionary," said Nancy as she gazed on the marble face; "some even thought he was possessed. But he has gone before One who will judge him with justice and mercy. Oh, Wadsworth, Wadsworth, if in spirit you fell from your high resolve, the God of all goodness has forgiven you. Your vow was more difficult to keep than Jephtha's vow, and Satan tempted you, as he did not tempt the ruler of Israel!"

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

There is another grave-stone by the Old Meeting-House, with these words carved upon it:

"IN MEMORY OF JOSEPH WADSWORTH,"

- "Many years Captain of the Hartford Train-Band."
- "Translated 20th day of April, in year of grace 1689."
  "Aged 32."
  - "Here lies one who lived too soon;"
  - "A later age shall see"
  - "The daring Vision of his soul,"
  - "Turn into Prophecy."
  - "William of Orange long may reign,"
  - "And other kings succeed,"
  - "But in the end from England's rule"
  - "His people shall be freed!"

Lydia, before quitting Hartford, never to return, ingered with Henry Synnot by this new grave, and at the head of it planted an evergreen tree which Israel Barebones promised to watch. "While I live," he said, "no axe shall touch it. "Twill often make me think of Captain Joe."

Goodwife Garlic and Mrs. Bull attached themselves thenceforward to the regicide's daughter, who in less than a year became Lady Synnot—for on the death of his brother, Henry had inherited the baronetcy—and they all went to dwell in Yorkshire, England.

In vain Lydia strove to persuade Nancy Clark to accompany them; the young woman shook her head and murmured, "I cannot leave my dead."

True to her promise she never moved away from the settlement, and to the wonder of everybody took up her residence in the Wadsworth mansion, where she and Charity Crabtree dwelt together in harmony many years.

From having once hated Nancy, the aunt now gave her all her affection: "She was Joe's first love," the dame would murmur, "his first love." While Nancy bestowed on Miss Crabtree more than a daughter's care, and through the trying period of dotage, became like a parent to the helpless old soul—reading over and over again to her the time-worn manuscript which contained the record of her

dreams, and listening with patience to her childish prattle.

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The oak on Wyllys' hill carried the charter safe in its bosom until the year 1715, when Lady Synnot wrote to the Governor of Connecticut, telling him where the precious instrument might be found.

The tree was still flourishing, when news of the battle of Bunker hill spread through the land. And it is related that while the men of Hartford were assembled on the square in front of the court house (the old meeting-house had long disappeared) to enroll themselves in the continental army, a youth whose features bore a striking resemblance to the Tom Hubbard of our narrative, his cap adorned by a black cockade and an eagle feather, called their attention to a gravestone, the last which the enterprising spirit of the age had suffered to remain there; then bending down, he read aloud the epitaph carved upon it, and when he had finished, exclaimed, "verily, this Joseph Wadsworth was a Prophet"







